Letters from New Zealand

Archdeacon Harper

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

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1857—1911

Being some Account of Life and Work in the Province of Canterbury, South Island

BY

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PREFACE.

These letters may be of interest to those who, like myself, have taken part in the colonization of New Zealand. My own share in it was limited to the South Island, the Province of Canterbury, with its Goldfields, in the Diocese of Christchurch. There may be also others who have friends and relatives in New Zealand, or who are generally interested in the great progress which the country has made in late years, to whom these letters may give useful information.

They are chiefly personal, perhaps none the less readable for that. Incidentally, they touch on problems of great importance which the Church in New Zealand has had to meet. Questions of Church Government and discipline; the position of the Laity; their proper share in a self-governing Church, which has never been established; their responsibility for the management of Church Finance, and the maintenance of the Ministry,—such questions as arise naturally in a Free Church in a Free State. Questions, too, which at some future date may have to be tackled by the Mother Church at Home. The organization of the Church in New Zealand is now fairly complete. It governs itself by means of General and Diocesan Synods. It is in

close spiritual communion with the Mother Church, but in all matters of good government it has to look to itself.

Apart from these larger matters, I trust that these letters will find a welcome amongst the numerous friends and fellow-workers with whom I have spent so many happy years in New Zealand. A country not nearly the size of many of the Dominions of our Empire, but in climate, natural resources, and especially in the character of its people, second to none, whether for material prosperity, or general happiness of the conditions of life.

To have had the opportunity of pioneer work, with others, in such a country, with so great a future before it, is a privilege I cannot over-estimate, as I look back upon the last fifty years.

HENRY W. HARPER.

London, 1914.

CONTENTS.

LETTER		
I. II. III.	1857.	First Year in New Zealand.
IV.	1858.	First Parochial Work.
V.	1864.	Homewards to obtain Clergy.
VI. VII.	1866.	West Coast Goldfields.
VIII. IX.	—	Diocesan and General Synod.
X.	—	Miners. Bishop Harper.
XI.	—	New Zealand Church Constitution.
XII.	1875.	Departure from West Coast.
XIII. XIV. XV.	—	Timaru, South Canterbury.
XVI.	1889.	England. Italy.
XVII. XVIII. XIX.		Parochial and Diocesan Work.
XX.	1898.	England. Italy. Sicily. Egypt.
XXI. XXII.	1900.	Church Government in New Zealand.
XXIII.	—	Social Life in New Zealand.
XXIV. XXV.	1909.	Completion S. Mary's Church, Timaru.
XXVI.	1911.	Farewell to New Zealand.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
H. J. C. Harper, D.D.	42
River. Waimakariri	92
Arthur's Pass, Otira . , ...	96
Otira Gorge	130
„ „	132
West Coast Road. Cedars	160
West Coast Road	168
Henry W. Harper, M.A.	186
St. Mary's Church, Timaru	334
„ „ Nave	344
„ „ Tower	348
Map of New Zealand	*at end*

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND

1857-1911

I.

Christmas Day, 1856,
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Here I am in the Ultima Thule of the Southern Seas, New Zealand, in the South Island, at Christchurch, the principal town of the Settlement of Canterbury, which has not yet completed its first decade of existence. As you may imagine it is the antipodes of all our old experience at Eton and Oxford.

Let me give you an example from the manner of my Christmas Eve yesterday. About 2 p.m. I was on the top of the pass through which a rough bridle track runs across the hills which separate Christchurch from Lyttelton harbour, affording the only means of communication by land between the harbour and the Canterbury plains, very steep, and about 1,200 feet in height. I was sitting there on a convenient rock, contemplating a magnificent view on either side : Lyttelton harbour to the east, a long and rather narrow inlet, indented with bays, encircled with a tumbled mass of hills of bold and broken outline, touching some 3,000 feet at their highest point. These

hills, of tertiary volcanic origin, form an extensive peninsula connected with the Canterbury Plains by only a few miles of low ground. It was on this peninsula a century ago that Captain Cook landed, and with him the well known botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, whose name it bears,—"Banks' Peninsula." Captain Cook seems to have been content with a distant view of the Canterbury country, and I am told that in his chart he describes the Peninsula as an island.

Sitting there and looking down on this grand view I could not but notice how widely it differed from what I have seen in the hill country of Scotland and Wales; the general colouring of vegetation and grass, and the effect of the brilliant atmosphere over all is so different. This may be due to the absence of the humidity of climate which is characteristic of the old country. Sunshine clear and steely bright lights up every nook and crevice of the hills; you can see distinctly at a far greater distance than at home; but it robs the scenery of the depth and varied tones of colour, the charm and mystery of the neighbourhood of Snowdon or the Trossachs, or the softer scenery of the Westmoreland Lake country. In among the rocks and on the steep shelving sides of sheltered valleys there are shrubs and plants unknown to me, besides various kinds of Veronica, white and purple, tall palm trees, locally termed Cabbage trees,* masses of New Zealand flax, Phormium tenax, with glossy green spear-shaped leaves, some of them ten feet in length, and brown-red stalks, from which hang scarlet blossoms in tiers; also fuchsia trees with twisted trunks and branches. I could see plenty of moss, for springs are abundant

* Ti-Ti palm.

in this well-watered country; a land of brooks and fountains which water the hills, and a variety of ferns. In the distance in the deep mountain valleys and on the hill sides are extensive forests of what I take to be pines. I think if you tried to sketch it in water colours you would have to have first a general wash of yellowish brown, with indigo rather than blue for all green foliage; and you would find in the clear hard quality of the atmosphere an absence of the soft purple and blue shadows which lend such beauty to our home scenery.

Now for the western view from my rocky seat, different in contour but not in general colouring; a vast expanse of plain forming the northern end of the Canterbury plains, ending on the North-east in the Pacific Ocean. It seems absolutely flat, but I believe it rises a good deal as it approaches the outlying flanks of the Southern Alps which form the great western "Divide" of the Canterbury province; their snow-capped peaks cannot be less than seventy miles from where I was sitting, but in this clear atmosphere they scarcely seemed half that distance. Imagine, as a foreground, a sort of yellowish brown carpet of tussock grass, here and there lit up with ribbons of waterways sparkling in the sunlight; at its North-eastern edge a curve of fifty miles of sand, fringed with breaking foam, losing itself in the distance against the great rocky headland of the "Kaikoura" mountains. The Kaikouras are over 5,000 feet in height, a splendid bulwark meeting the waves of the Pacific, known in the Maori tongue as the "Lookers on." On the plain, some eight miles away, I could make out a few scattered houses which so far form the town of Christchurch; here and there evidences of cultivation, a

few tracks and roads, some slender spires of smoke, and now and then there came the faint echo of voices of cattle and sheep, but otherwise a great silence brooded over this new land. The panorama of the Southern Alps is beyond my powers of description ; very strange it seemed that there should be such an amount of snow in midsummer, but I am told that the level of perpetual snow in the South Island is much lower than in Switzerland ; so that an ascent of Mt. Cook, which reaches an altitude of 12,300 feet, whenever attempted, will be found as difficult as that of Mt. Blanc with its 15,000 feet.

Well, I have kept you a long time in this rocky pass, and have not explained how I came to be there alone. Not far from where I sat were two horses, good sturdy animals, tethered and grazing on the tussock grass ; they had roomy saddles with plenty of rings for straps, and near them lay a quantity of miscellaneous baggage in bundles of blankets and rugs. Let me explain. The ship *Egmont* had but just arrived in Lyttelton Harbour, bringing my Father and Mother, and several of our family, including myself. In the harbour lay the *Southern Cross*, Bishop Selwyn's yacht, and soon the Bishop came in his boat to welcome us,—a notable personality, moderately tall, of great physical strength, and the bearing of a man born to command. He and my Father began their friendship at Eton, Selwyn as a private tutor after his Cambridge career, my Father, after his time at Oxford, as Conduct of Eton Chapel, and in charge of Eton parish. It was due to my Father's influence that Selwyn took Holy Orders instead of going to the Bar, as his family wished. I was born at Eton, and as a little chap of five years of age I can remember

Selwyn well. He was a great organizer then and did much at Eton amongst the Masters and the boys at a time when a new order of things was introducing salutary reforms in the College. He set an example of a high ideal of personal Christian life, not exactly ascetic, but such as gladly endures hardship, and regards bodily training and moderate living as potent allies of success in good work. Amongst other matters he induced the authorities to institute examinations in swimming for all the School. Of course you remember how keen we were, having passed our examination, to erase our names from the list of the "Non Nant," hung up in every schoolroom, and proud of obtaining our freedom of the river. He got together an eight oar of Eton Masters which could hold its own with any crew on the river. He persuaded many of the masters to bathe every morning of the year, and I recollect how he loved to come early in the morning to my Father's house and fling up pebbles at his bedroom window to get him to come for his swim. Sometimes I was allowed to go, and I have a vivid recollection of squatting between the knees of the coxswain of the Eight, looking at Selwyn at Stroke, and my Father at seven, and the crew's special caps of black and red, shaped like sailors' nightcaps ; the boat of the old style, well built and light, but only slightly outrigged at stroke and bow. At Athens all would bathe, and many a time Selwyn took me on his shoulders, swimming across the river and back whilst I held on to his hair.

As my Father left Eton in 1840 to go to Stratfield Mortimer, a College living, I never saw Selwyn again until he came on board the *Egmont*. His influence, this time, had persuaded my Father to come out to

New Zealand as first Bishop of Christchurch in the Canterbury Settlement. Hitherto Selwyn's Diocese had included the whole of New Zealand.

As you may imagine, he was deeply touched when welcoming his old friend, and my Mother, who had known him so long. After much talk various arrangements were made for our landing, and for the journey to Christchurch, eight miles across the hills There was to be a public breakfast on board ship, at which representative guests from Christchurch were to be present; then on landing a thanksgiving service in the Church at Lyttelton, and a journey on foot to the top of the pass, where horses would be ready to convey us to Christchurch. After dinner on board Bishop Selwyn singled me out, and said, "I know all about you, and I am sure you can handle a boat; now, there are a lot of things in your cabins which must be taken to Christchurch to-morrow, the remaining baggage will have to go by water, up the river Avon; I want you to undertake the management of all this for your Father, and I have thought out a plan for it. I am going to give you charge of one of my whaleboats, with a crew, so that you can make a depot of my yacht and stow there all the things which won't be needed to-morrow, and so clear out your cabins. You can then transport to shore all that must go to Christchurch to-morrow, and be ready for the journey across the hills. The boat and crew will be entirely at your disposal for the next week, I shall not need them as I have other boats, so I leave the matter entirely in your hands." He then called the boatswain, and gave him his orders.

Accordingly I arranged with the men to come early in the morning, so that we could get some loads of

stuff to the yacht before breakfast. I had already completed two trips to the yacht, and was leaving the ship's side for a third, when Bishop Selwyn looked over the bulwarks and called down to me: "Stay at the yacht till I send for you." As we pushed off I said to the men, "What does the Bishop mean?" They replied that they could not understand his order, as he needed neither them or the boat, so being certain there was some mistake, when we got to the yacht, I bade the men get their breakfast and then row me back to the ship. Meanwhile, noticing the perfect order of everything on board the yacht, I said to an old man-o'-war's-man, one of the crew, that I thought the vessel looked as trim and neat as a Navy boat. His reply was characteristic: "Do you know our Bishop, sir?" 'Yes," I said, "a little." "Well," said he, "in my opinion he's just thrown away, ought to be a Captain of a fust-rate frigate, he ought. Why, sir, if he come on deck and seen so much as a rope's end out of place, he'd as soon chuck me overboard as look at me; thrown away he is, in my opinion." Feeling certain there was more to come, I put a note of interrogation in my eye: "Why, sir, not long ago, over them hills yonder, we went with the yacht into Akaroa harbour, a fine bit o' water, landlocked, but not much good to the New Settlement, being as how 'tis shut off from the mainland by the hills. There was several whaling vessels there at anchor, two Frenchies, and one Yankee, and an English vessel from Hobarton; we knowed the place, as we had bin there before, and the Bishop, he wanted to visit the wife of a settler, that wasn't well. So we rowed him to the beach, and waited with the boat, while he went up a little way to a house and went in. We was a-

sitting there yarning, when presently we saw the door of the house bang open, and out came, flat on his face all along the ground, a big slab-sided Yankee, and after him the Bishop's foot and leg. The chap picked himself up, shook his fist at the door, and came down to the beach with his mouth full o' bad words, and off he goes to his own boat. Fact was, he had been insulting the woman, and the Bishop he just kicked him out of the house. You see, sir, he warn't accustomed to a Bishop like ours."

Well, when the men were ready, we rowed back to the ship for the public breakfast at nine o'clock. Climbing up the rope ladder to the gangway, I noticed numbers of visitors on the deck, come to greet their new Bishop, and there at the head of the ladder stood Bishop Selwyn, looking down at me with stern glance : "I thought I told you to stay at the yacht until I sent for you."

" Yes, my Lord, you did," I replied, " but yesterday you told me to do what I thought best, and that you did not need either boat or men, so I came back, as I have to take our things to Lyttelton as soon as possible, and I want my breakfast." He turned on his heel and said no more. I confess I was rather put out by this, especially in the presence of so many strangers, but as the Bishop made no reply I came to the conclusion that perhaps it was " his way " of commanding obedience without vouchsafing any explanation, and that he might have made a mistake.

Breakfast over, we all rowed to Lyttelton to take part in a most hearty and happy service of thanksgiving in the Church, which is a curious, but very church-like structure ; all its material imported from England, consisting of stout wooden framework,

with bricks to fill in the walls, and the requisite furniture, including some handsome old woodwork. All the clergy of the diocese, seven in number, were there. Six years ago, when the first settlers arrived, a Bishop designate came with the clergy, but not liking the look of things in a new country, and apparently not having counted the cost of pioneer work, he returned to England ; and until now the clergy have been under the supervision of Bishop Selwyn, so far as he was able to visit them at rare intervals. I need not say they were rejoiced to welcome a Bishop of their own.

After the service we had our first experience of what life in a new country means. It was necessary to climb the steep bridle path above Lyttelton, and take with us all our impedimenta. Two handcarts were obtained, duly loaded, and drawn by sailors with ropes, the two Bishops, with their coats off, helping to shove the carts up the rough steep track. We should have stuck by the way had not a friendly settler, who was hauling firewood on the hill side with a bullock and chain come to the rescue. Arrived at the top of the pass, where I was sitting, we found some Christchurch people with horses to convey us to Christchurch, and a most acceptable surprise. With his usual hospitality the Bishop had provided bread and cheese and beer for all hands.

Luncheon over, they all departed down the hill, and were to receive a kindly welcome at a settler's house, dine, and rest awhile before proceeding to Christchurch. Meanwhile there I was with the responsible duty of packing those two horses with the baggage, and getting them down the hill. I can ride but had never tried my prentice hand at the problem of packing a horse, and a most irritating affair it

proved to be; angular parcels and round bundles refused any sort of alliance, straps slipped, and the whole cargo at times threatened to capsize. However, at last I got all in shipshape order, and down the hill I went, leading the two nags with a long rein, in and out of big chunks of rock, over slippery tussock grass, and places with a nasty foothold. The horses stumbled and I slithered, now and then straps loosened, and things came tumbling to the ground. Presently, as I neared the bottom of the hill, I saw an episcopal figure emerge from the door of the house where all the rest of the party were; it was Bishop Selwyn. He came up to me and said, "You will do, I've been watching you for some time, you will do"; and then, as there happened to be at the foot of the hill a little wooden shanty, where refreshments were on sale, he added, "Come in here and have a glass of ginger-beer. I've told them to keep some dinner for you at the house." It was his way of making up for his abrupt words in the morning, and I feel I ought to be proud of such an estimate of character from such a man, to say nothing of the fact that the first person in New Zealand to "shout" for me, which here means to ask you into a house of call and stand treat, should be the great Bishop! At the settler's house I found a real dinner, and, after ship's fare, I shall not readily forget the roast lamb, and black currant pudding with lots of cream.

We arrived in Christchurch yesterday; it is in its first stage as a town, some slight semblance of streets, scattered wooden houses and huts; the flat plain, in its primæval state of tussock grass, forms its suburbs. Through the site of the town the river Avon, so called from the river at Christchurch, Hampshire, winds in

picturesque curves, shut in by thickets of flax, and to a great extent choked with masses of watercress, which in many places touches the bottom with its roots, at a depth of ten feet. The cress was brought out by the first settlers who little thought that they were importing a most expensive weed, which quite spoils the fair waterway of their pretty river.

This morning a delightful Christmas service in St. Michael's Church, a low wooden building, well furnished, and very well attended; the old familiar hymns, but, instead of holly and ivy, flowers and fruit; I wonder if I shall ever get accustomed to the topsy-turvey arrangement of December as June, and Midsummer as Christmas. My Father was duly enthroned, if I may use that phrase of a Glastonbury chair; his Royal Letters Patent were read out, defining the limits of his Diocese, now separated from the rest of New Zealand, which remains as Bishop Selwyn's Diocese. The Letters Patent declared Christchurch to be a "City," as the seat of the Bishopric, and are couched in just the same terms as similar Letters at home, but I fancy there must be some uncertainty as to their real scope. New Zealand is not a Crown Colony, such as the West Indies, but has its own constitution, its Governor, two Houses of Legislature, and within some broad limits complete power of self-government. The Church here is not established in the sense of Establishment at home, and I suppose must look to itself, not only for its maintenance, but for its government, and is, it would seem, outside the legal control of the State, either at home, or in the Colony, in matters that are purely ecclesiastical; though, of course, subject to the Civil Law in all other respects. Bishop Selwyn preached,

and nearly the whole congregation remained for Holy Communion.

Coming out of church I noticed, what is, no doubt, quite familiar to Colonists, horses and vehicles of sorts tied up to fences, awaiting their owners, who had come some distance to church. Bishop Selwyn came out, and happening to say that he wanted to go a few miles to dine with a settler, the owner of a well-bred horse offered to lend it to him. The Bishop, as all know, is a well qualified sailor, who can navigate his own vessel, but scarcely as good in the saddle. Off he went, with a loose seat, at a gallop over rough ground, whilst the owner of the horse said ruefully, "If I had known how he rides, I don't think I would have lent him my horse."

I have been thinking much this evening of the great contrast between the Old Country and this, and of the wide difference, in all probability, of your future life and mine. How often at Oxford we have discussed the future; you may remember, not long ago, one of those delightful summer breakfasts which the Tutors at Merton used to give us in the College gardens, under the old City wall, with strawberries and cream, and cider cup crowned with "borage for courage"; and how J. Eaton, to whom we both owe so much, wanted me to stand for the Indian Civil Service. But, as you know, for some time past my thoughts have been directed to Ordination, though I may tell you that my Father has never distinctly put any pressure on my choice, but has left me to decide for myself; and now I feel sure that in casting in my lot with him, and his work in New Zealand, I have done right. I think you were somewhat against my decision, for New Zealand seems to be quite out of the stream of

old world life, a sort of exile from all that one looks forward to, after the best education which England can give. Well, you will probably get your fellowship, and that means Oxford for some years, then a College living, or a good deal of successful literary work. Perhaps I might have succeeded, as I feel sure you will, for I could always run a good second to you, but I don't repent of my decision ; it will be no doubt out here a "day of small things" for me in many ways, but I have always had a strong inclination for work and adventure in a new land ; and that will probably help me much in the rough work which I must tackle here. Not that I can lay claim to any keen missionary spirit ; circumstances, as well as a strong sense of duty, have brought me here, and I am glad of it. I can't help feeling that in this small community of enterprising men and women, who have left their old English homes to found a new state in this promising land, there is an atmosphere of romance and adventure, and I may add, of determination and courage, in which we may be well proud to take a share. I have deferred my ordination until next year, when I hope to seek it at my Father's hands.

For the first year of his work here I think I can aid him best as a layman ; he will soon have to explore his vast diocese, which stretches southward five hundred miles, only inhabited by a few isolated sheep-farmers and settlers, at great distance from each other, and in the district of Otago the little settlement and town of Dunedin.

Bishop Selwyn tells me that, being lately in Dunedin, he bought a good Australian-bred horse for my Father, but that someone must go there to fetch it. I shall go myself, and make a preliminary journey to spy

out the land, and bring the horse back to Christchurch. It will be a new experience ; the country is roadless, and, save in certain directions, trackless, traversed by numerous rivers and streams, which must be forded, and in many places interspersed with swamps difficult to cross, and, unless I have the good luck to fall in with some fellow-traveller, I may have to do what I can by myself.

In my next letter I will tell you how I fared.

Meanwhile I am,
Yours ever,
H. W. H.

II.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND,
Sept. 1*st*, 1857.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

According to promise, here follows the story of my first journey Southward, in search of the horse mentioned in my former letter.

I made the acquaintance of two Devonshire men, J. B. Acland and C. Tripp, who have come to Canterbury to try their luck at sheepfarming. Both are barristers, but having some capital and no liking for law, they have ventured, with perhaps the courage of ignorance, and have made an excellent start. Sheep-farmers are the mainstay of this Settlement, occupying extensive tracts of wild country, leased from Government at a very low rental. Merino sheep, imported from Australia, require very little shepherding, and thrive best when left to themselves, provided they have the run of plenty of country; they produce fine and valuable wool. This means that the labour and cost of maintaining a sheep-run, even with large flocks, is small; but it also means for the sheep farmer a comparatively isolated life, and a very simple one, especially marked in the case of so many of the settlers here who have been accustomed to the resources and pleasures of a civilized life at home. There can be no doubt that, if this Canterbury Settlement realizes the sanguine expectations of its founders, and becomes

one of the great offshoots of the Mother Country, its success will be largely due to these adventurous pioneers, who are subduing the wilderness, and preparing the way for the settlement of a large population.

Hitherto this venture has generally been limited to the plains and lowlands, but Tripp and Acland have acquired a lease of 50,000 acres in mountain country, eighty miles south of Christchurch, and have invited me to visit their " station " on my journey southward. Acland has lent me a horse which, amongst other good points, can swim well,—a matter of no small importance in a country where rivers abound, but no bridges. My outfit is intended for a journey of several weeks : a roomy saddle, with convenient saddle-bags, a light tether rope, and a waterproof roll, containing change of clothing,—locally known as a " swag," and also a very necessary companion, a pocket compass.

A few miles from Christchurch the scanty signs of cultivation disappear, and before me a great plain of tussock grass spreads out till it is lost in the south in blue haze, but is bounded, westwards, at a great distance, by the Southern Alps. One's first impression is that of strange loneliness, unlike the solitude of mountain country. Not a companionable rock or tree, or even a hummock of earth, to break the monotonous expanse of yellow brown grass ; and a still silence, for there is no sound of insect or bird life, no rustle of any ground game, no trace of any wild animal. It seems that New Zealand is almost unique in this respect, for with the exception of pigs brought by Captain Cook and running wild, there is no animal life in the country, no reptiles, no snakes, no fish in

the rivers, except eels in backwaters, no bees, wasps, frogs or toads ; though in the forests there are a variety of parrots, pigeons, and other native birds, and on the coast line wild duck. I noticed occasionally a sort of lark rising from the grass, like an English lark, but songless, and here and there a big hawk—a kite, I think,—hovering about, and I am told there is a small brown rat to be found on the plains in burrows. Otherwise the brooding silence is that of a land unoccupied by man or beast.

After thirty-five miles at a leisurely pace, I saw on the horizon some dots of dark colour which proved to be small buildings, on the bank of the river Selwyn. There I found what is known as an accommodation house, which provided me with bed and supper, whilst, after the manner of the country, I attended to my horse, tethering him in good grass. The Selwyn river is one of the smaller rivers of Canterbury, a sparkling stream with wide riverbed, wandering here and there between islands of sand, at times liable to heavy floods. I cannot help thinking it would have been better to have retained the old names given by the natives. There are but a few of them in the South Island. With poetical instinct, characteristic of their race, they have named rivers, headlands, lakes and hills. The Native name is *Wai-ani-wa-aniwa*, i.e. the water of the rainbow, and if, perhaps, a trifle long for our curt fashion of speech, it seems to make even the great name of Selwyn prosaic.

At supper I met an Australian who had been a little while in the country, intending to settle somewhere, and he promised to pilot me, on his way south across the river Rakaia. This river, twelve miles from the Selwyn, is one of the big glacier and snow-fed streams

running eastward from the mountains; we reached it early next morning; away to the west I could see in the mountain ranges a pass where the river cuts its way towards the plain, through a gorge which I am told is of great depth; in front of us lay the river-bed, some two miles wide, intersected by numerous streams of rapid water, icy cold, and in time of freshes uniting in a formidable torrent of more than a mile in width. However, we were fortunate in finding the water comparatively low; my guide threaded his way with caution through backwaters and shallow streams, keeping well above rapids, and sandy places, which are often dangerously "quick." It took us nearly an hour to reach the further bank, the water never rising higher than the saddle-girths, but running with such force that any slip on the part of the horse might be dangerous, as swimming in such a stream would be difficult. I had been warned not to look down on the water for fear of giddiness, but to keep my eyes on the further shore. Well, "the river past," I did not act on the Spanish proverb, "the Saint forgotten," but uttered, without words, my thanksgiving. At night we reached an accommodation house, on the Ashburton river, in the Maori tongue, *Hakatere*, and the next morning, crossing it easily, my guide left me, as his way lay southward, and mine westward.

There I had to leave the track which we had hitherto kept, steering for the principal peak of the Mount Peel range, and for some distance found myself in difficult country. The plains here are swampy, traversed by rivulets locally known as "creeks," deep, narrow, and bordered by treacherous ground, in which a horse may easily be bogged; thickets also of cab-

bage trees, toi-toi grass, and flax; and when clear of these for many miles a long stretch of grass, yet practically paved with stones. The going was slow and evening was coming on apace as I approached Mt. Peel, to all appearance rising right out of the plain. Then, suddenly, I found myself on the edge of what looked like a gigantic railway cutting, so steep that descent seemed impossible, and down below the river Rangitata running through a beautiful valley; on its further side the mountain rose to a height of 5,000 feet, buttressed by spurs and terraces, forest-clad, lit up by the evening sun, in all the glory of primæval vegetation untouched by the hand of man. Up-stream I saw some huts and a few men at work, and discovering a place where I could lead my horse down, met a fine specimen of a Yorkshire man, lately settled, with a few sheep, and a newly made home. His wife, baby in arms, was with him. "Come in," he said, "we are only too glad to have a visitor." His house deserves description: a single room, built of rough slabs of wood, worked with an adze, allowing plenty of ventilation, covered with thatch; a hardened clay floor, no ceiling, furniture homemade; a wide slab-built fireplace, one or two "easy" chairs made out of barrels cut down to serve as a back with arms; and, across a part of the room, blankets fastened to a rafter forming the bedroom of my host and hostess. After a comfortable meal he took me to his shearing shed, where they had just finished work. Shearers here stand to it, holding the sheep between knees and feet, and shearing far more rapidly than at home; indeed an expert hand will accomplish his eighty sheep per day. Then came the question of bed, a problem

I was seriously considering, but my hospitable host made light of it, thus—

"We will have a walk and look at the stars while my wife goes to bed, and then, when I am in bed, I will give you a signal; you will find blankets and a pillow on the settee." So after the signal aforesaid I went in, and was beginning to make myself comfortable when, from behind the blanket screen, came a voice: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I've had no time to make a door; please fasten up a blanket in the doorway; there are no nails, but you can do it with forks."

Morning came, and with it an incursion of fowls, pushing their way under the blanket in search of food. Got up to do my share of housework, tidied up, built and lit a fire, and set the table for breakfast, when my host called out: "Would you mind taking baby with you for a stroll whilst we dress?" Fortunately the child took kindly to me and was quite content. Mr. Moorhouse, my host, I find, is a duly qualified medical man who has taken to sheep farming, doing also occasional practice with neighbours. After breakfast he guided me on horseback to the only available ford in the Rangitata, "the river of coming day,"—an appropriate name, as it issues from a mysterious mountain gorge, guarded on either side by snow-clad peaks, and rushes down seaward over rocks and boulders, sparkling in the sunlight, bright and clear. He could not come with me, but showed me where to enter and make for the landing-place, a good way up stream. "Let your horse pick his way; don't hurry him; don't look at the water." Acting on his advice, with some trepidation, I reached the other side, and found C. Tripp watching my progress.

He has established quite a comfortable home under the flanks of Mt. Peel, with a considerable number of sheep, and several men in his employ, shepherds, sawyers, fencers, and a married couple who keep house for him. Stayed with him some days to see the working of the run, a mountain tract of 40,000 acres, scarcely trodden as yet by foot of man. One day we went on an expedition into the mountain valleys to "burn country," a process adopted here for the improvement of pasture. We led our horses up a stream, crossed it so as to secure ourselves from fire, set alight the grass, and in a short time there was such a blaze, not to mention smoke, that we had to beat a retreat. The fire spread up the hill-sides, fanned by a strong wind, and soon covered a large extent of country, burning for several days, and lighting up the neighbourhood by night.

Sunday came. I found that Tripp had already begun regular Sunday services for all hands, a very characteristic lot; a head shepherd with his wife, from Devonshire; next, a rough powerful Australian bushman, *i.e.* sawyer and axeman, who had been an English navvy; a splendidly-built half-caste Maori, his father a whaler, his mother a native, the best hand with shears and horses, and a great wrestler; another, an Australian black, of very low type, but gifted with strange instincts, quite incapable of book-learning, delighting like a child in highly-coloured children's pictures, but able to track man or sheep in the roughest country. "Andy, you find me if I go off whole day before you?" "Yes, sar, me find you anywhere, me follow, find you, up mountain there, on plain, find your track if you no go fast on horse." He would go great distances at a dog-trot

to carry a message, with a handful of rice and sugar in his pocket. Tripp asked me to take the services, and in the evening one of the men asked me, "Ain't you a parson?" "No," said I, "but I hope to be." "Well, we all think you're just the sort of fellow to suit us." I acknowledged the compliment, and, talking and practically living with them, soon discovered that the free and easy way in this country in which all meet together would probably help me much in my future work.

Before I left Tripp suggested that we should build a boat, and try to establish a ferry over the deeper part of the ford. With the aid of a carpenter I did my share, especially in shaping oars from likely saplings. We then launched our craft, flat-bottomed and rather clumsy, Tripp steering, and I rowed, with Smith the head-shepherd behind me. I had pared down the oars too finely, in my zeal to turn out a pair such as one uses on the Thames, and midstream Smith's oar broke off short at the rowlock. He couldn't swim and, losing his head, in the swirl of the rushing water, put up his hands, and began to pray. "Smith, Smith," cried Tripp, "stop praying; there's a spare oar, take it!" He did so, just in time to save us from going down a dangerous rocky rapid;—the experiment of a ferry proved a failure in such a stream.

Leaving Mt. Peel, I travelled southward across rich plain country, very well watered, one night finding shelter with a settler in his hut, another camping down amongst the shelter of flax bushes, fording some considerable streams, and arriving at the "Levels" Station, where a Mr. G. Rhodes, from Australia, has an extensive sheep-run. He was the first man to venture down and settle in this part of Canterbury.

In the morning I was able to do him a little job in return for his hospitality. He had to give delivery of some thousand sheep to a settler, and his one reliable man to make the count for him was ill, so I volunteered to do my best. The sheep came out with a run through a narrow gate in the yard, and, after the manner of sheep, hesitating, rushing, jumping over each other, whilst on one side I stood, with a smooth stick and a knife, ready to make one notch for every ten, and two for every hundred, as they passed me. Opposite me the purchaser's shepherd did the same. Both our tally sticks were found to correspond, to my no small satisfaction.

The Canterbury Plains here come to an end, and for the next fifty miles there are rolling downs, very well grassed, with a few patches of forest here and there in the valleys, and on the slopes of the distant hills. I rode towards the sea-coast, not liking to lose my way inland, and coming on a bay, enclosed by low cliffs, found a solitary hut, occupied by an old whaler and his wife, who gave me dinner, and directed me to ride along the beach, so as to avoid swamps and broken country, which fringe the downs near the sea. The bay, which is a pretty bit of coast scenery, has a Maori name, *Te Maru*, "the place of shelter," well named, as it was used by whalers as a landing place where they could try out their oil. Sam Williams showed me some of their trypots still remaining on the beach, and I spent a pleasant hour with him, listening to his yarns of old days. Here also I met an Australian on horseback, who was exploring the country, who said, "Some day I am sure this will be the site of a harbour, for what I have seen of the country here convinces me that it will carry a large

population ; if you chose to buy land here now, and wait thirty years or so, you would make a fine profit."

After camping for the night on the road, I reached a very pretty, well wooded, sheltered spot, lying under a ridge of the downs which ran down to the sea, intersected with streams, which had little fall, some deep, and almost without current, bordered with thick flax, and not easily crossed, except in certain places. Its name is appropriate, *Waimate*,—"Dead water" ; there was a small Maori "Pah" in the neighbourhood. I found a welcome from Mr. Studholme, the first settler, and next day crossed the downs and, fording a stream of some size, which looked as if it ought to be full of trout, the Waihao, I reached a settler's house, on the banks of the Waitangi river, one of the largest glacial torrents of the South Island, formidable both in width and volume of water to man and horse, and if one was superstitious, in its name, which in Maori tongue means, "The water of lamentation," a name probably given to it by the natives because of some catastrophe which had happened to them. Being unable to get a guide, or any information as to a possible ford, I had to tackle the river alone ; descending its steep banks, which lie some distance from the actual river, as, during the ages, it has changed its course repeatedly, I crossed several back-waters and small islands, dotted with cabbage trees, and found myself on the edge of a broad, fast-flowing stream, running apparently over a smooth shingle bottom, shallow at first, and then deeper. Taking off boots and coat, and strapping them to the saddle, I went in, heading down stream towards what looked like a good landing-place on the other side ; in a few yards my horse was swimming, the water

right up to my chest, the horse's head stretched out level with the stream, his teeth set, and lips drawn back ; a fine swimmer, keeping a perfectly level back, and not trying to bottom with his hind feet ; it was strange to find that I had to hold on tight to the saddle to prevent the water lifting me out of it. We landed safely on an island, thick with vegetation, and I could find no exit save by a similar performance across another broad bit of water, and then a third stream as wide as the others, but all safely negotiated, thanks to my excellent steed, a quite invaluable companion in this country. Soaked to the skin, and by no means warm, for these glacial rivers are terribly cold, I got off to lead my nag and quicken my blood by walking, and we climbed the southern terrace bank, where stood some Maoris, who had come from a small settlement up the river. They were highly amused, pointing sarcastically to my dripping horse and my sodden clothes, explaining in broken English the joke of it all,—"No cross there ! only one cross long way off ! " then, patting my horse, "He make fine swim," and handling my wet clothes, "All the same you swim alone." "You go Maori Pah, Moeraki ? you come back ? you cross river far down then, no much swim there."

After shaking out the water from my clothes, as best I could, and rubbing down my horse with tussock grass, I rode down the valley of the river towards the sea to a sheepfarmer's house, at a place called Papakaia ; it was occupied by a Mr. Filleul and his brother, who had emigrated from St. Heliers, Jersey. It was Saturday, and I found there not only a most kindly host, but several settlers, who had come long distances, as their habit is, to spend Sunday with the Filleuls,

who always conduct service in their own house. We were too many for the house itself, and, with several others, I slept well in an outhouse, on straw, with blankets. Filleul asked me to take the services. One of the party was a Mr. Valpy, a relation of the well-known Dr. Valpy of Reading Grammar School, whose Latin Delectus you remember well. He had settled in Dunedin, and named his place "The Forbury," after the street in Reading, and was on his way to Christchurch, riding with, as his custom was, two horses, as hard as he could go, and, as usual with travellers here, he questioned me as to the state of the rivers, and told me of how one of their well-known settlers in the neighbourhood had been washed off his horse and drowned in that same Water of Lamentation, the Waitangi. At supper I met another man on his way to Christchurch, who lives near Moeraki, whither I was bound, and, being a local Magistrate, had much to do with the Maoris there. He told me that a native boy had lately come there from Christchurch, bringing with him a ring of some value; the native Chiefs had brought it to him, having found that the boy had stolen it. He said the Maories are noted for their honesty. It so happened that the ring was mine, given me by an old friend at Oxford, with my initials upon it; I had mislaid it while the boy in question was doing some work in and about my Father's house. As I could easily identify it, he handed it over to me.

A day or two afterwards I went on, and arrived at Moeraki, a very picturesque headland, which juts out into the sea, forming a sheltered bay, with sandy beach, the headland and the sloping sides of the bay dotted with low trees, noticeable for their glossy green

foliage. In amongst the trees nestled the Maori village, huts built of Toi reeds, flax sticks, well thatched ; and some substantial weather-boarded small houses. Quite a peaceful, reposeful place, which perhaps may account for the meaning of the name "Moeraki," *i.e.* "a place for sleep by day." Maori imagination seems to have seen something specially characteristic in every noticeable nook and corner of nature. The Maories were busy, it was harvest time, and they had cut their crops of wheat and oats, and were at work threshing the grain, in a very primitive fashion ; boards set upright in the ground, women and boys on either side with bunches of wheat in their hands, beating out the grain on the edge of the boards.

Welcoming the "Pakeha," *i.e.* stranger, they left work and gathered round me. I managed to explain that I had come for the horse which "Pihopa Herewini" (Bishop Selwyn) had left with them for Pihopa Harper. Presently a lad brought it, a fine, upstanding, strawberry roan, six years old, bred by a settler in Dunedin from an imported Australian horse. "Dick" was just the sort of animal my Father will need, strong and good-tempered, and a weight carrier. Then, when all were looking at me with the courteous curiosity which marks the Maori, greatly interested in the white man, but always careful not to annoy him by unseemly inquisitiveness, I spied the boy who had taken my ring, so I suddenly held it up in full view of them all, having hitherto had it, on purpose, in my pocket. At once they seized the lad, hustled and shoved him towards me, whacking him severely, till I pleaded for mercy. "He make a tief, he make a tief!" There could be no doubt he had broken one of the unwritten laws of the community and brought

disgrace upon them, and the satisfaction expressed in every countenance with his dramatic punishment, in my presence, bore testimony to the conscience of the native, in regard to dishonesty.

Leading Dick, and occasionally shifting my saddle, and riding him to ease my own horse, after various small adventures I reached Christchurch, having been a month on my journey; and I am now preparing to accompany my Father on his first exploration of his Diocese to its southernmost point, about five hundred miles distant. We shall be absent for a considerable time, and in my next letter I hope to tell you how we fared.

Meanwhile, I am yours,
H. W. H.

III.

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND,
Nov. 4th, 1857.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

As a preliminary to his visitation of the Diocese southward, the Bishop decided to spend some time on Banks' Peninsula, where several settlers have made their homes. As it is a mass of hills, mostly forest-clad, traversed only by bridle tracks, it was arranged that the expedition should be on foot, our party consisting of the Bishop, the Archdeacon of Christchurch, a ponderous man, who prided himself on being able to walk with anyone on the flat, myself, and a Maori guide, Horomona, Anglicé, Solomon.

Our first day's tramp, after leaving Lyttelton, led us round the head of the harbour to a dairy and cattle station, where we spent the night, the Bishop holding service for all hands, and thence across a low saddle to the sea-beach, and after some miles of that, to a stream flowing out of a very picturesque lake, near which we found a Maori village, situated, as most of these settlements are, where wood and water are at hand.

On the way I had much interesting talk with Horomona, a fine specimen of Christian native manhood, one of Bishop Selwyn's converts in the North Island and, like most natives, one of nature's gentlemen,

able to speak some English, and in Maori fashion full of quaint metaphor, and shrewd criticism of the "Pakeha," *i.e.* the white man, and his ways. "Horomona, you know Pihopa Herewini?" *i.e.* Bishop Selwyn. "Yes, me know him, travel with him long way in North Island, walking, same as now." Well, what you think of Pihopa Harper? He like Pihopa Herewini?" He paused, then plucked a long bit of tussock grass, bent it up and down zig-zag fashion; "You see this? road in North Island all same as this, all same our road here; Pihopa Herewini, he say in morning, when we start, 'Horomona, come on! He walk off so, arms like this, fast, fast! then two hours, put hand to face, sit down, get up, go on, sit down again. Pihopa Harper, he say in morning, 'Now, Horomona, we will come on.' He go on, go on,—so,—no fast,—so, so, all day, no sit down." This was a Maori estimate of the temperament of the two men.

As we neared the Pah, which in Maori tongue is "Kaituna," the place where "Eels are good for food," it was late evening, and the Maori women, as their wont is, came out to welcome the Bishop, waving their hands, squatting down, rising, coming forward a few yards, squatting again, rising, and crying out, "Hæremai, Hæremai," welcome, welcome! and so gradually approached us, then turning to guide us to their village. Their houses here are built of stalks and flax sticks, bound together with vines, lined inside with toi reeds, dyed in patterns of black and white and red; the walls very low, and the entrance door so low that the Archdeacon declared he could never crawl in through it.

Before entering we went to the bank of the stream

to perform our ablutions, and refresh ourselves after the toil and dust of the long march. Some of the natives did the same, with a sort of conscious pride producing soap and combs for their hair, one dandy exhibiting a small bottle of scent. Near the houses were cows and pigs. We were then invited to enter the principal house, some forty feet in length, and of good width, all of it consisting of one room only. The floor was laid in places with flax-woven mats, on the hardened clay, intended for us, and used also by themselves, as in ordinary they never use chairs or tables, but squat on the ground for their meals, and for rest and talk. A plentiful repast was provided, of a kind,—boiled pork, steamed potatoes, no bread, or salt or mustard ; biscuits, no tea, but plenty of hot milk. With native courtesy, when the women had brought in the food, the men with them all left the house, to allow the Pakeha to eat by themselves, recognizing that their guests were "Rangitiras," *i.e.* men of birth and rank, and treating us as they would treat their own chiefs and principal men,—in this respect Maori etiquette is strong, as between father and son, and persons of rank and others. Presently some came in to know whether we had finished our meal, and then the room was made ready for a service.

It is their custom, in all their meetings, whether for ordinary discussion, of which they are fond, of matters which are of general interest to the community, or for religious service, to sit on the ground on mats, leaving a clear space in the centre of the room for the speakers to stand, and now and then walk about whilst addressing the audience. So, with the Bishop, we stood during the service. He used English, which they understand fairly well, in his sermon, whilst the

prayers were read by a lay-reader, who used the Prayerbook, which has been admirably translated into Maori by Archdeacon Maunsell, of Auckland, one of the early missionaries, the natives taking up the responses with harmonious voice, all together in perfect rhythm and time. After service, thinking I might get Horomona's honest opinion of what they thought of the Bishop's utterance, I carefully led up to the subject, as one must do in order to meet their dignified and delicate way of expressing an opinion, and also engaged Ihaia (Isaiah), one of their principal men, in the conversation. "Yes," he said, "they understand; they glad Pihopa come; they think he speak well; they think him very good, but—you see those rafters across the top of walls? Pihopa look up at them all the time, no look at Maories on the floor; Maories should sit up there." The fact is that they are born orators, quite free from any mauvaise honte, and cannot understand why a speaker does not eye them, whereas the Bishop in his first essay to preach to natives was naturally shy. Maori humour in its criticism of men and manners is delightful in its complete unconsciousness of itself.

Then came bed-time. The end of the long, unpartitioned "whare," or house, was furnished with a low platform of flax sticks, on which mats and blankets were spread, forming a bed intended to accommodate a dozen sleepers. The Bishop and Archdeacon were conducted to small huts to sleep by themselves, whilst I was invited to a share in the general bed. Some made shakedowns for themselves on the floor, whilst the rest took to the platform, leaving me a corner place, and then, after much deliberation, out of a mark, as I suppose, of respect to

their guest, they all lay down, in the reverse position to mine, their feet level with my head ! In the morning at breakfast we exchanged experiences as to the night's rest, and the Archdeacon declared that for a long time he couldn't make out what was wrong with his pillow, which would not keep still, until he discovered that it was a bag full of live eels !

We bade our hosts farewell with many kindly salutations and tokens of goodwill from men, women and children, and to save us a long tramp, they offered us a canoe, with a crew, to convey us to the head of the lake. It was a long and cranky looking craft, the lower part of it having been dug out of a pine log, without keel, its side formed of slight timber, knitted together with fastenings of wood. It was crossed at intervals with bars, against which you kneel and paddle, with places for eight men, and in the stern just room for one or two sitters, and a place for the steersman. The Archdeacon refused to trust himself to such a flimsy vessel, and went on foot with some natives by the edge of the lake, whilst the Bishop took his seat in the stern, and I wielded a paddle, Horomona steering with a long paddle, and setting the time of the stroke for the crew, with a Maori chant. We paddled along gaily in smooth bright water, coasting by headlands and picturesque bays, wooded to the water's edge, and, leaving the canoe at the head of the lake, made our way, through thick underwood, over a pass which opened out a grand view of Akaroa Harbour—Anglicé, "The Long Inlet." Descending some distance down well-grassed spurs, we came to a cattle station, and there revelled in a homely meal, with fresh butter, but were informed by the owner that the boat in which he usually sailed to the

Akaroa settlement, some three miles distant, on the other side of the harbour, leaked, and he could only give us a small dinghy, with short oars, in which he thought we might make the passage safely,—the alternative being several miles' walk round the upper part of the harbour, we decided to make the venture.

The Bishop and Archdeacon managed to find room in the stern sheets, whilst I rowed with Horomona, but we were much too heavy a crew for such a little craft, and we soon found ourselves in difficulty, for a nasty squall came up, raising a rough head sea, and we had hard work to reach our haven, having to bail out the water with my straw hat. At the landing-place the resident clergyman was anxiously watching our progress, fully expecting to see our boat swamped. We were with him several days, including a Sunday, the Bishop visiting settlers in the various bays of the harbour, some of which were reached by boat,—then, making a tour of the bays on the western side of the Peninsula, which are separated from each other by very steep, forest-clad spurs, we eventually returned to Lyttelton in a whaleboat.

Not long afterwards I started with the Bishop on his Southern journey, for which we had three horses, one as a pack horse to carry clothes and other necessaries. The Bishop's plan was to visit all the principal settlers en route, holding services, and, as it turned out, with many baptisms, and an occasional marriage. He was often welcomed with the remark: "Well, my Lord, you are the first clergyman we have seen here." It fell to my lot to lead responses, read lessons, raise the hymn tune, and look after the horses. I shall not give you a diary of our journey, which lasted nine weeks, but limit myself to some incidents by the way which may interest you.

For some time we were fortunate in finding rivers low, and having no occasion to camp out at night. At every station there were gatherings for service, giving the Bishop an opportunity of personal acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men. After passing Te Maru we went out of our direct way, up a valley, to a house built by a sheepfarmer on a ridge, ending abruptly in a deep gully, full of luxuriant grass and underwood. He was absent, but his wife welcomed us, asking the Bishop to remain for the afternoon, to baptize her two children, and see her husband on his return. Dinner over, I was on the hill-side, attending to the horses, when I noticed a thick cloud of smoke rising at the head of the valley, whilst a fierce Nor'west wind, which had suddenly sprung up, was driving it down the gully towards the house. A shepherd came running towards me and said that a grass fire was tearing down the gully like a regiment of soldiers, and must soon reach the house. It came on with such rapidity that, with him, I had barely time to rush to the house and call out to the Bishop and our hostess to come out at once, whilst I picked up the children who were playing in the verandah and carried them out of danger to the hill-side. Turning back, I saw that they had not left the house, which was enveloped in smoke and flame, the garden fence ablaze, and apparently the roof on fire. The wind was so furious that it drove the fire past the house, before it could ignite it, leaving it scorched and blackened. Going into it as soon as possible, I found that the mother had fainted, and the Bishop had remained with her. Her husband soon returned, having seen the fire in the distance, little thinking of the narrow escape of his home and family. The Bishop then held

a short service, baptizing the children, and adding thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance from such imminent peril.

Proceeding southward we reached the furthest point of my former journey, and from thence onward met with rather rough adventures. The district of Otago is mountainous, and the approach to Dunedin difficult; passing through some rich lowlands, we were directed to follow up a long winding spur, leading to the summit of a mountain range which looks down on the town. We could get no guide, and were left to our own devices, with frequent opportunities of going astray and missing the one track which reached the hill-top; the going, too, was very slow, as the ridge on which we rode was often so narrow that we had to go in single file, leading the horses. Evening was closing in as we made the summit, strewn with rocks, and with patches of snow here and there, and a good deal of boggy ground, with a steep descent to the town, which we could make out below us, a few scattered houses amongst low hills, which enclosed a large sheet of water. Making long reins to lead the horses with, we manœuvred, as best we could, in amongst loose stones and slippery herbage, in increasing darkness, until, about nine o'clock, we found ourselves barred by a line of "bush" trees growing thick together, which seemed impassable, but, finding a pathway, we went in, until we were brought to a standstill, practically tied up in a tangle of shrubs and supplejack vines. I had a lantern in case of need and, lighting it, attracted the notice of a dog, who came up to us, and in a most sagacious fashion led us to a house on the other side of the trees. It proved to be the residence of the Magistrate of Dunedin,

who had letters saying that the Bishop was coming southward, and was delighted to welcome us, sending a boy with some fodder for our horses, as it was not an easy task to extricate them at night from the bush. Dunedin is a Scotch Settlement, founded some years before Canterbury, chiefly Presbyterian, with a few Church people, a resident clergyman, and a small wooden church.

Beyond Dunedin our route lay through country that promises well for future settlement, but at present is very perplexing to travellers, who must find their way through swamps and hills, so like each other, that it is only too easy to miss your road, and here it was I received excellent advice from a traveller :— "As you go on, always turn often and look back ; remember, you have to come back again, and must know your landmarks." We came to the Molyneux River, one of the largest in New Zealand, unfordable, and with difficulty navigable, owing to the swiftness of its current. Its Maori name is "Matau,"—Anglicé, "the water of eddying surface," as indeed we found it, crossing in a boat rowed by a ferryman, whilst from the stern I towed our three horses with ropes, no easy matter, as the boat swung hither and thither in the swirling stream, and I had to pay out and haul in line as if I had three powerful fish on hand ; and here I began to suspect that "Dick" was a dubious swimmer, which suspicion afterwards was verified to our cost.

It was interesting to notice, in various houses, different traits indicating the sort of people who had adventured themselves to the ends of the earth to subdue a wilderness and begin the work of a new colony,—all of them, in every class, persons of strong

character. In one house the living-room was furnished with an excellent library, the owner, a man of some years, having been in charge of an important Library in Edinburgh; coming out to New Zealand, with a family of stalwart sons and daughters, he had taken to the rough life as to the manner born, but, as you may imagine, still retaining his love of letters, and glad to welcome intellectual talk. In another, on the mantelpiece stood a couple of pewter pots, inscribed with names,—our host's being one of them, —mementoes of pair-oared and four-oared races won at Oxford. "Ah, I see you're looking at those! Not quite the same sort of life out here as at Oxford, is it?" In another house, clay built, in a very lonely bit of country, we found, at first, only the mother, a homely, rustic matron, and were asked to stay awhile to baptize her two children; we waited for the husband's return, and whilst the Bishop was conducting the service I was attending to the horses outside. Having a long and intricate journey before us, in a trackless mountain country, we could not afford time to wait for a meal, being, moreover, provided with some necessary food for the way, but the husband, on hospitality bent, thinking no doubt that I should be ready for something, came out of the house, with a bottle of whiskey and some scones in his hand. "The Governor is busy inside still, writing out the register of our children's baptism,—have a bite and sup, you've a long way to go," and then he told me, with honest pride, how well he was getting on,— "was only a farm hand at home, and now cattle and sheep of my own, and my own land and house. Yes, a bit lonely at times, but now and then a traveller, and the wife don't mind it, and then there's the

children." He was the type of many whose children will rise, as they could never have done at home.

We reached the river Mataura, in some respects unlike others we had crossed, shut in by high banks and, in places, outcrop of rock, deep, and running rapidly. In Maori tongue its name means "the reddish, eddying water." It looked decidedly bad to ford, nor did we attempt it, for falling in with an Australian, a Sheep Inspector, who was on his way to inspect some sheep imported from Australia, we took his advice and went down the bank of the river towards the sea to a settlement of Maoris, who might be able to ferry us over the river in canoes, towing our horses behind them. We spent a night with a hospitable settler, and early in the morning carried out this programme successfully. Then we set out, in beautiful weather, on what promised to be a delightful ride of considerable distance on the beach to the Bluff Settlement. But none of us had been that way before, and there was the unforeseen to reckon with, and, for once in a way, experienced as we thought ourselves as travellers, we had omitted one essential precaution,—we had neither food or water with us, nothing but a little brandy and a biscuit or two, as we thought to accomplish the journey in a few hours. On our left hand the surf of the Pacific invaded the beach, leaving just room to travel on fairly hard sand, which was fringed with rough grass and low shrubs. Behind them stretched for miles a lagoon, backed up by miles of forest, shutting out any view of the Mataura plains. All went well, our guide, the Inspector, a man full of anecdote, entertaining us with his experiences in Australia, until we were brought up short by a swirling rapid torrent,

issuing from the Lagoon, towards the sea. Dismounting, we tried to measure the depth of it with long sticks, and to estimate the force of the current by chucking logs of wood into it. The verdict was—no passage there. Then we cast about to explore the Lagoon, to see if we could make a safe circuit of it well above the stream. Again, a failure, the bottom was peat, so soft, no horse could get through it, and the distance to be forded more than a mile. "We will wait for high tide," said the Inspector, "we might be able to swim it if the water is still." Again, disappointment, and then our only resource was to camp where we were for the night, turn the animals loose, and, in early morning, leave them, with our packs and saddles under a bush, and ford the Lagoon on foot, and so walk on to the Bluff. The Inspector said that he would have to return, and would do so, taking our horses and leaving them for us to pick up, on our return, on the southern bank of the Mataura, where he had to go to a sheep station. It was then we made the discovery,—nothing to eat and nothing to drink, for the Lagoon was salt. We lit a big fire of driftwood and passed the night fairly well, and were up at dawn, decidedly hungry, and very dry. Stripping off everything, we bundled our clothes together and carried them on our necks, and making long bundles of flax-sticks, which float well, by way of life-buoys, and tucking them under our arms, in case of deep water, we entered the Lagoon in single file, the Inspector leading, myself last. Every now and then he turned his head and uttered some encouraging joke. "Pity there's no artist handy! three fellows stark naked, one of them a Bishop, up to their waists in water, clothes on their heads, plodding through mud and

water!" It was a long job, and heavy, for our feet sank deep in the soft peat, and now and then the water rose breast high, but we emerged at last. Then we began to feel the strain of nearly twenty-four hours' fast and lack of drink. We lay down in the sun to dry, our clothes fortunately having escaped wetting, and then got up for a march of some sixteen miles, nothing to speak of, had we been in good condition for it. "My Lord," said the Inspector, "I know what thirst means, and it's going to be a tough contract for us; we will walk very slowly; don't talk; every half-hour I will give a signal; then lie down for a few minutes, don't try to talk." We obeyed, and somehow got along, throat and tongue parched, and a great emptiness within; hours of monotonous tramp, only once broken by a tantalizing disappointment. A small hut came in view, we quickened our steps, the Inspector went in. "Nothing!" he said, "empty pannikins, no water!" But in the distance the big hill at the Bluff grew steadily bigger, and at last we spied a small house, such a welcome sight, evidently inhabited, and someone coming to meet us,—an old whaler, followed by his Maori wife.

It was late afternoon; near the house there was a pool of bright fresh water, fringed with soft turf; without a word we flung ourselves down, and began to lap like dogs. "Don't swallow," said the man, "drink very slowly, and lie still a bit till we get some tea and food ready for you." We lay there a full half-hour or more before we could recover, and take the tea and hot scones which the Maori wife brought us. Then we explained to our hosts what we had come through, and the man, getting his boat ready, rowed us across the Bluff harbour to the settlement,

where Captain Ellis, the Magistrate, made us thoroughly comfortable. Next day we bade farewell to Mr. Pinkerton, our guide, who expressed his unstinted admiration for the way in which the Bishop had come through such a trial of endurance. "I've known what hardship and thirst are in Australia, and this young fellow—well, he's young,—but the Bishop was an example to both of us!"

We stayed a few days at the Bluff, and then, on foot, made for the head of the harbour, crossing a low pass in the hills which encircle it, and reached the estuary of the river, locally known as Jacob's river, but in Maori, Aparima,—Anglicé, "the river of the five companies of workmen"—the southernmost river in New Zealand, wide, and full of water, in many places inland running over a rocky bottom. We found on the banks of the estuary a comfortable hut, in which two young sailors had established themselves, acting as ferrymen to carry travellers up the river to the settlement of Invercargill. Next day we reached it, in its very first stage of a possible town, if that term can be applied to six little houses, built of wooden slabs and trunks of tree-fern on the edge of an extensive forest, which bounds a rich plain, very swampy, and dotted with rough herbage. As the boat landed us a mile below the houses, we had to thread our way through waterholes and swamps, and, dusk coming on, we often found ourselves in deep water. We found accommodation in a house of call kept by a Dane, consisting of one living-room, two small bedrooms on either side, an open loft over them, and a lean-to kitchen; the four bedrooms being occupied, two late-comers were provided with blankets, one of them climbing up on to the loft, and disposing himself there,



H. J. C. HARPER, D.D.

FIRST BISHOP OF CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

PRIMATE.

as best he could, amongst bags of potatoes, the other lying on a settee just below him. In the night there arose a sudden uproar ; the sleeper above had rolled off his perch and fallen right atop of the man below, who happened to be an Irishman ; with indignant voice he woke up the whole household, refusing to accept any apology from the offender, nor would he be pacified by the landlord's arguments. "Sure, an' he did it on purpose, will ye be tellin' me that he fell like that, right on me, if he didn't mane it ?" There was imminent chance of a regular shindy, but the Bishop, roused by the noise, came out and secured peace, and some chance of sleep for us all. Nevertheless, at breakfast, the injured man again appealed to me : "Now, Sorr, I've forgiven him, but I ask your opinion, could he have done it without maning it ?" I prudently held my tongue, and the excellent ham and eggs, fried potatoes, and tea, banished all ill-feeling in the end.

Making an expedition up the riverside, and wondering why there were no fish in such a stream,—the very place for salmon—we visited a small settlement founded by an old whaler, quite a patriarch, Captain Howell, a man of some wealth in cattle, and the father, and grandfather, of a numerous family. His wife had lately died, and a number of Maori women, from their settlement close by, were holding a "Tangi," or lamentation, to bewail her death, squatting, as their manner is, in and about the house, crooning a funeral chant. There had also been a sad accident to one of Howell's whaling boats, in which he conducted a fishery from the shore ; a fine young fellow had met his death, through the capsizing of one of the boats, and his loss was felt all the more because he was engaged to

be married to the daughter of one of the settlers, amongst whom Howell was a kind of King. The Bishop, hearing that the poor girl was distraught by her loss, and well-nigh out of her mind, went to visit the family, and I went with him. Coming to the house, he was on the point of entering by the door, whilst I was behind him, when the girl, catching sight of me, and being possessed with the idea that her *fiance* would somehow return to her, rushed out, flung herself upon me, and finding her mistake, fell to the ground in an agony of disappointment.

Jacob's River is the last inhabited place in the extreme south of New Zealand, except that there are a few fishermen settled in Stewart's Island, which is separated from the mainland by Foveaux Straits, apparently about fifteen miles distant. The country here looks fertile ; the hills and the mountain country westwards lie open to the explorer, with a good deal of forest in view ; one cannot doubt that in future years this Southland, which is the furthest habitable country in the Southern hemisphere, will cease to be the wilderness it has been for untold centuries, and will support a large and prosperous population.

In a few days' time we began our homeward journey, on foot, across the Mataura plain, making for the Station where we could pick up our horses and baggage. On the way we spent a night with a settler, finding characteristic hospitality in his one-roomed house ; in this, to accommodate us, he rigged up a blanket screen between his bed and the rest of the room ; behind the screen we slept on the floor, clearing out of the house in the morning to enable him and his wife to get up and prepare breakfast. Then he came with us to the Station on the southern bank of the

river, it being no easy matter to find the way in and out of patches of forest, and over many swampy creeks. There we found a small hut, with a shepherd in charge, who had also our horses ready for us ; also a very rough slab-built hut in which lived two Scotch sawyers, cutting timber for the owner of the run. They offered us shelter for the night, but as a fall of snow came on, we remained there for two days. They were kindly, but dour Scotchmen, of few words, big, stalwart men, living in the roughest possible manner. The food consisted of boiled beef, without mustard or potatoes, hearth-baked cakes, and tea without milk, and by way of a bed they offered the Bishop and myself their own, which consisted of rough wooden planks, some bags of sawdust by way of mattress, and blankets. One of them camped down on the clay floor, whilst with the other we occupied the bed ; —there was not a scrap of literature in the place, and our only resource was to watch the sawyers, under a canvas shelter, at work in the forest, sawing up Rimu, *i.e.* Red Pine, a finely grained timber which literally seemed to bleed under the saw, as its red sap flowed out.

The snow ceasing, we left our hosts early in the morning on horseback, the shepherd giving us very minute directions how to reach the river, about a mile distant, through an intricate network of swamps and rivulets. " Be careful, when you arrive at the river, to go down the bank by a track that leads to shallow water, but on entering keep in the shallow for a long way up stream ; don't attempt to cross till you see on the other side, up-stream, a sort of landing-place ; make for it carefully, for the shallow water, except at that one possible ford, ends abruptly

in deep water." We navigated the swamps successfully, and entered the water, which is not like the usual New Zealand torrent, but a deep, swift stream. Contrary to our usual custom, as I was delayed a little by the pack-horse, the Bishop went in first, and I followed, the water being only knee-deep. Getting rather ahead of me, the Bishop pointed to a place on the other side which looked like a landing-place, but was merely made by cattle coming down to drink, and turned his horse's head across stream. I shouted to prevent him, as I felt sure it could not be the right place, but in vain ; the next moment his horse had stepped over a ledge of rock into deep water, horse and man disappearing, for Dick, instead of swimming, had tried to bottom with his hind feet, had been caught in the chest by the stream, and washed under. It all happened in a moment ; catching sight of them under water, as they were swept down past me, I flung myself off my horse, caught hold of my Father's hand, and drew him to the surface. "I kicked away the stirrup," he said. It had dragged him down with the horse, but, fortunately, as we always rode with the stirrup bars in the saddle down, for fear of accident, it came away, and so saved him. Then a swim for the opposite bank, both of us heavily clothed, a tough job in such a stream, which carried us down a long way, though the actual distance in a straight line was not more than fifty yards, and when we did make the bank, we found ourselves in deep water up against a rock with steep sides, to which we clung, until, coasting down, I found a crevice by which I managed to climb up, and, after much effort, contrived to haul my Father up, safe and sound, but drenched to the skin. Happily he was a powerful

swimmer, and his old Eton experience now stood him in good stead. Meanwhile the horses had drifted down to an island and landed on it, so going down the river-side and reconnoitring, I thought I could see a landing place on this side, to which I could drive them if I reached the island myself. Entering the water again, and just not swimming, but well up to my neck, I reached the island and got them all at last to the landing-place. We were in sorry plight, for, in spite of our clothes, the water was icy cold, but it might have been worse, and presently we found ourselves on the high river-bank, with a hut in view, and its owner coming to meet us.

"I caught sight of your horses on the island, and wondered what had happened; come in, come in, you've had a narrow squeak of it; I thought no one could get through the river there safely!" He was a character in his way, had been a sailor, and for a short time in the French army, not without education and a lively sense of humour, in charge of cattle for the owner of the run. "Come in, my Lord, you do my humble dwelling great honour," and then, turning to his only companion, a Maori lad, "Get lots of wood, make a big fire, we must dry the Bishop somehow." He bade us strip to the skin, provided us with blankets to sit in by the side of a roaring fire, whilst he hung up our clothes to dry, and made his boy unpack our dripping horses and lay out all in the sunshine, and hang up saddles and tackle. This occupied the whole day, to say nothing of an excellent dinner he prepared for us, though not exactly up to his standard of a French dejeuner; steamed eel,—they had just caught an enormous specimen, fully four feet long, and very thick, but frizzled, cutlet fashion, with flour,

very palatable; some boiled wild pig, tender and tasty as turkey, potatoes, scones and tea. Every now and then he would come into the hut to see how we fared: "To think of it! Who would have supposed it? a Bishop with nothing on but his hat, and one of my red blankets, sitting by my fireside! My Lord, I trust that the wind which percolates through the interstices of my poor house does not inconvenience you." At night, for supper, we had a fresh delicacy, a roasted Kiwi, locally called a "wood-hen," rather like a hen pheasant, one of the surviving specimens of the Apteryx, or "wingless" bird, in New Zealand. It has a rudimentary wing, of one joint only, but is a ground bird, and if well cooked, so as to get rid of its superabundant oil, by no means uneatable. Our host took much pleasure in his cuisine, and kept us amused till a late hour at night, relating his interesting experiences in France, and as a sailor, meanwhile shaping out of raw bullock-hide a stirrup to take the place of the one lost in the water.

Next morning he gave me careful directions for our journey, many miles of hill country, with only a scanty track here and there to guide us, and no place of shelter if we lost the way. Noticing that I was impatient to start in good time, and somewhat anxious, he said: "Now, don't fuss, young man, you will get through right enough; just look at the Bishop yonder, calm and quiet, as if he had not had to swim for his life yesterday."

When we reached Dunedin, finding an opportunity of sending our friend some memento of our gratitude for his hospitality, we made up a small parcel of tobacco and pipes, writing materials, a book or two, one in French, and despatched it. We then pursued our

way to Christchurch, and without further adventure reached it, as it happened, just in time for the five o'clock evening service at St. Michael's Church. Riding up to the gate that led into the church grounds, we found there one or two clergy, who at first could hardly recognize the Bishop in his travel-stained clothes; from head to foot he was mud-coloured, his gaiters bound together with flax, his episcopal hat quite disreputable. They had heard but little of us for many weeks.

This has been a long yarn, I hope it has not tried your patience too much. It will give you some idea of what a Bishop has to tackle in a new country like this.

I am, Yours, etc.,
H. W. H.

IV.

July 20th, 1861.

My dear St. John,

Since my last letter a long time has elapsed, spent in my first beginnings of work after ordination, but I may be able to give you a better idea of it than if I had written sooner.

Please put away all ideas of a Parish at Home, town or country. My "Pastoral district" has an area of about nine hundred square miles, all of it as Nature made it, roadless, but now occupied by a few sheepfarmers, shepherds and labourers, in all some four hundred persons, living at great distances from each other. One half of the country is plain, the rest hill and mountain; it stretches from the immediate neighbourhood of Christchurch to the Southern Alps, which at present form an impassable barrier westwards. One of my brothers has a sheep station in the hills, almost in the centre of the district, and with him I make my home; it is the first organized country district in the Canterbury Settlement, outside Christchurch and its neighbourhood, under charge of a resident clergyman; and so I may in some sense regard myself as a missionary, albeit my parishioners are mostly Church people.

For my work I keep three horses, and am in the saddle from Friday till Tuesday every week, visiting every part of my district, and generally seeing every

one of my parishioners, travelling in all sorts of weather, for though in this Southern Island of New Zealand there is more sunshine than at home, yet there is no lack of rain, and fierce gales, snow and frost, with winters often quite as severe as in the old country. It also means, at times, fording flooded rivers, rough, difficult going in hill country, mostly untrodden by the foot of man, and absolute dependence on the plains on the compass in thick weather. Add to this every sort of accommodation at night, sometimes in comfortable homes, sometimes in huts or outhouses of the roughest description, in wooden bunks, devoid of mattress, on clay floors, but always with open-handed hospitality, and the kindliest welcome, and plenty of plain food.

I soon discovered that one needs to be a horseman as well as a rider, and being fifty miles from the nearest blacksmith, have learnt to shoe my horse, at a pinch, keeping spare shoes, and the necessary implements, and to do what is needed in the case of sore backs, girth galls, and horse doctoring, in short, being one's own groom in everything. This all adds zest to the work, and as I never let anyone else handle my horses they will come to me anywhere, when loose, and I am not a little proud of the compliments paid them by many a settler, as, for example, the other day :— "A fine mare that, keeps her condition well, I'll give you £40 for her." "No," said I, "I think you know she's worth more than that." "Yes, yes, I ought to have remembered who you are, you are so good to all of us, but you see, I do a good bit of horse-dealing." I teach my horses to walk well, an accomplishment in journeys averaging forty miles a day which is invaluable, and so I not only ease my horse, but, always

having a solid book stowed in the saddlebags, I get through a good deal of reading. I have recently mastered, after many a perusal, Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, tough reading, but full of trenchant argument, and most interesting to anyone who has sat at his feet in Magdalen and listened to his expositions of Aristotle's *Ethics*, as you and I have done. As I often ride for hours meeting no one, I get through, in this manner, almost as much as if I were in my own study, and now and then I find that a sharp canter helps me wonderfully to see the drift of an intricate passage, on the principle of "solvitur ambulando."

Imagine yourself with me on one of my hill country expeditions. Arriving at noon at a shepherd's hut, we meet with a ready welcome and a substantial meal. There are children here, and, after dinner, I give them some teaching, partly in the Bible, and set them lessons to be ready for my next visit, enough to occupy them daily for some weeks. "There is a shepherd" says my host, "away up in the hills in the direction you are going, but out of the usual track; he scarcely ever sees anyone but the overseer of the station, and I think would welcome a visit from you, but I must tell you he is an old sailor, so accustomed to solitude, that you will find it hard to get any speech out of him; he goes by the name of 'Cranky Bill,' and they say never speaks a word except to his dogs and sheep."

Towards evening, after a long ride, I spied the hut on a spur below the ridge I was crossing, and made for it. A couple of dogs set up a noisy welcome, and the shepherd himself, just returned from his day's tramp, looked up and gazed at me, giving a sort of a nod of invitation, but never a word. Accepting the

situation, and saying nothing myself, on purpose, I attended to my horse and, after performing my ablutions in a tin basin on a bench outside, went into the hut; a typical sailor's hut, clean and tidy, with a small separate room containing two bunks. In the living room he was already preparing supper, frying chops and potatoes, and arranging the table with pannikins and tin plates for two. We sat down, not a word passed between us, as I wanted to humour him and tempt him to begin. Presently, looking up, I noticed a little shelf, and on it, amongst other books, two volumes of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation* in a small well-bound edition, of which I happened to possess the full set. "I see you are a reader, have you read those?" The ice was broken, and he replied, "Yes, and I wish I could get the other volumes." I told him that I had them and would bring them on my next journey. After that he talked freely, and told me of his life as a bluejacket, and his voyages to various parts of the world, and it was nearly midnight before we left the fireside for bed. Next morning he begged me to come again, and he seemed quite a different man after the wholesome talk of the previous night.

There are many such shepherds here, leading solitary lives, and it is marvellous how, as a rule, they escape illness and accident in their work, which keeps them far from any friendly aid in case of need. Their going daily is in very rough country, mostly on foot, dangerous slopes, strewn with rough rocks, shingle slides, and precipitous tracks. Merino sheep are fond of high ground and as sure-footed as deer, and in shepherding nothing would be more probable than a serious sprain, or broken limb, yet I have scarcely

ever heard of any such accident. On one occasion only did I find a man in real need and quite alone. His hut lies in a secluded valley through which few ever pass but myself, and the poor fellow, having been taken with severe colic, as it happened on my accustomed day for visiting him, was on the look-out for me, but failed to see me coming by the usual route. I was trying a short cut across country, over a very steep ridge, intending to drop down into the valley instead of working my way up its whole length. Looking down, I saw in front of his hut something that looked like a bed, and on it someone signalling with a white towel. The man had caught sight of me on the top of the ridge and, fearing I might pass him by, had dragged out a stretcher bed, so that I might see him lying on it. He was in a bad way, so I went off as fast as I could to the home station, whence the overseer sent men to fetch him, doing what he could for him until the Doctor arrived, whose house was forty miles distant.

It is Saturday evening, and I come to a station on the banks of the Rakaia River, in high mountainous country, where the river valley opens out magnificent views of the Southern Alps, always more or less snow-clad, the western sun sinking behind them, touching the highest peaks with glorious light, in contrast to the purple shadows which veil their rugged precipitous flanks below. Here the owner always arranges for a gathering of all hands on a Saturday evening, Sundays being impossible for me. Shearing, it happens, is in full swing, so there are a number of extra men, besides the shepherds of the station, shearers, fleece-pickers, wool sorters, and "rouse-abouts." I find that these gatherings for service are heartily welcomed by all

sorts, but you will understand one's difficulty in getting into touch with such men on such occasions, when there can be little of the usual solemnity of Church worship, and none of the associations which belong to a concentrated building ; I carry, of course, my usual robes, but otherwise one feels as if all the usual aids one has to one's work were absent, and it becomes a case of a man with men, face to face, at close quarters, accepted as such, and with a minimum of recognition of the official parson or priest.

On this particular occasion I got a useful hint. It happened thus : service and supper over, my host apologized for his inability to give me a bedroom. Would I mind sleeping in an outhouse, where I could have a stretcher ? I soon made myself comfortable, and found that there was a partition wall which did not reach up to the open roof, the other part of the outhouse, a sort of saddle room, being occupied with men sleeping on shakedowns. Presently I heard voices : " I say, Jack, you got on all right, but I don't know your prayerbook, I warn't brought up to the Church." " But you could listen to the parson, I suppose ? " " Yes, but what was that thing which he read last ? " " That thing ! Man, it was his sermon ! " Ah, thought I, I must try and speak, and not merely read, and since then I have been schooling myself to do this, with more or less success. Certainly it seems to attract much better attention, but I find it much harder work than reading, and now and then no easy matter to keep one's presence of mind, as, for instance, lately, when a devout Wesleyan in the congregation, after his manner, suddenly said out loud, " No, no ! " but fortunately for me, in another minute, " Yes, yes ! " punctuating my statements all through

the sermon, so that I perceived that his negatives and affirmatives were, in fact, marks of approval. One great advantage, I think, in this somewhat unconventional work, is that it brings one into personal contact with all sorts and conditions of men.

Sunday morning, 6 a.m. A breakfast of milk and bread and butter provided for me over night, and my horse to be looked to before a long and difficult journey. I get away about 7 a.m., my track being through mountain valleys, traversed by numerous streams, strewn with boulders, and bristling with the prickly Acacia plant, "Wild Irishman," and spiky yellow speargrass. The going is very troublesome, and with all I can do in making the pace, where opportunity offers, it will be eleven o'clock before I can accomplish the twenty-seven miles to my destination. The scenery is magnificent, I doubt if Switzerland can beat it, but sometimes I begin to sympathize with our forefathers, who lived before our comparatively modern appreciation of landscape, and regarded Scotland and Switzerland as inhospitable and savage wastes, where a traveller might easily perish. Certainly, on a fine morning, with a good horse under you, and a companion, all goes well, and in this highland atmosphere you taste the joy of mere living, but 'tis a very different matter in showers of sleet, or rain that seeks out every crevice of your waterproofs, soaking your saddle, whilst your horse flounders through mountain bog and swollen streams. This is not unusual in summer, and in winter, even with a clear sky overhead, but with snow underfoot and ten or twelve degrees of frost, it is hard work for man and beast.

Towards the latter part of the route I speak of

there is a valley shut in by mountains which leads to a rather formidable river, named after our family, the "Harper" river, a torrent which has a short run from some secondary glaciers, and joins the Rakaia. Its riverbed is wide, and in flood time the force of the current is such that it cannot be safely forded. As yet I have not found it higher than the stirrups, but even then, if one is broadside on to the rushing water, it will rise right up to the saddle, and, like all these mountain torrents, it is icy cold. On the further side, in a lovely situation, Major Scott has planted his house, and lives there with his family and employées. The house nestles under a forest of Mountain Birch, so-called, but really a beech, with very small leaves, and the only decidous native tree in New Zealand, though, as the young leaf comes on whilst the old leaves are dropping, it seems to be an evergreen. For a mountain run there is a fair amount of grass, and plenty of shelter for sheep in the broken country, which is set in an amphitheatre of snowy peaks, bounded westward by ranges never yet crossed. It can be no great distance to the West Coast, but explorers report a mass of impenetrable forest on the western side of the ranges, extending hundreds of miles, and I doubt if such a wilderness will ever be colonized except through the discovery of gold. In future years, as elsewhere, the "auri sacra fames" may tempt men to venture, and so fulfil its appointed task of opening up an inhospitable waste to settlement and cultivation. All that is now known of the West Coast, save from the reports of passing vessels, of which Captain Cook's was one long ago, is due to my brother Leonard. Some little time ago, with a few Maoris and one Englishman, who was unable to

complete the journey, he managed to cross the Southern Alps by a pass in North Canterbury at the head of the River Hurunui. He met with great hardships, and no little peril in flooded rivers, subsisting a great part of the time on birds and eels, and even the fern root which the Maoris convert into a sort of bread, needing the digestion of an ostrich ; and, after many weeks, having explored the coast for nearly a hundred miles, returned to report that the country was uninhabitable, but with the barren honour of being the first white man to cross the Island from sea to sea.

At noon all assemble for service, and after dinner and much talk, all the more welcome because I am a purveyor of news from other stations and a sort of unofficial postman, I retrace my steps,—a ride of twelve miles, to a fine sheet of deep water, twelve miles in length, shut in by lofty mountains, and one of the sources of the Rakaia river. Here there is only a good sized hut in which the overseer lives, managing the estate in the owner's absence. He comes out to greet me, a tall, well-built man, in very rough clothes, which do not disguise the fact that sheepfarming was not his original vocation,—one of those enterprising, educated men who have come out to Canterbury and are doing so much for this young community by their character and example ; a Cambridge man, G. S. Sale, lately Classical Lecturer at Trinity. "Come in, glad to meet you ; we're just ready for supper, only myself and two men,—you won't mind roughing it, I know." The hut consisted of one fair-sized room and a couple of other rooms furnished with bunks ; on the table, guiltless of a cloth, there were two large tin dishes, one of chops, the other of potatoes and cabbage, fried together, flanked by tin plates and pannikins. My

host, wielding a long iron spoon, ladled out to each of us an ample supply and, with a flourish of the spoon, said, "You will excuse the lack of silver, and perhaps remember that 'He who sups with the D . . . l needs a long spune.'" "I'll take my chance of that," said I, "and don't think I run much risk," whereat the men at table grinned. Taking note of my surroundings, I observed several Latin and Greek books, and began to wonder how long the "Overseer" in the jumper and moleskin trousers would be content to lose himself in the pasture of this wild mountain solitude.

Next morning I tried a dip in the lake; its water is as sapphire blue as the deep sea, but so icy cold that I came out as fast as I went in. It is as yet unfathomed by any length of available cord. Then I travelled down the Rakaia valley and made for the Gorge where it flows through a deep, winding chasm, cut through a barrier of rock, and finds its way to the plains; a most picturesque spot, for the rocky sides of the gorge, clad in places with small shrubs, average three hundred feet in depth, its southern side flanked by the spurs of Mt. Hutt, which reaches an altitude of five thousand feet. There is one small landholder here, the first in this district to purchase a few acres, carrying some cattle, in a place where he rarely sees a visitor, so I go to make his acquaintance. As I approach I notice that he and his wife, and son's wife, and their little boy, all seem to be keeping holiday in their best clothes, strolling about and looking at their garden. I introduce myself, and speak of the services I held yesterday, and am answered with: "But isn't to-day Sunday?" As is the case with many living in remote places, they had lost count of

the week. "There!" said the small boy, "and I put away my toys yesterday." From his point of view he had lost a day. Staying there that night, I learnt that they had discovered in the clefts of the rocks boulders which are geodes of amethyst and chalcedony crystal, and very curious water worn clay stones, shaped as if turned out by a lathe in many forms, discs, spirals, bunches of grapes, flattened out, and some almost the shape of a watch, with a handle. The next morning, with hammers and rope, we descended to the riverbed below the gorge, not liking the look of the precipitous rocks, and finding a favourable place, worked our way up about two hundred and fifty feet, and secured some very fine specimens of amethyst crystal, perfect in shape, and of deep colour, and then, after some effort, got safely to the top with our spoil.

Towards evening I rode to another station, in a beautiful nook in the hills, where Mr. Phillips has established himself with a large family. His sons manage the sheep, and it has been his pride to create in a wilderness as lovely a garden and as fruitful an orchard as one could find at home. It is ten years old, but here all growth is much faster than in England. A friend of his, also with a family, lives close by, so that together with the huts of the employees the place is like a small village. I have an evening service, and next day give some time to teaching the children, and late in the afternoon make my way across a low pass, which is a short cut to my home in the Malvern hills, winding up to the top of a rocky saddle, and downwards by the side of a considerable patch of forest. It was growing dark, and in amongst the trees I caught a glimpse of a fire, round which a group

of bushmen were discussing their supper. They were employed in cutting timber for neighbouring settlers, and had their tents close at hand. They invited me to have a pannikin of tea, and I noticed that one of them was rather different to his mates. As I was leaving he followed me, asked me where I lived, and whether he might come to see me. A few days later he came, and told me his story, common enough in Australia, but at present much less so in New Zealand, where we have fewer of those failures at home who are sent out to the Colonies, in the faint hope that a man who is a ne'er-do-well in England will succeed elsewhere, and in too many cases sent out with the promise of small remittances, to be out of sight and out of mind. He said his father was well-to-do, that he himself had been at Eton, but had given way to drink, and had been sent to Australia, from whence he had drifted to New Zealand, and he added that, though his father would have no more to do with him, his mother never ceased to write. A little cross examination soon convinced me that his story was true, and as he seemed in earnest to reform, I got him to take the pledge for five years, and wrote to his father. It resulted in his father's undertaking to remit to me a certain sum, on condition of his keeping the pledge, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that so far he is doing well and in a fair way of complete recovery, to the great joy and gratitude of his mother, who had never ceased to hope for her prodigal son.

Now let me tell you something of my Sunday work on the plains, where the open country makes larger congregations possible. It means three services, with journeys of many miles between them, and in some places congregations of forty people. It is curious

to note how one becomes accustomed to the absence of the aids to devotion and reverence which appeal to eye, and ear and heart, whether in some stately cathedral or humble village church, in the old country ; the tower with its peal of bells, the heaven-pointing spire, God's acre with its memorials of the dead, the ordered ritual ; the very atmosphere of the House of God, set apart from all common use, and consecrated not only once as an official ceremony, but by the prayers and praises, the sorrows and thanksgivings of countless worshippers who have realized in their House of God that Sacramental Presence promised to two or three who meet together ; all this, in some measure touches the heart of the least devout. Is it possible, think you, to worship as one would wish in, for instance, such a place as that in which I held service last Sunday ? Picture to yourself a New Zealand woolshed, long, and roughly built of wood, with high pitched thatched roof, somewhat in the shape of a church with nave, lean-to side aisles, but no chancel ; a boarded floor redolent of greasy wool, the " side aisles " parcelled out into pens to hold sheep ready for the shearers ; here and there a wool press, tables for wool sorting, bins for fleeces ; all tidied up as well as may be for Sunday. It was shearing time, and yesterday the shed was full of the noise of work, scuffling and bleating of sheep, the sharp clipping sound of shears, now and then rough words ; jests and laughter as evening drew in and work ceased, and men compared their tallies of sheep shorn, making ready for an off day to-morrow.

Can one expect to realize here the ideal of a place of worship as at home ? Come and join in it. At the end of the shed is an upturned barrel, covered with

a fair white lined cloth. It is the altar. Near it a small table with Bible and prayerbook; chairs and rough benches, well filled; neither choir nor instrument; a shortened service, hymns, sermon; then a certain number of communicants, whilst many remain throughout the celebration. They have come riding or driving long distances, and do not readily forego their monthly chance of meeting together. I think you would soon forget the rude, primitive condition of the place, and regard it no more than the first Christians did, in the upper rooms or in the rugged gloom of the Catacombs.

Service over, there are many greetings and much talk, for these monthly gatherings are important functions where people live so far apart, and if the talk does run on the price of wool, or the returns of the lambing, or the merits of young colts, and perhaps the contents of the last papers from Home, by mail, which takes three months, what would you have, even if it is Sunday, in a country where your nearest neighbour is twenty miles distant? Then comes dinner, provided in part by the owner of the station, and in part by supplies brought by settlers who happen to have such luxuries as pigs and poultry, and, save the parson, it is late afternoon ere the company disperses. But he has a long ride before him for an afternoon, and then for an evening service.

In the evening I usually expect only the residents of the station, with an occasional stranger who is travelling and finds the usual hospitality common to all in a new country. On one of these occasions I was in the house of an old Waterloo officer, a Scotchman, who had entered the army as an ensign, and was naturally full of reminiscences of that day. After

service he told me that two of the men there had only just arrived, having run away from a ship in Lyttelton, and, at first, on his inviting them to come to the service, hesitated, because they had seen me ride up to the house and thought I was a "beak." Sailors often leave their vessels, tempted by the high rate of wages ashore, and are sometimes caught and sent back to their work, and their mistake may have arisen from my appearance, in riding dress, breeches and boots. Next morning, as I was saddling my horse, the men came up to talk, and owned to being deserters. "Me and my mate here, sir, want to know whether you really believe all that 'ere which you told us last night about Jacob?" "Yes," said I, "every bit of it, and you may be quite certain that if you do wrong, the same sort of punishment will come upon you,—what the Bible says, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Jacob's sin dogged him to the end of his days; God pardoned him, but he had to suffer for it all his life." Then they told me they were going up to the hills to get work, and as I turned to mount my horse, one said, "You won't peach, sir?" "No," I said, "not I, but you had better make off as soon as possible"; whereupon the other man pulled out of his pocket a little bottle of rum. "Have a drop, sir, before you start." "Well," I said, "I'm not a teetotaller, but if you take my advice, you'll smash that bottle and keep clear of drink." Down went the bottle on the stones, and we parted good friends.

As to the question of drink, so far as I have seen, people here are temperate, but there is a curious custom amongst many of the station hands; for many months they stick to work, never show-

ing any craving for drink; then comes their annual holiday; they draw a considerable amount for wages, and travelling to some shanty of a public house, or to Christchurch, proceed to "knock down their cheque," giving it to the landlord, and bidding him treat all comers as long as it lasts. Needless to say that all they get for their hard-earned money is a sore head and empty pocket. You may argue with them, and they gravely plead that to "have a burst" is necessary for health after the long monotony of station life and fare, and that it beats any medicine. Few are habitual drunkards, at least in the country districts. Of course there are many who save money, and in a few years' time are in a position to start for themselves, and not a few who have overcome temptation and are thoroughly temperate, of whom I will give an instance.

In the Gorge of the Waimakariri River, "the water of winter," which is the Northern boundary of my district, there is a long stretch of picturesque forest, clothing the steep terraces and level ground bordering the approach to the Gorge. In it is a small settlement of sawyers and timber cutters, working for the neighbouring sheepfarmers, most old sailors, some men-o'-war's men, as handy on shore as on board, making excellent wages in their new occupation. I often spend a night with them, finding rough but utterly clean and tidy quarters, and very good company, for most of them have sailed the high seas far and wide, and their yarns are delightful. One of them, an old bluejacket, the steadiest of workmen, used to go off for his yearly "burst," and return for a year's perfect sobriety. He took a great fancy to me, perhaps because once I lit on him on one of these returns to his

work in a decidedly curious plight. I was riding on the plains, and saw a loose horse, unsaddled, grazing, and a man squatting in the grass, watching the animal. It was the sailor, who had lain down to sleep full of drink, overnight, had unsaddled his horse, and forgot to tether him. "Well," said I, "what in the world are you doing?" "You see, sir, I slept it off, and I'm catching the horse; you see I've got a long rope, and I've made a bowline knot at t'other end and run this end through it, and I've spread it out in a big circle, and put my hat with some oats in it in the middle, and when the horse makes for the oats I'll I'll just haul in and catch him by the leg!" A truly original plan, worthy of Jack. Between us we managed to catch the animal, and then I rode with him and talked, and he agreed to give me a solemn promise, not a written pledge, that he would give up these annual bouts. Presently it came out that he had engaged himself to a housemaid in the service of the owner of Eastdale Nook station, close by the forest in which he worked. I arranged a day when I could come to his house for the marriage, in the presence of his mates. No such event had occurred in the neighbourhood before, and it naturally aroused much interest, and the owner of the station offered to provide a substantial wedding breakfast for the bushmen and their friends, to take place on the lawn in front of his house.

About a week before the wedding, I was at the Malvern Hills, sitting in my study, from which I could see several miles down the valley of the Selwyn River, and I saw the prospective bridegroom riding up to the house. He had come, he said, to consult me on an important matter. "It's this way, sir, I've been

thinkin' ; Mr. Longden, he's goin' to do the square thing, givin' a fust rate spread for all hands, and Mrs. Longden, she's goin' to give Lucy a regular rig-out, 'cos she thinks so much of her, and Mr. Longden, he's bin and given her a young 'orse, and new saddle and tackle ; and I've bin thinkin', sir, won't it seem a bit mean like if I don't do somethin' ? so I thought I'd come over to see you. If Mr. Longden provides good grub and tea and coffee, how would it be if I was to ride to Christchurch and order up some " hard stuff " to give 'em somethin' to drink ? You see, sir, it seems to me mean-like if I don't do nothin', and everyone doin' so much for me." " No," I said, " it won't do, take my advice, order enough bottled beer to go round, which will do no harm, but no grog." " But mightn't I have just a little, and then when they proposes the health of me and my bride, I could go round and serve out a ' tot ' to each on 'em." " No," I said, " be content with the beer, and now you have so good a wife, be careful, and give me again your solemn promise to give up strong drink."

The appointed day came, and on arrival I was welcomed by his mates, one of whom, also a man-o'-war's man, was to be best man. " I've looked to Bill, sir, and made him learn his ' verses,' and say 'em to me last night, and I'll see to it that he says 'em all right. The wedding proceeded, Bill's best man standing behind him, with arms extended, just as if he were offering a knee, as second, in a fight ; Bill managed his " verses " well enough, but when it came to the final exhortation, he and his mentor were somewhat taken back ; they had not studied it together. As it went on and came to the words, " Now, likewise, ye wives learn your duties towards your husbands,"

Bill, with his thumb, poked his bride in the waist, "Listen to that"; whereupon his "second," taking him by the elbows, jerked his arms down: "Be quiet, Bill, stow that! Be quiet!" Safely through the service, we went to breakfast, a right merry party, and when the time came for the departure of the couple, Bill carefully gave his bride a hoist up into the saddle, and then, turning to me with a sailor's scrape of one foot, and a courteous bow, said, "Touching that 'ere, sir, of which you and I was speakin' t'other day, it's here, sir! it's here!" and with an expressive gesture he laid his hand on his heart. The marriage, I am glad to say, has turned out a thorough success.

I could, of course, tell you of instances the reverse of this, sad enough, especially in the case of men, well born and educated, who have come to New Zealand with small capital, and have done fairly well for a time, often as Managers of stations. The monotony of their life has become an excuse for the bottle, and some have made complete shipwreck of their lives: "Corruptio optimi pessima." I am thinking of one, a splendid physical specimen of manhood, able, and willing to tackle any sort of work, a fine horseman, and with a natural power of command of men. He had been some time in South Canterbury, and won no small reputation by his clever capture of an enterprising sheep stealer, who had contrived to drive his plunder through unknown mountain country, and sell them to settlers at a distance. My friend followed his tracks and, after a sharp tussle, took him single-handed. He had migrated to my district, and was managing a station in the back country in an almost unknown region; I met him coming over the pass

which led to it, one day, and he urged me to come back with him on his return, and see if we could discover fresh country. He was then the picture of health, and told me that for two years he had never touched drink. Alas, he fell in with evil friends, and within a few months died miserably. I never saw him again : you may imagine how hard it is to answer letters and inquiries from relatives at home in such cases.

I have lately had a pleasant change of work and society. A week's special services were arranged for in St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, and I was asked to take one of the week-day services. Nothing strange in that, you will say, but remember that I have been three years in my district, and since my ordination have never once been in a church. Only those who have had similar experience can understand what it meant to find myself in a well-ordered church, with reverent ritual, choir, organ, and a large congregation. Let me add something purely personal. I had thought out and written the sermon, and after breakfast was saddling my horse for a forty-five mile ride to Christchurch for the evening service, when my brother came up, and said : "Take my advice, don't read it, think it over as you ride ; make a few notes, and deliver it from them, you'll find the ride an excellent preamble." I did so, not without some fear and trembling, but found that his advice was good.

I was also asked to examine the boys of Christ's College in Classics and Divinity. The College was intended by the founders of the Canterbury Settlement to be a public school of the English type, together with an Upper Department for training men

for Holy Orders as soon as possible. The Governing Body consists of the Bishop as Warden, with Fellows; whilst the school has a competent staff of masters, and some good wooden buildings. At present the boys number about seventy, including day boys and boarders. The College owns endowments in land which in future years should be of considerable value. After the examination a cricket match was organized, on a very rough pitch, between the Fellows and their friends, and the boys and masters, and though the play was by no means brilliant, the game was much appreciated, as the first attempt to establish an annual School Match.

I am, etc.,

H. W. H.

V.

Malvern Hills, New Zealand,
Oct. 1*st.*, 1863.

My dear St. John,

Since my last winter we have had experience of what winter can be in this Southern Island. Canterbury has an average Latitude of 43°, about that of Spain, but the climate on the whole is as cold as that of the North of France; life would be difficult here in a Latitude corresponding to that of London, as we have no Gulf stream to modify our winter.

I was on one of my usual visits to a station on the flanks of Mt. Torlesse, when snow began to fall; as it continued day and night, I thought it prudent to start at once, and return to my home in the Malvern Hills before it became too deep to travel. Reaching the River Kowai, and descending its steep terrace bank, I found, near a small empty hut, some tents occupied by a surveying party, with Dr. Haast, lately come from Germany to take the post of Government Geologist in Canterbury. They advised me to stay the night with them, as snow was falling heavily and it was unlikely that I could complete my journey before darkness set in. With Dr. Haast I took refuge in the hut, and a rough time we had of it for the next two days; no lack of firewood, but a scanty supply of provisions, and so cold at night that our only re-

course was to keep up a big fire, for our beds consisted of wool packs laid on the clay floor, with others in lieu of blankets, the very roughest sort of bed clothes I have yet experienced. Nevertheless we fared fairly well, for Dr. Haast was excellent company, full of anecdote, and, having a rich, baritone voice, kept us alive with his songs. A very keen frost set in as the snow ceased, and the next morning I made a start, finding that the snow, two feet in depth, was sufficiently frozen to bear my horse. After a few miles, however, the snow lay deeper, and in places so drifted that the going became dangerous, and I determined to make tracks for a shepherd's hut, lying rather out of my way, some distance up a valley. I had travelled only at a foot's pace, and made but little way; soon I found myself in difficulties and, noticing a clump of black birch trees which might shelter my horse for the night, I unsaddled him and provided him with some oats I had in my saddlebags, and left him there. Then on foot towards the hut, only a mile distant, but it took me more than an hour to reach it, as I had to cross snow bridges formed over streams and gullies, on which I crawled on all fours, afraid of sinking through the snow, and when at last I reached the hut, my leather overalls were frozen so that they stood upright by themselves. It was a veritable haven of refuge, in which I was made welcome by the shepherd and his family, and there I spent the next day. Fine weather came, and hard frost, and we managed to rescue the horse and get him into shelter, and then I was able to travel homewards on the hard frozen snow. For a fortnight or so after this such travelling as I was able to accomplish was of the same kind, and, to give you some idea of what a winter can be

here in the hill country, I may tell you that I frequently led my horse over frozen streams and small lakes, where the ice was at least eight inches thick.

A few days ago, in the early spring, on a visit to Christchurch, I went with the Bishop and others to Kaiapoi, north of Christchurch, where there is a native "Pah," once rather an important Maori centre, with some two hundred inhabitants, originally refugees driven by other tribes from the North Island, and settling in the South. The Natives are well-to-do, as the Government has reserved ample land for their use; they are all Christians, and have a good school for their children, comfortable wooden houses, and a small church. The occasion of our visit was to receive the annual report of the School Examination. Maoris are proverbially given to hospitality, and need no instruction in the art of receiving notable guests with all due respect, having an innate sense of the dignity of high office and responsible authority. Nature's gentlemen they are, and, whilst living much in their old ways of tribal democracy, each individual having his due share and voice in matters that concern the tribe, yet they have deep respect for what they consider is the privilege of good birth, and specially that of Chieftainship, or the authority which belongs to the priest, the teacher, or head of the family.

So it was a great occasion. The "Pihopa," *i.e.* Bishop, was to preside; the School Inspector would deliver his report; Mr. Stack, one of our clergy, who has an intimate knowledge of the Maoris and their language, would interpret; and many of the "Rangitiras," *i.e.* gentlefolk, of Christchurch would be present to see and hear.

Seats were arranged for the guests on the brow of

a mound of grass, beneath which the Maoris, with their wives and children included, were squatting in Maori fashion, for no Maori really prefers a chair. The report was read in Maori and English, and was very favourable in all subjects,—knowledge of the Bible, Church teaching, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Bible and Prayerbook have both been translated into Maori, and are practically their only literature, which they study constantly. If you get into an argument with a native on the Bible, you must be prepared with a thorough knowledge of the subject, or you will find yourself posed. Then the Bishop spoke, in English, Mr. Stack interpreting in Maori, every two or three sentences. After due praise of the school work, he said, "Now, I want you to consider one thing seriously: your children have great advantages; their teachers do all they can for them, not only as a duty, but as a labour of love; well, I look round at this assembly and see much evidence of prosperity; your crops, horses, cows, pigs, and such good and expensive dress which you can afford for your wives and children; yes, you are indeed well off, and yet I'm told that you only pay sixpence a week for each child's schooling; surely you can afford a shilling, and not have to ask the 'Pakeha' (*i.e.* the white man) to help you in maintaining your school."

As this was interpreted, a smile stole round the assembly, especially on the faces of the women, for Maoris love a telling point in debate, and a pause ensued, with that sort of unspoken admiration which meant that Pihopa had "scored." Maoris in assembly always maintain a dignified reluctance to answer in haste. Presently a fine young native stood up; Maori

orators stand and walk about whilst their audience sit on the ground; they know nothing of the difficulty of thinking on one's legs; keen critics of argument, and quick at repartee: "Pihopa, we welcome you; it is a great honour you do us by being here; your words about our children and their work are good, like the sunshine on the young springing grass; we are proud of our school and Church; and that word of yours about the shilling, it is good. But,—there is my wife; yes! so well dressed! Her dress costs much! Pihopa, I wish I could help it."

Down he sat, and as Mr. Stack interpreted his speech to the Bishop and the company of Pakehas present, a grin spread slowly over every native face, as much as to say, that is a Roland for the Bishop's Oliver. Then followed dinner, served *al fresco* in Maori style; fish, potatoes and cabbage, perfectly cooked, all steamed in Maori ovens. The Maori scoops out a hole in the ground, lines it with flat stones, kindles a fire on the stones, and covers up the embers for a time with ferns and grass; then opening it, he inserts the food wrapped up in flax bags, covers it up with grass and earth, and after due time the result is excellent. Cake they also provided and tea, and they then offered us, by way of desert, a luxury they are very fond of. The inner substance of the Ti-ti palm, which is long and fibrous, contains a good deal of sugar, it is steamed in ovens, and then sucked like sugar-cane. The natives sat in pairs, opposite each other, each with one end of a yard of fibre in his mouth, which they diligently sucked till their mouths almost met.

Things are changing here; a good deal of land on the plains has been purchased, and is under cultivation; fences are appearing, and people are settling

where hitherto sheep roamed at will, tended by a few shepherds. I have succeeded in collecting enough money to build the first church on the plains, south of Christchurch, At Burnham ; a simple, wooden structure, with open, high-pitched roof, shingled outside, and with a tiny apse for sanctuary ; the design was mine, and with the aid of a very capable carpenter, the building has been erected. Great was the day of its consecration and first services, with a congregation over one hundred, and after morning service, a general picnic, as many had brought supplies to aid the generous hospitality of the principal landowner, who has done much to forward Church work in the district. After nearly five years of worship in woolsheds and houses, one cannot help feeling deeply grateful for the achievement of a building, well furnished, and dedicated to the Glory of God.

Another change has affected me personally. The Bishop and Standing Committee, who are the Executive of the Diocesan Synod, finding that the time has come for the division of my vast district, and the formation of three other districts, have commissioned me to organize them for clergy, by obtaining certain guarantees for stipend and, if possible, for passage money from Home. This done, they wish me to return to England and look up suitable men. The work of organization will take at least six months, and will involve much travelling, and all the powers of persuasion I can muster, to secure the necessary funds. If I succeed, I hope to leave New Zealand homewards about the middle of next year.

Another happening, indicative of a new era of things throughout the Colony. In the Province of Otago rich gold discoveries have been made, and diggers are

arriving from Australia and California in great numbers, and here in Canterbury there is no small exodus of all sorts and conditions of men to the Southern gold fields. It means for Canterbury some slackness of prosperity for a time, followed by purchase of land, and settlement. Certainly, the powerful attraction of gold, which brings people from all parts of the world, in God's Providence, seems to induce the development of country which otherwise would remain for many a long decade a mere sheep-walk.

There is, naturally, some little jealousy here at the good fortune which has fallen to the lot of our Southern neighbours in this respect, and I am tempted to give an amusing instance of it. A night or so ago I was in an accommodation house, in the one living-room, and heard the following argument, after supper: "Why isn't gold discovered in Canterbury," said an Irishman, "as well as in Otago? Haven't we got a Government Geologist? Sure, an' I don't see the use of havin' Dr. Haast if he can't find gold here." I tried to explain that Dr. Haast had reported that the geology of Canterbury, so far as he knew it, shewed no symptoms of any gold deposit. But he stuck to his point, and added: "Thin, why does he get such a good salary?" This gold mania is a veritable fever, and is increased by the news that in Otago gold is literally being got in handfuls, in very shallow ground. But it costs its full value, for there has been much privation and hardship on the goldfields during the late severe winter.

CHRISTCHURCH, *May 2nd*, 1864.

A postscript to my letter: I am glad to say that I was thoroughly successful in that work of or-

ganization ; Church people and others have responded liberally ; five districts have guaranteed a sufficient stipend for three years, and in one case the passage money has been raised. If all goes well, I sail in June, to pick up a vessel in Melbourne for England.

LONDON, *December 20th*, 1864.

A second postscript. I am here, after perils by sea which I shall never forget. Leaving New Zealand by steamer, a rough passage of 1,200 miles, I stayed with friends in Melbourne, awaiting a passage Home in one of Money Wigram's monthly sailing ships. The time will soon come, I suppose, for regular steam communication between Australia and England. Hearing that an American vessel would sail a few days later than the regular liner, wherein I could obtain a good cabin at a cheaper rate, I went to make enquiry and to see the vessel. The Agents offered me a large cabin on good terms, the vessel only taking some first-class passengers, most of them well known in Australia, and a large amount of gold for London. Going down to the wharf where she lay, I noticed her rather curious name—J. E. H. Merely three initial letters. It was a Saturday half-holiday, and the wharf was deserted, save by an old salt walking up and down, chewing his quid. "Thinkin' of goin' in her, sir ?" "Yes," I said, "I'm half inclined to, instead of the regular liner." "I wouldn't," said he, "she's too crank, and too heavily sparred to my notion ; I don't trust them Yankees, and besides, she's loaded with raw hides, and she'll stink somethin' awful in the tropics ; no, I wouldn't sail in her." He went off, talking to himself, and I began to think ; better perhaps to stick to the regular liner, maybe the old

fellow's words were a message. and meant for you especially. So I returned, and told my friends what I intended to do, which they thought was a mistake, as in the American ship I should have excellent company and a cheaper fare. As it turned out, I cannot be too thankful that the old sailor's words, which I shall always remember as sent to me in God's Providence, on purpose, led me to take my passage in the good ship *Suffolk*.

The *Suffolk* is a thousand ton vessel, one of the fastest between Australia and London; she was a full ship, with forty first-class passengers, the same number of second-class, and some hundred of third, nearly all prosperous people, with pockets full of money won on the gold fields. As the only clergyman on board, I arranged for services, the Captain and officers backing me up heartily; a short daily morning service in the saloon, Sunday mornings on the poop deck in fine weather, and in the evening in the waist of the ship, a service for all hands, sails being rigged up for shelter, lamps hung in the rigging, and a choir with harmonium to lead the singing. Going into the second-class to introduce myself and make acquaintance with the passengers, I met with a boisterous welcome: "Glad to see you, what will you have, beer? excellent tap, or hard stuff? Service on Sunday? Well, we are all worshippers of Bacchus here, but what do you say, mates, shall we give the parson a show?" This did not seem encouraging, but, ignoring the rough welcome and offers of drink, I went amongst them every day, and we talked of their digging experiences; a typical crowd of rowdy manhood in the prime of life, hard workers, and when the chance of a spree came round, ready for any devilry, but withal honest and

generous and, with a few exceptions, little of the real blackguard about them. Life on board brought out their worst side ; nothing to do, a bar always at hand, plenty of spare cash, with three months' enforced holiday. Sunday came, the evening service drew nearly the whole ship's company, and after it, for some time, singing to the accompaniment of harmonium and cornet. Next morning an elderly saloon passenger, who had shown great interest in the services, a man of pronounced evangelical type, came to me and said, " I'm sure you won't mind an old man speaking to you about last night ; you are young and earnest, but you make a great mistake ; it grieved me to hear you speak to that crowd of men as if they were the children of God ; you must know what they are ; it saddened me to hear you. You mean well, but you are greatly mistaken." I had been speaking about the parable of the Prodigal Son, and I replied : " I think I understand your point of view, but surely the Prodigal Son, bad as he was, was his Father's son ; I may be wrong, but I feel that if one is to win such men one must approach them as I tried to do ; and did you notice how they listened, and how quiet they were ? " " No, sir," he said, " it won't do " ; and so we had to agree to differ.

The *Suffolk* bowled swiftly along, under close reefed topsails only, with a strong following wind, blowing incessantly in these latitudes ; the ship literally climbing and descending huge waves, whilst others astern seemed ever pursuing and threatening to overwhelm her with towering crests, wind-swept, and feathered with foam ; a magnificent waste of water never at rest ; albatrosses, with a sweep of wings ten and twelve feet in width, circling easily round the

ship. It became intensely cold, the rigging was frozen, and fierce snow squalls at times made it almost impossible to remain on deck, whilst daylight disappeared in early afternoon. "The Skipper," said the first mate to me, "is trying the great circle sailing, that is, going far South, so as to take advantage of the flattening of the earth's surface, and thus shortening the distance from West to East. He has always hitherto been in the Eastern trade, and has never been round the Horn; we are much further South than usual, but the ice, now in mid-winter, should be fast, and we may not meet much of it loose, but I do not half like it."

One night it was so cold in my cabin, where I was in my bunk, dressed, and wrapped in blankets, reading, as it was too soon to try to sleep, that by way of a change I got into a suit of sailor's overalls, and went up on the poop deck. A brilliant moon lit up the waves; ropes and spars coated with ice sparkled with points of light; the wake of the vessel astern shone like a path of silver; the vessel rolling heavily, and going at a great pace; only the Captain and first mate were on the poop, with two men at the wheel, and a couple on the look-out at the break of the poop on either side. I stood holding on to a meat safe, drinking hot cocoa in a tin pannikin, out of a bucket, provided by the Captain for the men on watch, and I could see under the reefed topsails right along the ship to the bows.

Suddenly I saw on the horizon what, to my landsman's eyes, looked like a long line of white foam, which, of course, was not probable in mid ocean. That moment came a loud cry from the men on the foreyard, "Ice right ahead!" Captain and mate

rushed to help the men at the wheel, shouting, "Hard aport," and the next minute, sheering off, the vessel heeled over so that the main yard nearly touched the water, and we swept past a great flat floe, hundreds of yards in length, about twelve feet out of the water, and very broad, so close that I could have thrown a stone on it. Had we run upon it, stern on, we must have gone to the bottom. Then came fierce, blinding snow squalls, and, fearing the chance of other ice, the Captain, without shortening sail, threw the vessel up into the wind, in order to lie to. Crack went the main and fore topsails, split in pieces, with loud reports, the remnants of the canvas flung hither and thither, breaking loose from the lower yards with a noise like volleys of musketry. With great difficulty and splendid daring, sailors climbed the ice-bound rigging, and, somehow, at last managed to cut the wreckage clear of the yards; every moment I expected to see them hurled into the sea from their perilous perch on the frozen spars; the hatches were battened down, and the vessel lay helpless, tossed like a mere walnut shell, as the huge waves lifted her on high and then let her sink into the valleys beneath, drenching everything and everyone with tons of spray, against which it was impossible to stand without a firm grip of rail or rope.

I went down into the first saloon. Panic reigned; all the women kind had left their cabins, and were huddled together in the two spacious stern staterooms, on the floor, with mattresses and blankets, kindly brought there by the stewards. It calmed them a little to hear that there was no immediate danger, and I promised to be up and down on the deck, and to bring them word from time to time how

things were going. The Captain came to me and said, " Would I go down to the second and third-class passengers, and do what I could to quiet them, as they were all in a great state of terror."

I went down the narrow ladder to the third-class deck, and caught sight of a scene I shall never forget. In the dim light cast by swinging lanterns, some hundreds of men and women, in every attitude of fear and despair, and in all sorts of clothes, just as they left their bunks. Clinging to the side rails of the ladder, half way down, stood a big fellow, whom I recognized as one of the worst men in the ship, a drunken braggadocio, gibbering like a lunatic : " Save me ! Save me ! we're going to the bottom ! " " Let me pass," I said, and again and again I asked him ; he made no answer, blocked up the way, and would not move. I lost my temper. " You coward, let me pass ! " He wouldn't budge, distraught with fear ; so I let out, and knocked him off the steps and went amongst the crowd below.

I do not know how to describe the scene : men and women kneeling, standing, leaning against the cabin doors, uttering words of prayer and cries of fear. " Oh, what shall we do ? Is there any hope ? " Some quite quiet, holding their children in their arms, crouching on the ground ; some staring with vacant eyes, other pacing backwards and forwards, some in a dead faint. Many clustered round me, kneeling, openly confessing their sins, quite regardless of any listeners. By degrees the panic began to lessen as I was able to assure them that, for the present, the worst was over, and then by common consent all knelt, whilst I read and prayed.

Then I promised to go on deck, and come from

time to time to report, urging the mothers to get their children to bed again, out of the intense cold. All that long night, for there was no sort of daylight till nearly nine o'clock, I went backwards and forwards to the saloon and lower decks, doing what I could, whilst the captain and officers did their part in providing hot tea and coffee for all hands, and though I was only too glad to be obliged to encourage others, I confess I was in no slight need of encouragement myself, for about four in the morning the Captain took me to his cabin for coffee, spread out a chart, and showed me our position. "I don't mind telling you, for I know you will keep it to yourself; I don't expect we shall see the morning, the wind is terrible, we are simply drifting; there is ice all about, we can hardly escape it."

As I look back, I wonder how I could sit quietly in that cabin, drink coffee, and keep still. I had found the Captain a man of sincere Christian life, and his very quietness was a tower of strength to me. We knelt and prayed, shook hands, and he said, "I must go on deck,—you will do what you can for them."

Morning came at last, and with it sunshine, cold and clear, but sunshine indeed to the whole ship; all round us a marvellous sight, icebergs in every direction, beyond count, but fortunately no floe ice, so that, with plenty of clear water, the vessel was able to thread her way in and out of these floating islands in safety. Some of them were exactly like islands topped with mountainous ranges; one, which was estimated as six miles in length, and a long shelving shore and a central ridge, from which, at one end, rose a gigantic tower, pinnacled and buttressed, like that of a great cathedral; some indented with deep

bays and harbours, some like vast wedding cakes ; and in all, in every crevice, hollow, or recess, shadows, if the phrase may be used, of deep heavenly blue. Beautiful exceedingly, but terribly cruel, as everyone must have thought who watched their long procession on either side of the vessel that day.

Our perils were not over ; early in the afternoon, as evening drew on, we had to lie to again for the night, a choice of evils, not knowing where we might drift, and yet not daring to risk collision with the ice by going on. This went on for four nights in succession ; after fairly fine days, dark danger by night ; much anxiety, and little restful sleep. One night another panic arose ; lying to, we were caught by a huge cross wave, which leapt upon the decks, carrying away all loose gear, and smashing many fixtures. I was asleep in my bunk, and was flung out on to the floor of the cabin, but not hurt, for I must own to sleeping during these nights, dressed, and with boots on, to be ready for any emergency. The water rushed in torrents down every available opening to the decks below, flooding my cabin several inches in depth, and for the moment I thought all was over and we were sinking,—then came the welcome cry of the first mate, overhead, " She's right again ! " and crawling carefully up the companion ladder to the poop deck, I met him ; " I was washed right off my feet, and only saved by being jammed up against the mizzenboom."

After this our course gradually became clear of ice ; a strong westerly wind soon took us out of danger, and all went well. Naturally talk turned on the chances of that American ship, which was due to follow us in ten days. " I shouldn't care to be on her," said one of the officers, " those Yankees are too fond of

cracking on at all hazards." You shall know the sequel presently, but meanwhile you may ask, what effect had all this experience of peril on the people on board ? I can only say that it seemed to sober everyone. Rowdiness and drunkenness disappeared, but the impression made by those awful nights had yet to be deepened.

We rounded the Horn, and were off the West Indies. There, in the tropics, making a fair pace in quiet water, one afternoon the wind fell suddenly ; a dead calm, quite uncanny in its stillness ; the water oily and slate coloured ; the horizon aglow with a yellow red light ; and a something brooding in the air that meant mischief. But here, in these Latitudes, the Captain was in his element. He had weathered many a cyclone, and knew exactly what to do. It was just three o'clock, our dinner hour, when he startled us all by a sudden order for all hands on deck, to take in every rag of canvas at once ; even stewards and handy passengers were impressed to tail on to ropes and haul. The crew, as active as cats aloft, had just gathered in all sail, and were on the bare spars, when the wind literally leapt down upon the vessel, and drove us furiously through the water, which seemed flattened out by its force. It was so fierce a gale that no one dared stand up against it, except under shelter. Crouching behind a meat safe, I asked the first mate if he had ever known it blow as hard before. " I don't know that I have. 'I'm inclined to agree with the American Skipper : I guess if this goes on much longer she'll take to the air and fly.' " Presently we passed a large barque, which had been caught by the cyclone, all standing ; all her masts broken short off at the lower tops ; sails and rigging hanging in ribbons over

her sides ; men with axes trying to clear the wreckage. We could render no help, as we swept along, or even hail her to ask what damage she had sustained. " She was caught," said the mate, before she could ship her canvas, but our Skipper knows his work ; he has laid her head so that we shall drift towards and out of the outer circle of the cyclone, or else we might have drifted into its centre, and been carried away with it anywhere."

The wind continued in full force till midnight ; lightning vivid and incessant, playing all round us, and often falling like fireballs right on the vessel. Not much sleep that night, until about five in the morning, in one instant, it seemed, the wind fell. Coming on deck at daylight, somehow, the ship looked like a forest after a tornado, masts and spars like trees stripped of foliage, the decks like land just recovering from drenching floods.

" He maketh the storm to cease ; so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be." At last the shores of the Old Country again : Plymouth, and the coast in all its Autumn beauty ; a lovely, peaceful morning and a golden day, as we sailed slowly up the Channel to land at Gravesend. Word was passed round for a meeting of all the passengers. They presented me with an address written by a third-class passenger, and signed by everyone in the ship, full of kindly and grateful remembrance of the escape we all had had from the perils of wind and ice and wave. Good-byes after a voyage of eighty-five days together are unique : the time and conditions of acquaintance are almost enough for intimate friendship, yet in

almost all cases the Good-bye is final. One of the second-class passengers came to me and said: "I want to tell you what fetched us fellows; it was the way you came amongst us, and treated us as if we were as good as yourself; it was that that got us. Well, we mayn't meet again; so long!"

My work here will take some time; the men I want to secure are not easily found. I am glad to say that the S. P. G. have agreed to grant passage money for four clergy, and in return I shall do some work for the Society.

This morning, in the *Times*, I read the following: "The *J. E. H.* has been posted at Lloyd's as 'Lost.'" In all probability she ran upon one of those icebergs from which we escaped,—a list of her passengers has been published; my own name might have been one of them.

I hope to come and see you soon,

Yours,
H. W. H.

VI.

MELBOURNE,

Sept. 20*th*, 1866.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

I am here on my return to New Zealand. It was no easy matter to find the men I needed, especially as more were needed than I anticipated; amongst them a Head Master for Christ's College, Christchurch, —a responsible post, for which I have secured the Rev. W. Chambers Harris, a man of much promise. Moreover, further discoveries of gold have occurred on the West Coast of Canterbury, and a great "rush" has set in thither of miners and their camp-followers. This affects my future, for I have been appointed Archdeacon of Westland and, having arranged with a clergyman in England to follow me in a short time, I have to undertake the work of organizing the Church on the Goldfields. In all, I have secured seven good men for our Diocesan work.

After nearly two years again at home, with old friends and relations, and the interesting work I had in hand, I confess it was no small wrench to leave England. You can hardly realize the force of the old Greek "nostalgia," Home sickness, till you find yourself in a country, not only divided from the old by the whole circumference of the Earth, but so new that a decade or so ago it was uninhabited by white

men ; more than half of it a vacant wilderness ; devoid of all historic associations, and even now only occupied by a handful of British settlers, quite out of touch with the old world, save for a mail which brings news about three months old.

True, there is the romance of personal adventure, and the joy of living a vigorous, healthy, simple life ; add to this that it offers a share in the making of a new Colony, and, in my case, the purpose of my life's work, and that I have chosen my furrow and hope to drive it straight to its end, without looking back ; and yet,—leaning on the bulwarks of the good ship *Norfolk*, and watching the Devonshire coast gradually sink out of sight, as scores of emigrants were doing, with much the same feelings as my own,—I felt the inwardness of Horace's lines, " Coelum non animum qui trans mare currunt "—" They change their sky but not their mind who run across the sea."

The three months' voyage was uneventful ; a full ship, with plenty of work for me as the only Clergyman on board. It is curious to note, in the leisure which a voyage gives for talk and debate, how inevitably, at times, discussion becomes theological, and this amongst those with whom you might least expect it. Here is a sample : In the tropics, on a Sunday evening, the sea like glass, the sails flapping idly against the masts, as the vessel rose and sank with the slow heaving of the ocean, I was in the waist of the ship, near the forecastle, which was hidden by the drooping foresail. Some of the crew, sitting there, smoking, were talking of someone, by common consent, it seemed, regarded by them as a thorough blackguard, who had come to a bad end. " Well," said one, " there's nothing else in it as I can see ; I

ain't so very particular myself, but that chap was such a d——d bad lot, bad all through; what can you make of 'im? In my opinion he got what he ought to get, and he'll get it 'otter by and bye." "D'ye mean, Bill, then, that there ain't no chanst for the like of 'im? Just 'Ell, and no more to be said? Why, we heard passon say just now, leastways, he seemed to mean it, that there is a chanst for all; 'twas somethin' about that cove in the Bible who owned up just as he was a-dyin', and he must have been an out and outer. That's in the Bible as well as 'Ell and damnation." Then a third voice cut in: "You believes in the Devil, don't you? Well, I don't see no use in havin' no Devil, if he don't get 'im."

I slipped away unnoticed. The same problem, which is the crux of keen controversy amongst learned Divines, put in a nutshell here on a forecastle deck.

Oct. 6. S.S. *Tararua*, a steamer of 2,000 tons, full of miners and others, bound to Westland; men sleeping in every possible corner; another steamer not far off, the *Alhambra*, as full as we are. We are lying at anchor after a passage of 1,200 miles from Melbourne, off the West Coast of the Southern Island of New Zealand, waiting for a tug steamer to take passengers ashore.

A lovely spring morning; and before us a panorama of coast-line more than a hundred miles in view, slightly incurving at either end, one unbroken mass of forest which flows down to the top of the low cliffs which flank the beach; folds upon folds of forest-clad terrace, hill, and ranges which lie up against a Southern Alps, snow clad, above 7,000 feet, even in summer. This great backbone of the Southern Island towards the south culminates in Mt. Cook, over twelve

thousand feet in height, which uplifts its massive crest, like a lion couchant, with the paws in the sea. Between us and the beach several lines of heavy surf, through which the narrow bar entrance to a river is just visible, and on the shore a clearing in the forest, with wooden buildings, tents, and corrugated iron structures, which form the metropolis of the new El Dorado, named in Maori "Hokitika." "So this is the place you are going to," said a fellow passenger to me, as we stood admiring the view, "are you going to land?" "No," said I, "I must go on in this boat to Christchurch to report myself, and then return by coach across those mountains, by a road which I hear has just been opened." "Well," said he, "I am going ashore for a few hours on business, and will report on my return what I have seen." Presently he returned. "I'll give you a year or two there at the most; such a place, and such a crowd! One long, narrow irregular street, over a mile in length, of wooden houses, built right on the sandy beach, just clear of huge trees, some fallen; its suburbs a wilderness of gigantic stumps; crowds of men, rough and rowdy; their talk of gold; deep and shallow sinking; new rushes; water races and sluicing. Eighty so-called Hotels in one street; strings of pack-horses heavily laden; no vehicles, for there are only narrow paths through the forest; a few coaches which run up and down the beach. Forty thousand, they say, are at work within a few miles of the town, getting gold by handfuls; everyone evidently flush of money, and yet I didn't see the sign of any sort of weapon or revolver, and only a few well set-up mounted police. Talk was running on the capture and trial of a gang of Australian bushrangers, who have been lurking in



RIVER. WAIMAKARIRI.

the forest some way north of Hokitika, and are said to have murdered foully some thirty diggers for the sake of their gold. Yes, a beautiful place to look at from this deck, but I give you two years there at the most."

"Many more," I said, "if I am to do the work there as I intend; I haven't come all the way from England for merely two years; it's true, I believe, that the word 'Hokitika' means, 'When you get there, turn back again,' as the Maoris regard it as the end of the earth, and hold that the souls of the dying flit from this shore; but I am going to make a home there for some time." "I don't envy you," he said, as our vessel weighed anchor, going northward to Wellington, and I watched Mt. Cook's icy peak till it was only a tiny splinter on the horizon.

Oct. 15. *Hokitika.* Two days' coaching brought me here, after a journey and road which deserve a better pen than mine to describe its magnificent variety and beauty. Five a.m., so as to start at six, with twelve hours of it for two days, is the order of the day. The coach,—dismiss all visions of the "Vivid" or the "Rocket," surviving still in Scotland and Wales, and imagine an American "notion," invented by one Cobb, immortalized throughout Australia and New Zealand by "Cobb's Coach";—clumsy in appearance, but capable of negotiating the roughest road and fording the worst rivers. On a strongly built bed and wheels, a sort of roofed van, open at the sides, is suspended fore and aft on thick leather bands, which allow it to swing freely in every direction; a very powerful brake, worked on both sides of the box by hand and foot, enables the driver to put on such pressure that he can hold his coach standing

even down a steep hill; four well-bred horses, with a minimum of harness, the driver sitting almost level with his team, wielding a whip, short in the handle and long in the lash, thicker in its centre than an ordinary English lash, and terminating in a flat thong, which descends with great effect and precision. Each day we do about a hundred miles, with stables and change of horses every twenty miles, a short halt allowed for breakfast and luncheon. The first forty miles on the plains which gradually rise to the hill country would be monotonous, were it not for the splendid snow-clad ranges which seem to change their shape and increase in height hourly as you approach them. Fortunately the weather was brilliant; in bad weather the "outsides" need the best waterproofs yet invented. Winding in and out the lower hills, we come to Porter's Pass, a two mile ascent, of very steep gradient, a mere shelf cut in the side of a great spur, which takes you over three thousand feet. This means walking for all, as a rule. Then for the rest of the day, inside the first great dividing range of the alps, the road runs through country covered with tussock grass, and only wooded here and there, but across it innumerable streams, and some rivers full of boulders, and at times in strong flood. Bridges nowhere; but the horses here are amphibious animals, quite at home in rough water. With a few exceptions of flat ground, everywhere the road may be said to be dangerous, though well made, and fairly smooth underfoot: narrow ledges cut in solid rock, with overhanging cliffs and deep precipices below; deep ravines where it is not possible to avoid very steep gradients; sharp corners on a cliff side, round which you almost lose sight of the leaders; no room for a

mistake, or any hesitation on the driver's part; and yet, after a few hours of it, one loses all sense of danger. During this part of the journey the district is sub-alpine, but with scarcely any characteristic flora, a vast stretch of good sheep country, rising as high in places as seven thousand feet, well watered, but liable to heavy winter snowfall. Its inhabitants are few and very far between. At night we find comfortable hospitality at the half-way house, ready for another morning's start. The second day brings you to the true Alpine region. Starting at six, a halt is called at nine for breakfast on the banks of a formidable river, the Waimakariri, one of the South Island glacier-fed torrents, which wanders, in dry seasons, over a river bed more than a mile in width, and in flood time becomes one broad impassable stream. We find it fairly low, but that means half-a-dozen streams, deep enough to cover the wheels, rushing at great pace over such a rough bottom that, as the coach pitched and rolled like a boat at sea, one wondered it could hold together. A capsize would be no joke, for the water is icy cold, and rushing so fast that a swimmer would have but a poor chance. The river crossed, a lovely but very dangerous, long, gradual ascent of the Otira Pass lay before us. Everywhere the mountain sides clothed with mountain birch; every variety of rich fern growth and moss, nourished by the never-ceasing waterfalls which pour down from the heights above, where snow is always lying. As you near the top of the pass, which is nearly four thousand feet, the road is amongst huge masses of rock, fallen from above, and continues for nearly eight miles, up and down, until it reaches the western descent; but sterile and bleak and savage enough to be the haunt

of Kuhleborn himself, with his attendant gnomes and sprites, for it is flanked by magnificent precipices of bare rock, two thousand feet above you, which are scored with channels, down which the water god comes in grand cascades ; yet the whole place is relieved by a growth of Alpine flora ; daisy, ranunculus, the Mount Cook Lily with its plate-like leaves, and a great variety of veronica. The pass is said to be the ancient moraine of a great glacier.

Looking down westward, you stand on the edge of the old moraine dyke which cut across the deep ravine below and blocked up its eastern end ; with a precipitous face, once bare rock, now thick with forest growth ; in the ravine you can trace at intervals a rushing glacier stream, losing itself in a continuous mass of trees. To make a road down this and onward was a bold undertaking, but successful. For eighteen hundred feet it zig-zags down with such sharp turns that at several corners the leaders' feet are within a yard of the edge ; they curve and round about like circus horses ; the road has a surface of soft broken metal, good holding ground ; the driver knows his work, the breaks grind and squeak ; "Hold her now your side," says the driver to me, as I put my whole weight on it. "Now easy ; hold her again," and so we get down safely, and at a good pace, which is necessary to keep the coach from swerving ; and after two miles of cavernous, rugged rock-cutting, just above the roaring blue glacier torrent, every now and then besprinkled with the spray of waterfalls, we pull up at a little shanty for a welcome lunch. Down steps an elderly gentleman from the seat behind me, shakes himself, and says, "Well, sir, I'm thankful we're here ; nothing shall ever induce me to come



ARTHUR'S PASS, OTIRA.

down that pass again; I shall return to Australia by sea."

The next fifty miles to Hokitika took us through the great primæval forest which clothes the western flanks of the Alps from one end of the Island to the other: pines, birch, hard wood trees, tree-ferns, which often reach a height of thirty feet, underwood so thick that without cutting tracks it is impossible to move; a good road only completed a few months ago, intersected by countless streams and rivers. We made good time in this part of the journey, in brilliant weather, whilst I thought of the very different experience which the Bishop met with, and my brother George, on a first expedition to Hokitika, a short time ago before the road was complete, in order to arrange matters for my arrival, and get a general idea of this new part of his Diocese. Riding, with a spare pack-horse to carry tent and blankets and food, they took a whole week to accomplish the journey. The track was in places little better than a quagmire, falling timber and snags barring the way every mile; crowds of travelling miners, engaged by the Surveyors at high wages to push the road through as soon as possible. One of my fellow travellers told me a characteristic story of the Bishop. He got to the banks of the Taipo river, a glacial torrent, a tributary of the Teremakau, in a state of angry flood, worthy of its Maori name—"The Evil One. There he found some forty miners camped for the night, unable to ford the river on foot. The Bishop and his son camped with them, and finding them short of tea and sugar, contributed their share to the common stock for supper. Next morning, with their three horses, they convoyed the miners across the stream, taking six at a time holding on to their

stirrups, waist deep in water, carrying their gear for them on the pack-horse. Unable to start again until they had dried their clothes, they again camped together for the night. Round a big camp fire, in the general talk some oaths were rapped out, till a big fellow, a sort of leader amongst them, got up, and said: "Look here, mates, this old gentleman and his son have done us a good turn; I make a proposition. Here's a tin; every fellow who lets out a bad word shall pay half-a-crown into it, and we'll give it to the first hard-up chap we meet. That's agreed, is it, so long as this gentleman is with us?" "Aye, aye!" "Well, then, I'll take charge of the tin, and I'm d——d if I don't make you pay up." Shouts of laughter as he had to drop his half-crown into the tin. I don't fancy they recognized the Bishop even as a parson, for he was bespattered with mud from head to foot, as his horse "Dick" had rolled over with him in a swamp, his hat crushed out of shape, reduced to the colour of clay.

As a result of his work, I found an energetic committee established; a small, four-roomed cottage nearly ready for me; a large rough wooden church, just completed, both standing in amongst huge stumps of pine trees lately fallen, a most picturesque scene, with tents and miners' huts wherever there was a little clear space; all encircled by a background of magnificent forest. Going to an hotel—it was Saturday evening—for the night, I came across a man I had known in Canterbury, a typical specimen, younger son of a good family, impecunious, but enterprising and never at a loss, ready for any job to pay his way. "You here!" said he, "Well, you have your work cut out; such a crowd!" "And you?" "Oh, I

am doing well, boots and bottle-washer, lamp trimmer in this hotel; a pound a day, board and lodging. Yes, coming to church to-morrow, shall bring all I can; you won't get any private sitting-room here, but the grub's good."

Sunday came. There was no bell, but the Town Crier had been engaged with his bell. "Roll up, roll up, boys,—Church service,—roll up," and then, with stentorian voice and ingenious invention of titles: "Roll up! Roll up! His Riverince! the Archdeacon! His Honour! His Grace! will preach to-day,—roll up! roll up!" And they did roll up, lots of men, few women; a most hearty service morning and evening; my friend there too, in a good suit, and kid gloves! "Got a Sunday off to-day; gentleman again to-day; bottle-washer to-morrow."

A month or so has passed, and I have settled myself, and can tell you something of the place. A lovely summer morning, soft, yet exhilarating, so unlike the East Coast in its absence of dry mountain wind; an early wander down to the sea-beach before breakfast, just behind the main street of the town. Eighty miles southward Mt. Cook rears its great mass of snow and ice and rock, as clearly seen as if only one-third of its real distance; the sandy beach strewn with huge drift timber, blanched white, washed down from the forests which fringe the Hokitika river; an incessant tumult of heavy lines of surf, which make bathing impossible; in the offing, where anchorage is good (for the wind seldom blows home on the coast), steamers and other vessels waiting for lighterage, or for a full tide on which to cross the river bar. Just clear of the town I find men at work in an excavation in the sand about fifty feet square, and half as deep;

a ladder leading down, by which they invite me to descend. Their plant consists of long-handled shovels, tubs of water, a cradle for washing gold. The sides of the pit in places are streaked with lines of fine black metallic sand, about two inches thick. They give me a shovel and, with it nearly full of sand, direct me to shake it gently in the water till all the sand has gone, and then round its rim is a thin line of gold, fine as dust, enough to cover a threepenny bit. This is the easiest way of getting gold, so easy, it is called "Hay-making," but it will not last long, as the black sand brought down by the river, with its gold, from the mountains, and cast up on the beach, where it has lain for centuries, is of limited extent. Looked at with a lens, the gold dust is composed of tiny angular nuggets, and is so pure that its value is four pounds an ounce, though the miner, after paying the duty on gold, and the expenses, only realizes about three pounds, seventeen shillings. This gold dust is so sharp that it is difficult to carry in the ordinary chamois leather bag, which it will actually penetrate. Blotting paper is found the best material in which to pack it.

I have found that miners are very chary, with ordinary visitors, as to their gains. "Yes," they say, "doing a little, making tucker." But as I never ask inquisitive questions, and perhaps because I'm a parson, they seem to trust me. There were four men in this "claim," Welshmen. The claim was not expected to last more than six months before being worked out, and they were making about ten pounds a week per man.

Back to breakfast, then to the School, which I have begun in a rough wooden building, having lit upon a good master and mistress. We have already some

one hundred and twenty children ; they pay from one shilling to half-a-crown per week, and also for books and stationery, and with a small Government grant all goes well. Every morning I am there for prayers and Bible teaching, and, finding that we have several children of the well-to-do, I spend an hour in elementary Latin, French, history, and some mathematics. Sunday School is held in the church, well attended, with the invaluable help of several young fellows, bank clerks, and Government officials, just the right sort, good Churchmen, and keen to do all they can to help me. The town has also a Presbyterian and Roman Catholic day-school, and some small private schools, but, so far as I can gather, the Church is in the majority here.

Come with me, this afternoon, on foot, for there are no roads in this forest country, only rough tracks at present, and we will go up the river side to a gold field, named Kanieri, about four miles distant. Boating across the river, it is possible to walk along the further bank, where the forest tapers down to patches of undergrowth ; the river itself, wide and swift, is scarcely navigable up stream, except by poling, though boats descend with ease. Our destination is a small settlement newly started, opposite the Kanieri diggings, where we have managed to build a small church, in amongst a considerable population. Meeting a man, I made some enquiries. " Yes, there's some there, and doing well ; the place goes by the name of Tiger Bay, for they are a roughish lot ; you'll find them easily, as it's Saturday, and they've knocked off work as usual for the afternoon ; but as to going across to the service in the church to-morrow, well, it's not much in their line." Rising to a spur which came down to the river

and enclosed "Tiger Bay," I looked down on a group of tents, one a biggish one, from which came laughter and sounds of revelry, whilst the inevitable miner's dog announced the arrival of a stranger. The path was so steep I had to run down, and just as I reached the bottom, out came from the tent a big young fellow, in flannel shirt, bare armed, with a can of beer in his hands, quite a couple of quarts, which he held up before me, as he straddled across the path. "Have a drink?" he said. "Yes," I said, "I'm hot and thirsty," and I took a moderate draught. Instantly an uproarious burst of laughter in the tent; the flap of it drawn back, and a lot of merry faces, apparently poking fun at me. "I want to introduce myself," I said. "I'm going to have a service tomorrow across the river; I hope you will come." There was a general response: "We'll be there, and give you a show," a bit of digger's slang, which I found meant—"Here's your chance, can you use it?" Then a good deal of talk, and more merriment, which I didn't understand, until on Sunday, after the service, one of them stayed to talk. "I'm going to come regularly. Do you know what brought them all here to-day? We were in the tent, drinking beer, and someone sang out, Look, here's a parson coming; never saw one here before; I'll go and offer him a drink, and I'll lay anyone of you a fiver that he won't take it. The bet was taken by several, and that chap lost his money."

I shall have to revise my ideas of New Zealand gold diggers, taken chiefly from what one reads of California, or Australia. So far as I have seen, they are a class by themselves, lusty, powerful fellows, given to occasional sprees, with something sailor-like in

their comradeship, rowdy, but honest, and free from crime. Most of them seem to have travelled much, and they have a way of treating you on the equal standing of your manhood, as if class distinctions did not exist. Whether I shall be able to use the chances they give me, in "giving me a show," remains to be seen. There is one great advantage in this work. The nature of their employment allows me to be amongst men whilst at work, as few parsons could be in town or country at home. It doesn't interrupt their work; they welcome my visits, and are greatly pleased to tell me all about it. Though their work looks like navvy work, it is work which calls out their abilities of observation and contrivance, for much depends on their rough and ready knowledge of the strata which may prove auriferous, and their skill in tunnelling, sinking, and the engineering of their water supply. They work in parties, in partnership, not for companies at present, and are not mere "hands," doing what a "boss" arranges. All this means much more than mere digging, and implies intelligence above that of the ordinary labourer. In fact, many are well educated men, whatever the external man may seem; all sorts, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, with a sprinkling of Swedes and Danes.

A few days later I was visiting a "sluicing claim" at Kanieri. Under a high terrace cliff, topped with big trees, a party of men were working, with the aid of a powerful stream of water, conducted through a hose, with which they attacked the cliff side; as the earth fell it was guided into channels formed of wood, called "tail races," with rough bottoms, in which the gold sinks and is retained, whilst the force of water washes the dirt away. Dangerous work; a man atop

of the cliff to give warning, in case of any sudden and extensive slip of earth which might overwhelm the men working below. "Glad to see you,—Ah! look out! stand back!" and down came a huge mass, all hands retreating just in time. They turned the hose off, and sat down to talk. "We don't wash up till Saturday, but if you look here you can see some gold in the boxes. Yes, we are getting a choir together for the services, and a harmonium; and we'll have a concert for funds to fence St. Andrew's Church,—plenty of instruments available, and singers; and we can show you a newly cut track through the forest to Hokitika, so that you needn't return by boat."

Entering the track, I found myself so shut in by a veritable jungle of lofty pines and thick underwood, that I lost sight of the sunshine,—about three miles of rather rough going, set with sharp stumps of saplings and shrubs. Presently, on ahead, a man emerged from a side-track, who turned to see me, and began to talk, though we could not walk abreast in the narrow path. "I'm working with some mates up there on a terrace, and it's my turn this week to go to Hokitika to sell our gold. I came from California, and have been here six months, and we're doing well!" I told him that this was my first experience of a gold-field, and asked if I was right in thinking that this place was unlike the fields in California and elsewhere in the orderly nature of the population. "You're right," he replied, "I've got a matter of twenty-five ounces of gold on me, and if I was in California I'd have a couple of revolvers also; you won't see a weapon here on any man, and I've never yet heard of any case of 'sticking up' or robbery, except those Australian bushrangers, who didn't belong to the

place." "How do you account for it ?" said I. "Can't say, but it's so ; something in the country and people ; somehow Law rules here, and it don't there. Well, good-bye, come and give us a look in some day,—so long !"

I began to think that my lines were cast in pleasant places, and with a people with whom it will be a real pleasure to work ; and in good heart I got back in time for the choir practice in All Saints' Church ; some boys, ladies, and men, an amateur, capable organist and choirmaster, and harmonium.

Our Diocese, here, extends thirty miles to the north, to the Mawhera, Anglicé "Grey River," where there is a considerable town, with rich fields adjoining, and seventy miles southward, including the gold field at Ross. Lately I have visited both these centres, and have arranged for Church building, and services so soon as my colleague arrives from England. There is no road as yet to either place, but coaches run along the beach, fitted with very broad wheels so as not to sink in the sand. It is a standing joke, but also a fact, that after heavy surf much black sand, with traces of gold, is thrown up on the beach, and that the driver makes something after the journey by carefully washing the wheels and bed of his coach. At Greymouth I had an enthusiastic meeting, and liberal contributions for the church, which is to be begun at once. The place is prosperous, most of the gold found here differing from that near Hokitika ; much larger, nuggety and rich. Entering one of the Banks, I found it was their smelting day ; miners bring their gold to be assayed, and receive its full value before it is melted and moulded into ingots. On a counter stood a good-sized copper urn, sixteen

inches high, full of nuggets, none smaller than peas, some like walnuts, and one piece the exact shape of a small shoehorn. "If you can lift that," said the Manager, "as it stands, level with your elbows, you are welcome to it." The smelting is done in plumbago pots, which become white-hot in the furnace; a little borax is added as a means of collecting the scum, and when that is cleared off, the melted gold at first is as brilliant as sunshine, but soon passes through lovely phases of glowing red, till it settles down into its ordinary hue. It is then poured into iron moulds, which hold from one to five hundred pounds' weight of gold; a pound being worth fifty sovereigns. So elusive is gold, and so valuable, that the clay floor of the furnace room is periodically scraped, washed and burnt, returning an appreciable amount of the metal. With all the treasure they contain, one wonders that burglary and robbery are almost unknown here, especially as the Bank buildings are flimsy structures of wood; the unwritten code of honour with regard to gold on this Coast protects it. Miners bury their gold in the floor of their huts, but no one seems to expect robbery.

Going to Ross, southward, I had to cross the Hokitika, which widens out opposite the town into a considerable estuary. On the further side there is a settlement, with a large rough building used as a hospital; also a stable well supplied with horses. A groom brought out a fine upstanding animal, and I got into the saddle, noticing, as I did so, a second groom came to his head. The moment they let go he was off like an arrow, doing his best to buck me off; fortunately the beach was soft, with hummocks of sand, and sticking in the spurs, I sent him at a

gallop for several miles, till he quieted down. We then proceeded on good terms, having occasionally to negotiate streams which cut through the beach, and were often dangerously soft. Arriving at the Totara river, some eighteen miles distant, I learnt from a ferryman how to cross it and join a track which leads to Ross. Why, "You're on Black Billy," he said, "any trouble with him? 'cos he bucks like the d—l, at first, but if you can stick on it's all right." I made a mental note to eschew Billy's acquaintance in the future. When I returned, I asked the stable-man why he did not warn me. "Oh," said he "I hadn't any other 'oss in, and when you went off, I says to t'other chap, 'He's all right.'"

Ross is a lovely valley, encircled by forest-covered hills, as yet unspoilt by the devastating search for gold that gradually turns the most beautiful places into a wilderness of upheaved desolation of stones and earth. Some 5,000 men at work here, chiefly in deep sinkings; winding and hauling gear visible everywhere; some steam engines at work; work going on day and night; the busy hum of machinery and labour filling the valley, which two years had never been trodden by white man's foot.

The Warden of the District, whose special work needs knowledge of mining law, welcomed me. "My house is too small, I shall have to give you a mattress and blankets on the floor of the Court House, for all the hotels are full. I have arranged for our meeting about Church building to-morrow night." Going amongst the miners, I found no difficulty in making acquaintance. Noticing a man on the top of a heap of tailings, single-handed, working a double-handed windlass with two big buckets, and straining at the

work, I stepped up, took the other handle, and turned it for some time. A bell sounded from below; the man stopped, and said: "You came just in time; I was getting done, my mate fell ill, and I was obliged to go on alone, and . . what might your line be?" He hadn't noticed my attire, as I had on a light waterproof. "Oh, I see. I know you're the Archdeacon. I'm coming to the meeting; come and have a bit of tucker with me." At one of the large Company's works I went down a shaft with the Manager; the ground is wet and dangerous; powerful pumps are at work, and work goes on night and day. He shewed me the result of one shift's work, eight hours, a large tumbler full of gold, some of it scaly, the rest small nuggets. The rainfall on the coast would be reckoned phenomenal elsewhere; six inches a day nothing uncommon; but abundance of water is needed for gold saving, so that wet weather is welcomed more than the sunnier driest days. It in no way hindered our meeting, which realized several hundreds towards the erection of the Church, to be begun at once.

The downpour, however, threatened to bar my return to Hokitika in time for Sunday, as it was impossible to ride down the river in its heavy flood, the only "road" out of Ross to the beach. A Surveyor came to my assistance, and piloted me, together with a young fellow from his office, through the forest, which was trackless, to the beach, where we arrived wet to the skin. There a ferryman put us over the river, and we tramped the eighteen miles of beach, very heavy going, reaching the Hokitika river in the evening. After some welcome food, I went in search of a boat, but was met with the reply, "No boat has crossed for two days,—can't be done." At last I

found a waterman lately from London, who got a four-oared wherry and a couple of men, and with myself at the stroke oar, and my friend steering, and a Roman Catholic priest in the stern sheets, who had been weather-bound, we made a start. The river was in strong flood, but the first mile of our course was easy going, as we had the advantage of the stream of a tributary which flows into the Hokitika. Then came the tussle, half-a-mile of the river to be tackled ; sheltering from the full force of it under the southern bank, we got up a long way before attempting to cross, for there was no small risk of being swept out to sea. On the further side the wharves were crowded with shipping, numbers of men watching our progress. Presently we made across, and had to put our backs into it with a will ; shot past the vessels, just made the landing steps, and were hauled in safely by men waiting for us with boat hooks. "That was a tough job," said the Thames man, who was rowing just behind me ; "Why, Master, you ain't sweatin' as much as I am." "It's the beer coming out in you," I said ; "I expect you've done little but drink this last two days, and besides, I've just come off a long tramp." We went up the steps amongst a crowd of boatmen, and my man took me aside ; "There's goin' to be a Regatta, New Year's day, and good money for a pair-oared race ; suppose you and I enter for it, and keep it dark ?" "No," I said, "it wouldn't do ; get someone else, and I'll come and see you win." He did so, and won. Poor fellow, in a few months, at Greymouth, the river in flood, he fell off the wharf on a dark night, and was washed out to sea.

I have kept this for some time, thinking to add to it, as I have much to tell you.

Yours, etc., H. W. H.

VII.

HOKITIKA,

Feb. 5th, 1868.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Now for some account of more than a year's experience here among the gold winners. My parish measures sixty by forty miles, with a population of 30,000. With my colleague, G. Beaumont, we maintain Church work in these centres; Greymouth, thirty miles to the north; Ross, twenty-five miles southwards; Beaumont living with me at Hokitika, and devoting his time to Ross and Greymouth. This means single-handed work for me, with much going on foot in a country broken up with ravines, negotiable only by forest tracks, which are shut in by thick underwood, a jungle, in fact, with no short cuts.

Take an afternoon's visiting. Piloted by a surveyor to some new diggings three miles inland, following a newly cut track, we came to several shafts sunk about eighty feet on a "lead" of gold lately discovered. Gold here is usually found in strata, about three feet thick of wash-dirt running from nor'west to sou'east, narrow, and often interrupted by broken country. Over the shafts there are windlasses, with stout ropes, and hooks attached to the ends for winding up buckets of dirt, and also as the only means of descent. Looping the rope over one foot by the hook, straightening your leg, holding on to the rope well

above your head, the other leg hanging, you dangle down into darkness, bumping against the sides of the shaft, until the ground below suddenly seems to rise up and hit you, and you find yourself in a heap on the bottom. There a miner in a drive five feet high, with a lighted candle end stuck in his cap, welcomes the visitor, gives him a candle end, and guides him, both crouching, to a place where the drive opens out a little, several men sitting there, and working with pick and shovel. They show you the wash-dirt, composed of gravel, small quartz pebbles, bits of granite, little morsels of ironstone, with occasional tiny garnets. The dirt is wheeled to the shaft in very small trucks on a wooden tram-line, about two barrow loads to a truck. It is then hauled up to the surface, and once a week the dirt is washed, being passed through wooden channels; the gold, being heavier than the stones and gravel, sinks to the bottom of the channel, and is caught by rough battens; the extreme end of the channel covered with a piece of plush retains the very fine gold brought down by the rush of water. From all I can gather, gold costs a considerable percentage of its value, but it has the advantage of being always saleable at a fixed price. Alluvial gold is got with much greater ease than gold in quartz, and is much more profitable. But the work is always a kind of gamble, very attractive and uncertain; men make for weeks merely good wages, then their luck turns, and they make their "pile." Providentially, it seems that alluvial gold, easily got, is usually the first discovered, leading to the colonization of many parts of the Earth which otherwise would remain waste.

After many invitations to come again, we ascended,

and my friend suggested a short cut from the terrace to the river-side, visible over the tree tops below, about a mile distant. Down we went, but were soon entangled in thick growth of tall white pines, where the ground was full of water-holes, partly hidden by moss, into which we floundered, waist deep, in places. The sun sank, and it looked like a night for us perched in a tree, when a dog barked, and following his lead, brought us to a digger's hut. After tea with him, we hit the right track homeward. "That comes," said the Surveyor, "of having for once left my compass at home."

Now for a Sunday's work. A lovely day, such as Westland revels in, when the rainfall has ceased, free from wind and dust, soft as the softest day in Devonshire, and without the sudden changes so prevalent in other parts of New Zealand. After the Early Service, at breakfast I heard voices just outside the open window of my sitting-room, beneath which I had fenced in a tiny garden plot; the rest of the Church site being a mass of fallen timber; in this plot were some primroses in bloom, which I had brought from England. "Look here, Jack, seems like being at home again, don't it, seeing these flowers?" I caught a glimpse of two miners who had left their "claims" for a Sunday in Hokitika. Then came Sunday Morning School, specially valuable to me, as I am always elsewhere in the afternoons. Service in All Saints at 11 a.m.; good choir, lady sopranos, and men, and boys in training. To your eyes All Saints would seem an ecclesiastical barn, with its rough open roof, unlined wooden walls, and no chancel. But it is spacious and well-cared for, and well attended. We use Hymns Ancient and Modern, which I have

introduced in place of a New Zealand Hymnal, compiled some years ago, but difficult to obtain. Tall pines overshadow the east end of the church; the attendance is good, and includes to-day Sir George Grey, Governor of New Zealand, and his suite. He is making his first official visit to the Goldfields, meeting everywhere an enthusiastic reception. After lunch, being due at Kanieri for the afternoon service, I crossed the river, and walked up the opposite bank some three miles, recrossing it to St. Andrew's Church. Service over, the Governor asked me how I was going back, and said he would like to come with me in my boat. Half in doubt as to the boat's capacity for so many, I determined to risk it, the Governor, his aide-de-camp, his private secretary, and Judge Gresson, finding room in the stern sheets. We rowed down the brimful river at a great rate, intending to keep mid-stream, but nearing a sandy island, were drawn by a strong current into a channel which ran in a dangerous curve under the river-bank, and, though the boatman did his best with the bow oar, down it we went. A huge pine-tree had fallen from the bank, its stem lying athwart the stream, a few inches under water, and I knew that lately a boat had been capsized, with fatal results. Knowing that our only chance lay in taking the obstacle stem on, I quickened the stroke; we struck it fairly, balanced for a second or two, dipped nearly over, first on one side, then on the other, and slid safely into deep water. Had we capsized in such a torrent, icy cold, swimming would have been a poor chance. Fortunately, all sat quite still. "Well," said Sir George, "I've had many a narrow shave in African rivers, but never quite so close a thing as that." On landing, he bade the boat-

man come next day for his pay, and I found that he had not only treated him handsomely, but that the boatman had said nothing to his mates about our adventure. Loyal, wasn't it ?

A day or two later, a Levée was held in the Court-house. Overnight I received a visit from the Congregational Minister of a small chapel in the town. He thought that a loyal address should be presented to the Governor at the Levée, on behalf of the various religious bodies, and said that he had drafted one, wishing to submit it for my approval. It was so long that I persuaded him to shorten it, and arranged that he should invite all concerned to meet in the morning and sign it. You know, I imagine, that there is no Established Church in New Zealand ; all religious bodies have a fair field, without any favour from the State ; the Church population numbering rather more than half of the whole. Accordingly, we met in the morning ; the Roman Catholic priest, an elderly Irish gentleman, of varied experience in Australia, and racy of speech ; a Presbyterian and Wesleyan, a Jewish Rabbi, the Congregationalist, and myself. We met in an empty room of an hotel opposite the Court-house, our seats being up-ended beer barrels, and the table a hogshead. The address was read and approved. Then its author, looking round, said, " Gentlemen, there is one thing I thought it best to leave to the decision of the meeting,—I mean the order of precedence of signature." " Order of precedence ! " exclaimed Father , slipping off his barrel, " The Archdeacon first, *ex officio*, myself second, and where the rest of you come, I don't care a ——." The blank look of astonishment that passed over their countenances was almost too much for my

gravity, but the situation was saved by an urgent message from the Court-house, bidding us come at once. There the address was formally presented, but, to the great disappointment of its author, the Governor, receiving it with a few gracious words, said, "I think we will take it as read."

Westland is part of the Canterbury Province, but for the time is under the control of a Gold Commissioner, with an executive, and Gold Wardens resident in certain districts; a sort of limited autocracy which works well under Commissioner G. Sale, who seems to the manner born; a fine specimen of manhood, blest with an unfailing fund of tact and commonsense; and yet his training for the work has only been that of Rugby and a classical Fellowship at Trinity, Cambridge, with no "specializing." Much has been already done; there is a well organized police force, with a mounted contingent; court-houses in every centre; hospitals, and a central gaol in Hokitika, besides an asylum, already needed. The two latter buildings stand on a forest-clad terrace, where tree felling and clearing afford useful occupation to the inmates. I hold services at both institutions, and have had some curious experiences in the gaol, where the class of prisoner is not that of the ordinary convicts at home, most of them serving short sentences for trivial offences; but there are exceptions, and one of them of particularly bad type.

I touched in a former letter on that gang of Australian bushrangers who ran their short career of crime here, and were hunted down at last. One of them escaped the ultimate penalty, being sentenced for ten years for perjury; a thorough rascal, who had a small white-smith's shop at Greymouth, where he

acted as the brains of the gang, and receiver of booty, but taking no actual part in their murderous work. No sooner had I begun my regular visits than he sent for me, being at the time in solitary confinement for insubordination. "Mr. Archdeacon, I wish to inform you of the infamous way in which this gaol is conducted; the gaoler is a tyrant and bully, and tries to make the place a hell upon earth, and because I have remonstrated, I am unfairly punished." As this did not tally with what I had heard, I let him talk on, and when, suddenly, he let slip some special comment on gaol management, I said, "You seem to know all about gaols." Taken aback, he replied, "Well, you ain't a Government Chaplain, and you come here of your own accord; you won't peach, will you? I was in Pentonville before I came out to Australia." "No," said I, "I won't say anything about that, but how can you expect me to believe what you say of this gaol? You, a murderer, if not in deed, of the worst sort, and a coward; you have only saved your neck by perjury." Unabashed, he pointed to a shelf whereon lay a Bible and a volume of sermons. "I assure you I'm innocent. I always attended F. W. Robertson's sermons at Brighton; there's a volume of them; have you ever read them? He was a true Christian minister; he wouldn't have treated me as you do!"

There was something almost humorous in the calm impudence of such a scoundrel. I left him, and soon afterwards met the Magistrate on his way to the gaol. "Come with me. I'm going to hold an enquiry; there's trouble with the prisoners; complaints of short commons of bread, and, from what I hear, I fancy that somehow Chamberlain is at the bottom of

it." At the gaol Mr. Cleary, an excellent officer, stated the case : " Hearing complaints of a shortage of bread in the daily rations, I imagined it to be mere talk, as our scales and weights are new and in good order, until my suspicions were aroused a few mornings ago. You know that, being a Roman Catholic, I don't myself read the morning prayers, but have deputed the duty to a young, well-educated fellow, who is serving a short sentence, but I often go there to listen. My attention was caught by the words of a prayer I had not heard before. ' O God, behold, we beseech Thee, the afflictions of Thy people, and grant that the scarcity and dearth which we do most justly suffer for our iniquities may be by Thy merciful Goodness turned into plenty.' I, then, questioned the young fellow, who shewed me the prayer in the prayer-book : ' In time of dearth or famine.' He owned that Chamberlain had induced him to read it, and said he would get the gaoler into trouble." " But," said the Magistrate, " let us have a look at the scales and weights, and try them." To all appearance they were correct, but on examination, we found that a cavity had been hollowed out in every weight, filled with putty, and concealed by brass filings and dust. " Ah ! " said the Gaoler, " that's Chamberlain's work, he has been allowed to clean the scales." He was sent for, but denied everything until threatened with a flogging, when he gave in and cried for mercy, and was let off with a fortnight's solitary confinement.

It is probable that Westland, with its mining population, shows an exceptional record of scarcity of crime ; nor is there much drunkenness, except in holiday time, when hard work is in abeyance ; the community consists chiefly of men in the prime of

life, few greybeards among them, full of the spirit of adventure, naturally strong in the elemental passions of youth, often reckless, but capable of much good, and remarkable for a generous spirit of comradeship, ever ready to help each other.

Here is an instance: Crossing the river on a visit to the hospital, I found there a powerfully built young fellow, one of a mining party at Kanieri, whose ankle had been badly crushed. His mates had carried him on an extemporised litter several miles to the hospital. He had been a navvy at Wimbledon, had gone out to Queensland with a contractor for work at reservoirs, and thence had migrated to Westland; reputed the strongest man at Kanieri; a dare devil; very ready with his hands, uproarious in drink; but the best man on the field with pick, hammer, and shovel. I soon found in him a certain simplicity which augured well. For months he lay in the hospital; able at last to get about a little, he devoted himself to the care of a young frail lad, a clerk, dying of consumption. The lad was a simple religious soul, and his influence touched the heart of the big fellow; women nurses were scarce, but his big friend was as tender with him as any woman. He died, and when the time came that Harris was able to leave the hospital, he made his way to Kanieri, and was received with boisterous welcome by his old mates, who were spending their Saturday half-holiday, as usual, with plenty of beer. "Look here, mates," he said, "you know me; I've served the Devil better than any of you; now I'm going to try to serve God." He kept his word; was seldom absent from church; and when his name was proposed as one of the Vestry, stood up and said, "Archdeacon, I'm not fit for it; I can hardly read

or write; but if they want me, I'll do my best." A short time afterwards, hearing that the Bishop was coming for a confirmation, he came to me and said, "Do you think the Bishop would take me? I can't learn much, as you know." When the Confirmation took place, he stood up with the rest, the large majority of them quite young, and made his profession of faith.

With such a man and others like him, St. Andrew's Church has become a centre of real Christian life and work; its congregation entirely of miners, some married, others single, who freely supply all the funds needed for its maintenance. I leave the finance as much as possible to them, finding that nothing so arouses the interest of laymen in Church work as responsibility for its maintenance. Occasionally they organize a social evening in their Town Hall, with a preliminary tea of good things, and then a concert, for which they can raise quite a good little orchestra of strings and wind, varied with songs, and occasionally a short lecture from myself.

Now for another sort of experience. Sent for suddenly by a messenger from the hospital, I found that a young woman had died there just before I could get across the river, the daughter of a farmer in the Nelson district, who had met with some mischance and left her home, drifting down to Hokitika, there taking refuge with some of that class of women who frequent Goldfield towns, but had only been with them a short time. At the cemetery, waiting for her funeral, the sexton said that he did not expect there would be any to follow her. It was a typical West Coast day of torrential rain, to add its own gloom to the sad end of such a young life. We saw, however, a number of women following, evidently some of her

companions. Going to the grave, I said, "I cannot use the ordinary service; I think you all know why, though the poor girl lying here was p obably more sinned against than sinning"; then, after a few words to them about their own lives, I used a few special prayers. The service over, I noticed one of them, apparently older than the others, loitering behind, and drawing near, she asked if she might call on me the next day. She came, and said she wished to give up her mode of life; what must she do? I told her first to close the house she was keeping, and then come to talk about it. In a week's time she came again; the house was closed, and she had obtained an honest situation. Some little time after came a message, asking me to visit a sick woman in the town; enquiring for the house, I was met with the remark, "Going there! What's the use of it?" Entering, I found her ill, but I thought in no immediate danger, and asked her why she had sent for me. "I've been thinking," she replied; "I know all about A——, she repented, and lives a respectable life. If she could, I thought I might too, and I do want to try; I was half afraid you wouldn't come, but I heard all you had done for her, so I sent; it's not that I am so very ill; I do want to try to live a better life." And she did, and succeeded. It was Sunday evening, and I went to the service with many thoughts; the wonderful power of example, as compared with precept.

Fresh discoveries of gold are being made near Kanieri, in the recesses of the forest. Some miles back there is a lovely lake, shut in by mountain ranges, only accessible by a narrow forest track; its deep water, strange to say, in this country devoid of fish, is full of a kind of grayling, the only freshwater fish

I have heard of in New Zealand. Between the lake and the Hokitika runs a stream in which there is good fishing, soon to be spoilt by the muddy refuse which defiles all watercourses near a gold-field.

Not long ago a message from Ross reached me on a Monday morning, having been delayed several days by flooded rivers ; a fatal accident underground ; a fall of earth had crushed a man, one of a party of Cornish miners. The letter said that the funeral would be deferred until Monday, in hopes that I might be able to come. Going down to the river, I got my usual boat and man, and with the aid of a strong breeze, we sailed across the estuary ; then, with a good horse, I made way down the beach, in spite of flooded streams and awkward quicksands. Reaching Ross in early afternoon, I found all work suspended, and the funeral procession ready to start. "We knew you would come if it were possible." St. Paul's Church stands on a terrace at the upper end of the township, commanding a view of the whole of it, with a cemetery above it on the slope of the hill. As I stood there waiting, I looked down, not only on a scene of singular beauty, but also on one of those occasional outcrops of human sympathy in time of disaster, not readily forgotten. An extensive valley, encircled by primæval forest-clad hills, a few years ago untrodden by man's foot, its silence only broken by the voices of birds and the murmur of the stream winding through it, to-day the habitation of some four thousand people, dotted with huts and tents and mining machinery ; the main street of the town, which leads up to the church, thronged with men, making way for a procession of four hundred miners ; the coffin, with its cross of white clematis, carried between its bearers ; the

sound of hymns sung with much fervour rising and falling as the procession wound its way up towards the church. At the grave-side the hill-side was thick with people, and I took the opportunity of speaking to them, and then asking them to sing. For a long time we remained there, the evening sunshine casting its quiet glory on the forest and the distant sea, lighting up the faces of the great crowd of mourners, who seemed loth to leave the place.

At night, in the simple hotel where I had a room, after supper, came a deputation to thank me for my services. Miners are nothing if they are not grateful for any kindness or sympathy shown them ; all being done with due formality and politeness ; some cake and wine and tea ; a few well considered speeches and much friendly talk. At midnight work began again, the night shifts in full swing ; engines puffing and rattling, bells tingling ; in fact, as much noise as in daytime, a glorious moonshine flooding the valley. Next day I rode back, but found the Hokitika still in considerable flood ; my boat and man were there, but he advised going well up stream before trying to cross, as the mouth of the river had changed, with a straight run out to sea, and some risk of being caught by the current and swept out into the surf. Finding that we could not make the landing steps at the end of the wharf, we decided to run the boat ashore and jump out where the sandy beach curved a little. Jerry Morphew, rowing bow, had the painter ready to hand, and tumbled out on all fours, digging his hands into the sand to get a chance of holding the boat, and I followed in similar fashion. "That was touch and go," said Jerry, "if we had gone out to sea 'twould have been a bad job." He is too old for

mining, but a good boatman, a character in his way, and seldom absent from All Saints Church.

We have lately found a posse of boys and girls, much neglected, arrivals from Australia, attending neither day or Sunday School, and have begun a night school for them in a large iron building on the beach, built for a store, but hitherto unused. School is held four nights a week, with large attendance; the building being convenient, with a large central room, and several smaller. Our experience has been very encouraging, but certainly novel; no difficulty with those inside the bulding, but outside we are beset with larrikins, who lurk about in the darkness and deliver every sort of attack on the walls and roof with stones and sticks; the walls and roof consisting only of iron, unlined with wood, the clatter and row caused by their missiles at times almost prevents work. To meet the enemy, we have formed a body-guard of strong young fellows, who patrol the building every night; frequent scrimmages take place, but only add zest to the business, and I find no lack of volunteers for it. My post is that of Superintendent, with occasional teaching, and a watchful eye, sometimes also a ready hand, in case of any insubordination, a sort of argument which the lads understand and respect. One night the street door banged open, and a dead goose, well aimed, took me full in the breast, followed by the capture of the rascal by the patrol, and condign punishment quickly administered. Another night came a noise on the roof, and in a few minutes a boy who had clambered up to the top of the wide iron chimney, intending to chuck stones down it, missed his hold, and slid down to the hearth, fortunately fireless. Promptly seized, we kept him

prisoner, and so interested him with compulsory lessons that he became a regular pupil. Many of the children are almost entirely ignorant of the Bible, and have evidently been dragged up somehow, with the most primitive ideas of morality. Here is an instance: one of the teachers, a lady, who has a class of girls in a side room, about twelve years of age, came to ask my advice; "I am teaching them the Commandments, and whilst explaining the third, I told them how wrong it was to swear and use bad language. 'Not swear, Miss,' said the biggest girl, 'why, Mother swears every day!'" Well, in this, as in all else, it's "dogged as does it," and to our great satisfaction the school wins favour every day, and at times our evenings are quite tame, though lately a guest who was staying with me, much interested in this new country, and keen about school work, had a very lively experience with us several evenings, and declared that he had never enjoyed anything more than our evening school. The Bishop, during his last visit, came to see it, and met with a great reception; there was a large gathering, not only of the children, but of friends who live near the school, who provided a sumptuous tea for all, to mark the occasion.

Some four miles from Hokitika a group of Maoris are settled on the river Arahura, about one hundred in all. They were there before Westland was known to settlers in Canterbury, a tribe driven out from the North Island by raids of a famous warrior, Te Rauparaha; Christians, living in simple fashion, practically shut off from communication with the rest of New Zealand. Before our discovery of gold these Maories knew of its existence, but not of its value,

and it was owing to information gathered from one of them, who had crossed the mountains to Christchurch, that it was ascertained that Westland was a likely goldfield. Government then made liberal reserves of land for the natives, which happened to be in the centres which were richest in gold. Trustees were appointed, land let on their behalf, and I find that every native has a comfortable annual income. They are a sober set of people, and industrious, having their small cultivations, with horses and cattle and pigs. I have been able to provide them with a church, paid for by them, designed by myself; a school also has been built for them by the Government. They speak a little English, but have the Bible and Prayer-book in Maori; two of them have been appointed Lay-readers, and conduct the services, one daily, and on Sundays. Once a month I visit their village and hold a week-day service, with a celebration of Holy Communion, and, if necessary, baptisms. Maories know their prayerbook well, and are most particular in observing all its seasons. I receive every Saturday a visit from some of them to ascertain exactly what the Sunday will be, so that there may be no mistake. They have much respect for discipline; for example, I go for the monthly service, and find all work stopped, and everything ready; the two lay-readers in cassock and surplice prepared to help me. One produces a note of two names of persons who, in their judgment, ought not to come to Communion. "Why not?" "Well, he quarrel with his wife since you come last, and not really make it up,—and he—(this is a rare case) make a drunk." We go to church; the two delinquents are there, sitting at the extreme end; the service is taken by myself, aided by the lay-readers,

in Maori; it is easy to acquire the pronunciation, almost every word ends in a vowel; a language, when properly spoken, soft like Italian. Moreover, knowing the prayerbook, it is comparatively easy to read with due emphasis; talking in ordinary conversation is quite another matter. I speak to them in English, which they can follow fairly well. Every Maori takes part in the responses, which are rendered in most musical fashion, all together, as if they had been purposely trained, for their sense of rhythm and time is very keen. Their reverence too is noticeable.

After service they provide dinner for me in their "Runanga" or Social Hall, a low long wooden room, hung inside with "toi" reed, the woodwork and rafters painted in red, white and black, in the spiral patterns which Maori Art delights in, whether in colour or in carving. Dinner consists of a roast wild duck, but neither mustard or salt, potatoes steamed in Maori ovens, cake, biscuits and tea, with plenty of milk. Maories do not care for salt. I am left alone to eat. Maori etiquette is strong; a "Rangitira," *i.e.* chief, or man of good blood, eats by himself. Then there is a sort of social meeting in one of their houses, weather-boarded and snug, but with few chairs, as they prefer the floor, and we talk, always with much deliberation; I ask them to smoke, and by degrees they open out and tell me much of their old history and traditions, which are carefully handed down from father to son. "Do you use your Social Hall at night?" "Horomona" (Solomon). "Yes, we often sit there till late at night and talk of the old times in New Zealand and of our ancestors, and we are sad." "Why? you are all well to do, and have comfortable houses, and good land, and your families are all well

cared for." "Yes, quite true, but then, we often think, we have no future as a people; we do not think that is the Pakeha's (white man) fault; before you came we knew little; we have all sorts of things now, but it is to you the future of the land belongs; we have no future; often it makes us very sad to think of this. We can only talk of the old days, when our ancestors were great men."

I was much struck by this, for this is, in fact, the exact case of this clever, intellectual people, so apparently powerful in physique, and so quick to learn. Like all savages, they appear to be degenerates, their traditions pointing to a golden age in the far past; they lack the power of recovery; it is very remarkable how a Maori, in middle age, whatever his early manhood has been, seems able to die, gives up, and cannot persevere; literally, in some cases, dying without any adequate reason for death. Yet they are such likeable, fine, honest, chivalrous fellows. Changing the conversation, I said I had remarked in their Social Hall a curious carved and painted figure, about three feet high, of an old Maori warrior, club in hand, with eyes inlaid with white oyster shell, standing at one end of the hall, on a revolving circle of wood, on the floor; what was it for? "Well, you see, often at night we have a debate; all sitting on the floor against the walls, except those who speak; they rise up to speak, walking up and own in the centre of the room. One Maori sits behind that figure, and as the speaker moves about, he turns it, so as always to face him." "Yes, but why?" "That figure, he what you call Chairman; he one of our old ancestors; he always look at speaker, to make him remember to speak well, not foolish, to speak as if his ancestor heard him."

I could not help feeling that such a feeling as this of the true " noblesse oblige " might do much to control the speech of many of our political orators, and chasten the wild thoughtless talk which so often discredits our legislative assemblies.

One has to make a day of it, visiting Maories, so more tea and cake appear, till at last I bid them farewell ; a Maori lad brings me my horse, well cared for ; " Kapai, Kapai, the horse," *i.e.* very good horse ; they love riding, and appreciate a good animal.

I shall soon have to attend the Diocesan Synod in Christchurch, and be able to give you some account of its procedure. Winter is at hand, often very severe in the Southern Alps, so I do not anticipate as easy a journey as in summer. I have arranged for someone to come and take my duty for three weeks. If all goes well, it is a journey of two days' coaching, but in stress of weather may be longer.

I am, Yours, etc.,

H. W. H.

VIII.

Hokitika,

July 10*th*, 1868.

My dear St. John,

As I expected, my journey to Christchurch to attend the Diocesan Synod was difficult. Heavy snow in the mountain ranges had extended well down the coast, followed by hard frost and clear skies. I secured the box seat on the coach, and we started at an early hour, six passengers in all, well provided, as we thought, for cold weather. The first fifty miles on hard frozen snow was comparatively easy going, but at the foot of the Otira Pass, where horses are changed, and dinner provided, we met with a check. The roadmen in charge of the pass reported very deep drifts, too soft for wheels, and negotiable, if at all, only on horseback. Accordingly, such rough accommodation as the small shanty of an hotel could give us, but with plenty of food and firewood, was our portion for the night. In the morning horses were forthcoming, and, at a foot's pace, in single file, we began the ascent of the pass. Its western side rises nearly two thousand feet in a few miles, a zig-zag road, shut in by mountains covered to a considerable height with trees, snow draped; the track in places hard frozen, and again so soft that the horses sank below their knees; lovely sunshine, and, fortunately,

no wind. After reaching the western summit, the pass extends about eight miles to its eastern descent, through very broken country, strewn with boulders and rocks, the débris of an old glacier moraine, freely intersected by streams; on either side towering precipices rising some eight thousand feet, with crevices full of ice, topped by perpetual snow.

This high plateau presents much attraction to a botanist in fine weather, though, as we saw it, it was only a mass of hummocks of snow. In amongst the rocks are numerous varieties of veronica and alpine plants, notably the ranunculus, known as the Mt. Cook Lily, with large, plate-shaped leaves, and white starry blossom. It is also the haunt of the New Zealand crow, a shapely bird, purple, shot with black, and reddish yellow rings under the eyes, very tame, scarcely moving out of your way. Also the New Zealand mountain parrot, the Kea, with its curious hooked beak, likewise tame and impudent, swooping close to our heads, as a protest against intrusion into its solitary haunts. In places a stunted mountain birch grows freely, and a curious Dracena, or dragon tree, with a seed that resembles a pineapple, of deep red colour.

Slowly we made our way down the eastern side of the pass, through the long valley of the Bealey river to the point where it joins the Waimakariri, usually forded with some difficulty, as the riverbed is three-quarters of a mile in width, intersected by many streams, but on this occasion one level surface of snow, as the whole river was frozen up, so that we crossed easily and found a welcome at a small hotel, where the coach stops for fresh horses, and dinner.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, "I didn't expect



OTIRA GORGE.

you; how did you manage the pass? Everything here is frozen solid, even the meat, but we've managed an Irish stew, and you're just in time for it." Then a council of war; could we accomplish the next twelve miles without being benighted, and reach the half-way house? It was impossible to follow the coach road, which on the mountain sides was quite obliterated with snow drifts, our only path lay down the river, on its frozen surface. It was past two, and in the mountains the winter darkness comes on soon after four. We determined to start, and for a time made fair progress, but in intense cold, a travelling thermometer, which one of the party had, showing only a few degrees above zero, so cold that unless one constantly kicked one's foot out of the stirrup the boot froze to the iron. We were all well clothed, save one, a French cook, a delicate man who ought not to have attempted such a journey. We rode in single file, the driver first, on the look-out for dangerous places in the ice. Presently we came into a zone of frozen fog, in which it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead; it grew dark, and, convinced that we were wandering at large, I ranged up by the driver's side, and he owned that he had lost the way; "but don't tell the other chaps; we must somehow try to make the bank of the river, and follow it down." Just then came a rift in the fog, and I caught sight of Jupiter, the Evening Star, and being a star-gazer, I recognized its position and, steering by it, we soon reached the river bank. Then we crept along under it till we found the place where the coach road comes down to the level of the river, and were certain of the right course to the half-way house. Meanwhile the Frenchman was in bad case,

groaning with cold, and refusing any consolation, certain that we should never reach our destination. It was nearly nine o'clock when the driver shouted, "There it is, that's the hotel light!" but from the despairing cook came a cry, "No, no! it is only a star!"

The little hotel was banked up with fully three feet of snow; dogs barked; the door opened, its welcome fire-light streaming out. We dismounted, our clothes frozen stiff, and the poor Frenchman so frozen we had to lift him out of the saddle, and drop him, in a sitting position, into a chair. Entering by a small bar room, behold! shelves of bottled beer, glass broken, the beer, frozen, standing alone! In the inner room were several belated shepherds, and a mounted constable, who at once took charge of us. No one was allowed close to the fire till we got accustomed to the temperature; then we had hot tea with a dash of whisky in it, and it was strange to find, with the thermometer at zero, that boiling water seemed scarcely more than lukewarm. Then came a good meal, but the cook was so frost-bitten, that he had to be rubbed with snow, till he roared with pain, and was quite unfit for further travel.

A brilliant sun, no wind, keen frost, made our journey pleasant the next day, but very slow. This part of the mountain country, which is a high plateau between the western and eastern ranges that form the backbone of the South Island, stretches for fifty miles devoid of timber, with several extensive lakes; good sheep country in summer, but rather dangerous in winter. As we rode, every now and then we noticed rounded hummocks of snow grouped together; places where sheep had been snowed up without any sort



OTIRA GORGE.

of outlet. Merino and half-bred sheep accustomed to the mountains will live through several weeks under snow, kept warm by the proximity of each other, and to some extent finding a little rough pasture. If they survive they are weak, and the growth of wool is injured ; in any case there is much loss, for in such a country it is impossible to dig them up, as is done in the North of England ; shepherds can only wait until a thaw sets in. Cold as it was, so that when we took out our flasks at lunch time water dropping on waterproofs instantly froze, yet we were lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama of snow on every side, lit up with a flood of glorious sunshine. Passing under great precipices of drifted snow against the hill-sides, we met large caverns full of that heavenly blue which is seen in glacier caves, due, I believe, to the sunshine as it penetrates the porous roof of snow or ice. Towards evening we made the house where horses are changed, and the next day, finding that the snow had thinned out, were able to utilize the coach, and reached Christchurch, after four days' travel. Taking farewell of each other, one of my fellow passengers exclaimed, " Oh, that I were a competent ink-slinger, what a yarn I could write of our adventures ! "

Diocesan Synod. Let me explain very briefly the position of the Church in New Zealand. It has never been what is known as an Established Church. In the early thirties, after Marsden's missionary enterprise amongst the Maories, the Church began her work in the extreme Northern part of the North Island, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, which sent out a band of devoted men, who did great work in the conversion of the natives ; risking life, living in the simplest style, busy with the trans-

lation of Bible and Prayerbook into the Maori tongue, and in so doing, in fact, creating the Maori written language and establishing its grammar. I may just mention the honoured names of Williams and Maunsell, amongst others, who were pioneers of Christianity in New Zealand. In 1842 Bishop George Augustus Selwyn arrived; New Zealand had been formally recognized by the Home Government as a British Colony; a Governor was resident in Auckland, which was rapidly becoming a place of importance. The Bishop came with Royal Letters Patent, constituting him Bishop of New Zealand; his income partly contributed by the Church Missionary Society and partly by the British Government. So far there was a semblance of Church Establishment for a short time, so long as New Zealand was a Crown Colony: but this state of things was soon superseded by the granting of a Constitutional Government to the Colony, with its own Houses of Legislature. This, in effect, did away with the legal relationship between Church and State, such as it had been, and despite the Letters Patent, the Church became simply a religious body in the country, responsible to itself for its own good government. This state of things was realized even in those early days by such a far-seeing man as Selwyn, who set himself to meet the altered circumstances of the Church. With the aid of trained legal minds, such as Chief Justice Sir William Martin, Mr. Swainson, and others, he drafted a form of Constitution for Church Government. It explicitly declared, on the part of the Church in New Zealand, its adherence to the doctrines and Sacraments of the Church of England and Ireland, whilst it made provision for self-government. This was laid before a Convention of Church people,

and by them ratified; its basis of authority being that of mutual compact, by which Church people, and especially all office bearers, agree to obey the Constitution and abide by the decisions of its Courts. The Bishop and his advisers saw, what is, as yet, being slowly recognized by many, that the Church in New Zealand has no legal status in the Ecclesiastical Courts at Home, and must needs look to its own household, and maintain its due order.

Now to explain the practical operation of our Constitution. There are at present five Dioceses in New Zealand, with the missionary diocese of Melanesia. Auckland, with its Bishop, G. A. Selwyn; Waiapu with its Bishop, W. Williams; Wellington, with its Bishop, C. J. Abraham; Nelson, with its Bishop, A. P. Suter; Christchurch, with its Bishop, H. J. C. Harper; Melanesia, with its Bishop, C. J. Patteson. Once in three years a General Synod meets in each diocese, in rotation, consisting of the Bishops, three clergymen, and four laymen chosen by each diocese, the Primate presiding. All business is conducted in accordance with Parliamentary usage, but the voting is by orders; Bishops, Clergy, and Laity voting separately; a majority of votes being necessary in each order to affirm any Bill or Resolution. This method ensures an amount of unanimity in any decision, which could not be obtained in any other way. I give an illustration: a Bill is introduced, read a first and second time, considered in Committee, and finally brought up for its third reading and passing. At each stage of the debate, supposing there are six Bishops, eighteen Clergy, and twenty-four Laity, in order to carry the Bill there must be a majority of four Bishops, ten Clergy, and thirteen Laity; equality

in any order negatives the Bill. This plan undoubtedly makes for thorough consideration of any measure, as it is easier to negative than to affirm. Voting is by ballot in certain cases only, when so ordered.

General Synod deals with legislation that governs the whole Church, whilst each Diocese, in its Synod which meets annually, legislates for itself, but always within the lines of General Synod enactment.

In the Diocesan Synods, every Licensed Clergyman is entitled to attend and vote, together with Lay representatives from each parish and district; the Bishop presides, and voting is by orders, the Bishop's vote being seldom exercised, as it is in his power to negative any proposed legislation. Everything here also is strictly in accordance with Parliamentary usage; synods are not debating societies, or mere meetings for conference.

You are aware, of course, that at Home many high authorities dispute the right of the Laity to meet in Synod with an equal vote with the Clergy, on the ground that it was not the custom in the Primitive Church. So far as I understand the question, I feel convinced that the Church in New Zealand follows the precedent and practice which appears in the Acts of the Apostles and in the earliest records of Church History. Certainly it alone provides the practical solution of Church Government where of necessity it must be autonomous, and nothing tends so effectually to enlist the active sympathy of the Laity.

There is one result of great importance that emerges in our experience. The Laity have the responsibility of Church Finance. With the exception of very small endowments here and there, all Church work, including the maintenance of the Ministry, is supported by the

offerings of the Laity. Give the Laity this responsibility, and the result follows that they realize their duty and privilege as Churchmen. There is also another important result which our experience proves. The Laity are essentially conservative; not only in business matters, but in their share of Church legislation which may affect doctrine or practice. Their conservatism steadies and controls the desire of change or innovation, and yet, with this, there is no trenching on the proper privilege of the clergy, or attempt to dictate in matters doctrinal. Perhaps this is in some measure due to the great advantage New Zealand enjoys in the quality and character of all her early settlers. Few Colonies, if any, have had such an excellent start; and this is true of every class of settler and of the men and women who have ventured to the ends of the earth to build up their homes in the southernmost Islands of the sea.

Synod lasted in Christchurch nearly three weeks; it is represented during its recess by the Standing Committee of six Clergy and six Laity, who form the Executive of the Diocese, meeting, with the Bishop, every month to consider Church affairs. This Committee brings up to Synod its annual report of the Diocese, together with many minor reports of special work, upon which decision and necessary legislation follow.

We are, of course, in the day of small things, but they may be, for all that, an object lesson of things desirable in Church government. The Diocese is very large, but the number of Clergy comparatively small, yet Synod brings nearly all of them together once a year, to enjoy the kindly hospitality of Christchurch, and to meet in friendly intercourse; above

all, it enables the Bishop to be to his Clergy especially, as well as the Laity, a true Father in God. There is a certain sense of family brotherhood in this way brought about by our Synodical system. It may, perhaps, in the course of years, as population increases, begin to wane, but at present it seems to represent what should be the normal condition of Diocesan life and Church work.

There is talk of changing the date of our sessions to the spring, as winter travelling is inconvenient. Certainly, in this diocese, I had a taste of this in my return journey also. Thaw had set in, and I started very early by coach, reaching the half-way house in fair time. Bad weather came on during the night, and the next day, after only accomplishing the stage to the river Bealey, where the coach dines at noon, snow was falling. Roadmen from the Otira Pass said that it would be difficult to get the coach across it. I was anxious to be at Hokitika for Sunday, and the driver wanted to get his mails through, so, as the other passengers declined to venture, he and I started on horseback, my horse leading, then the pack-horses, and the driver bringing up the rear. I was well-clad, with a Scotch plaid over head and ears and descending to the saddle, but soon the heavy flakes turned me into a sort of snow man. We travelled slowly, darkness came on, and it was a matter of trusting one's horse to find the way. Descending the Otira Pass, I came to the long shelf-like rock cuttings which follow down the gorge, and overhang the glacial stream below at a great depth. I lost touch with the horses following; dismounting, I shouted again and again, with no response; it was pitch dark and, moving a little, not knowing how close I was to the edge, over I went,

slithering down a steep snow bank which, fortunately, lay deep on the rough cliff side, grabbing fruitlessly at shrubs on the way, which broke in my grasp, until I was brought up all standing on a huge boulder, on which the thick snow broke my fall. Below me the torrent was roaring over its rocky bed ; what was to be done ? Up I climbed, digging knees and hands into the snow, slipping back, winning a little way, until I reached the top, to find my faithful nag just where I left him, standing stock-still. Not daring in the darkness to risk another slip of, perhaps, horse as well as man, I led him, sticking close to the cliff sides, for nearly two miles, to the foot of the pass, where I saw the welcome light of the little shanty which serves as a place for change of horses. It was quite late ; men went up the pass road with lanterns in search of the driver, and at last brought him back. He had had trouble with the horses in the darkness. Next day we completed the journey with a coach to Hokitika, without further incident. The drivers have a hard and perilous time of it in winter, with snow, and with floods in summer. They are well paid, and must needs be skilful and bold whips, for no others could safely negotiate such a dangerous journey. Certainly the horses are mostly bred in the hills, and would almost lie down rather than go over a precipice, but there is always the chance of broken tackle, brakes failing, wheels collapsing ; whilst it is scarcely too much to say that, good as the road is, generally, underfoot, there is scarcely ten miles of it, once you are inside the mountain ranges, which is not dangerous. Moreover, these men run an almost certain risk of rheumatism and ill health, having to face all weathers. It says much for them that, as yet, whilst horses have

been drowned, there has not been one serious accident to any passenger. This is the only road from East to West across the Southern Alps, in many ways, I imagine, as difficult, and as remarkable in its grandeur, as the St. Gothard Pass.

Now for an incident which illustrates the chivalrous character of the Maori race. Some time ago, I saw from my study window three Maories approaching the house on horseback. They proved to be a sort of deputation from the tribe at Arahura. Inviting them to enter, I waited for their communication, with due regard to Maori etiquette, which deals with any matter of grave importance with the utmost deliberation. One of them was their Chief, Ihaia Tainui, a man of recognized birth, and also of personal influence, as their representative in the Legislature, and Trustee for the moneys due to them from the rental of their reserves, appointed by Government; a specially fine specimen of a Maori, able to talk English, and the chief Lay-reader in the Church at Arahura. After due preliminaries, I came to the point by asking Tainui the purpose of their visit. He stood up and replied, the others watching him with much attention, and silently assenting to all his statements.

"Arikona, this is the matter on which we have come. Last week some Maories arrived at Arahura, having ridden over the hills from Kaiapoi for a visit to our tribe; at night it was bright moonlight, and as I have a paddock of oats nearly ripe, enclosed by a rough fence, and I was afraid that their horses, if loose, might break in and do damage, I warned them to be careful to tether their animals. A noise awoke me in the night, and, looking out, I saw three horses in my oats. In my anger I seized the first thing that

came to hand, a tomahawk, and, rushing out tried to drive them out by the gate, which they had pushed open. After much trouble they made a bolt, and I was so angry that I flung the tomahawk at the last animal and happening to strike it on the hind-leg, hamstrung it, and, of course, in that state it had to be destroyed."

"Yes, and what then?"

"Well, you know the Government allows us to hold courts of our own for certain cases, and to inflict fines up to a certain extent. A court was held, I pleaded guilty, and was fined the value of the horse."

"Yes, and I suppose that was the end of the matter?" but I knew well that such was not the case, for had it been they would not have come to see me.

"Do you think so?" said Ihaia, and he repeated the question to the two natives, who were sitting there with all the dignity of Assessors in Court. They shook their heads, but said nothing. "Do you think so? It is this: I am the Chief of my tribe; I pride myself on my blood and birth; I am the native representative in Parliament. The Bishop has made me their chief Lay-Reader. I stand up in Church every Sunday to conduct the services. Do you think it is enough that I have paid the legal fine, and given the price of the horse to the owner? I have disgraced myself in the eyes of my people; it is not a question of so much money; I have given way to anger, and shown myself unworthy of my position. What am I to do?"

As he stood there and spoke, it was impossible to withhold one's admiration of such a character, and, after a few minutes' thought, I replied, "Ihaia Tainui,

you have done well in coming, like this, to own your fault, and you wish to know what I think you ought to do, to make some public reparation for it to your people, and for your own conscience sake. I am now going to write out a statement, I shall write it in English, but as Mr. Greenwood, the Maori Commissioner, is in Hokitika, and you know him as one who speaks Maori well, I will get him to translate it into Maori. Next Sunday morning you must go to the Church as usual, in your cassock and surplice, but, instead of beginning the service, stand at the Lectern, together with these two Chiefs who are with you, and read out the statement, which confesses your fault. Then, taking off cassock and surplice, go and sit down on the furthermost seat in Church, and let Horomona and Arapata conduct the service. You must wait a whole month; meanwhile I will write to the Bishop, and, if he sees fit, he will commission me to reinstate you as Lay Reader."

Accordingly, I wrote out the document, and read it to them, as they understood English, and I made it a complete and almost humiliating confession of wrong-doing, and of his sincere desire for the forgiveness of his people.

Next week they came again to report that all had been duly done. This Rangitira, Chief of his tribe, who as a boy must have known his father, before his conversion to Christianity, as a fierce warrior who would have scorned to humble himself before his people, and would have struck down with his tomahawk anyone who dared to suggest such a thing, stood before his tribe and made confession of his fault with the simple sincerity of a true Christian, and what is far more, he did so with the full approval of his

people. With all their defects, these are the sort of men that we, who pride ourselves on the superiority of our race, may well stand before, cap in hand.

In a month's time the Bishop's formal letter of reinstatement arrived, and, going to Arahura, I held a service, and restored Tainui to his old position in the Church. This was followed by a little feast and general rejoicing, for Tainui is really beloved by his people.

We have been able to build another small church in the Waimea Valley, about twelve miles from Hokitika. It is essentially a digger's Church, as, with one or two storekeepers, they form the whole congregation. We have now six churches altogether, of which I serve four, as they are within reach of Hokitika, but this means on Sundays a very full day, and many week-day evening services. The track to Waimea runs through the township of Stafford, much of it in the thick forest, through which a narrow wooden tram-line has been laid. The going is by no means favourable on this for pace, but with a good horse, and making pace wherever the road is good, I managed the twelve miles on a Sunday afternoon, returning for an evening service at seven. The opening service at Waimea was a considerable occasion. It is the last settlement in the heart of the forest, its neighbourhood consisting of deep wooded ravines and high terraces, where you find parties of men at work in the most secluded places. I spend many a day on foot in and amongst these diggings, visiting all I can reach ; some of the men being, in mining phraseology, " Hatters," *i.e.* men who live and work by themselves, often old sailors and much travelled men, content with the solitude of well-kept huts, a few books,

hard work, their dog as companion, perhaps some poultry, and a weekly visit on Saturdays to the townships to sell their gold and see friends. Whence the term "hatter" I have never discovered; maybe because such solitaries are regarded as "mad as a hatter." Many of these men attend church, and seem to delight in the change the Sunday brings to their lonely week-day toil. The church was quite full, great satisfaction being felt at the completion of the building, a mere wooden shell, entirely by means of their own contributions. The choir and singing deserve special mention, as something quite of its own kind, though unmistakably hearty and congregagational. There is a good brass band in the township, but no one in the least accustomed to a harmonium, which, however, did not daunt them, as the leading cornet, with much more zeal than knowledge, became organist, vamping the chants and hymn tunes in marvellous fashion, but somehow managing to begin and end correctly. Meanwhile the congregation, with lusty voices, went their own way, a musical chaos of sound which seemed to elicit general approval. The offertory was most liberal, one "hatter" bringing a small packet of gold dust, and another several small nuggets. During the week, a "soirée" was arranged, with a substantial tea, in the biggest public room of the place, attached to a so-called hotel. The company, of which three parts were men, were so numerous that the tea could only be managed by relays of guests, and when the tables were cleared away, the hall was crammed; some songs were given, and then I lectured. A Lecture in these regions is quite a different matter to one which would suit a rustic population at Home. You may give them of your best. On this

occasion I took as my subject, "Old Folklore and Superstition," illustrating it by reference to the old country. Audible comments from the crowd of men showed their intelligent interest, and, somehow, instead of disconcerting, added stimulus to my speech. Quoting a most interesting note to one of Walter Scott's novels, with regard to an apparition in Scotland which led to the discovery of a foul murder of two women, an apparition which manifested itself many times before the discovery was made, and the only one I ever heard of which satisfies Swift's critical objection to such appearances: "Give me evidence of the apparition having been seen by more than one person at the same time, and I will believe it"; I ended with the commonplace remark, "and so the old word came true, 'Murder will out,'" whereupon a deep voice came from the crowd, "Aye, that it will," and all turned to look at the speaker. He explained afterwards what he was thinking of. In New South Wales, in the early days of the gold fields, men used to camp by a waterhole which lay on a lonely track far from any habitation. The waterhole had a steep bank on one side, with a rough fence placed there to prevent accidents. On several occasions men had reported that in the moonlight they had seen the figure of a man sitting on the fence, and pointing with his right hand down to the water, but that when they went near somehow he had disappeared. Moreover, several times he had been seen by two persons at once. After a time a search was made, the waterhole dragged, and the body of a man found who had evidently met with foul play, and had been murdered; the skull being smashed. This was, no doubt, the work of some of the bushrangers who roamed the

country in those days, and on further inquiry it was found that a man, with a considerable amount of gold on him, had been known in that district as missing, and was supposed to have been lost in the bush.

In a country so new that it is completely devoid of any historical associations in the past, it is well nigh impossible to imagine any sort of ghost. Often as I have found myself in places never before trodden by man's foot, I have wondered what the general effect will be on the rising generation here, of a country without a past. Scenery there is, much of it splendid in its grandeur ; forests primæval, in which for centuries trees have flourished, perished, untouched by saw or axe ; mountain peaks, snow fields, great stretches of glacier, extensive plains, streams, lake and rivers, but, until the last few years, absolute solitude so far as any association with man is concerned. In the North Island there are certain associations with Maori history, but not extending over more than some two hundred years, and of a very slight legendary character. In the South Island scarcely any of this, beyond names given to places by wandering natives. It seems to me that the rising generation will miss much. The Historic imagination, in their case, will have next to nothing to feed on. Life will be intensely practical, in the healthiest conditions of climate, but prosaic. Literature there will be, of course, for all who make use of it, which, as far as books can go, will teach the history of the old country. But imagine the gradual effect of a life spent in a country where you never see relics of past history which take you back to the beginning of the Christian era ; ruins, castles, churches, cathedrals, tombs, the handiwork of Celt and Saxon, Angle, Dane and Norman,

who have made us what we are, and whose far-reaching influence sends us all over the world, making the ocean our pathway to new Homes which we establish, as our forefathers did, even in the uttermost parts of the earth. At present nearly all here are Colonists, transplanted, but their affections deeply rooted in the old Home life they have left. In a few years their children will be Colonials, loyal, no doubt, to the idea of their old Mother Country, and to some extent interested in what they hear or read about it. But there must be, I fancy, much wanting. I am tempted to quote the old Horatian maxim :

" Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt subjecta oculis."

(" Things heard stir the imagination far less than things seen.")

How will this affect us in our Church work here ? Even the uneducated rustic at home, familiar with his old Parish Church is probably more aware of the history of bygone centuries than is possible for those to whom the only visible symbol of the past is a decent wooden tabernacle in a wilderness.

Occupied as everyone on a Goldfield is, with the business of making money, there is nevertheless no lack of theological discussion. Here is an instance : A few nights ago, a Plymouth brother, one of a small but proselytising community, called on me, with the view of converting me from the error of my ways ; a travelling hawker of wares for miners in remote places, a man of imperfect education, but with a soul above tapes, buttons, and the draper's business. After some remarks from myself, he said, " But I could not worship in All Saints, because I could not be sure that those who are there are Christians."

"And are you sure of all who worship with you in your place of meeting?" "Quite sure." "How do you know that?" "Because they are all saved." "But what certainty have you of that?" "Why, if a man is saved, he knows it, and tells you so." "Then, your belief is that no one is a Christian until he feels he is saved?" "Of course." "And you hold that, once saved, a man cannot fall away?" "Of course, that is the teaching of the Bible."

"Would you take this Bible, and give me your authority for it?" "Yes, here it is,—Acts ii, 47,—'The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.'"

"But that, as it stands in our English Version of the Bible is not the exact meaning of the text; the original Greek in which the Acts were written means this: 'The Lord added to the Church such as were being saved,' which is just what is stated in the Catechism: 'I thank our Heavenly Father that He hath called me to this state of Salvation.' Our state of salvation may be compared to a state of health; we may fall out of health, as a Christian may fall away from a state of salvation; this is the real meaning of the words."

"Oh," said he, "I don't believe that."

"Well, I can assure you it is the meaning of the text; it has been my business to study Greek closely, and what I tell you is not only on my own authority, but that of the best scholars, to whom the original Greek of the New Testament is as familiar to them as the English version of it in our Bible." "I don't care for your Greek, my Bible is enough for me," was his answer.

"Well," said I, "let us take another passage from

what you call your Bible : you believe in St. Paul ? "
" Of course I do." " Well, then, what do you make of this, in Cor. ix, 27, ' I therefore so run . . . lest that by any means, when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway.' You see St. Paul himself allows that he may be a castaway."

" He never meant that ; it doesn't mean that."

" But you must allow that that is the plain meaning of the English words, and if you will let me, I will tell you what the Greek words which St. Paul used meant ; nothing can be plainer or stronger. He is speaking of the Christian life in terms of the contests in the arena of public sports which all Greeks were so fond of. In all those sports no competitor could enter unless he had passed the examination of certain persons appointed to test the competitor's qualifications ; then, if he won he had to go before a second committee of judges, who were to decide whether he had run or competed fairly, in accordance with the rules of the arena. If he was ' cast,' that is adjudged to have competed unfairly, or trangressed rules, he was rejected ; he lost his prize ; he became a ' castaway ' ; now, what can be clearer than that ? "

" I don't believe it," he said, " once a saved Christian, always a Christian ; what else can ' saved ' mean ? "

" Well, tell me, then, about your brethren here in Hokitika. I know some of them, and good men they are ; how many do you number ? " " Twenty," he replied. " And are you quite certain none of them will ever fall away ? I have heard of communities of Brethren like yours which somehow dwindle in number, and I'm told that they have been cast out of the Community ; how do you account for that ? I don't want to predict, but if we are both here a

couple of years hence, will you come again and tell me whether you have lost any ? and perhaps some day you will come back to your Mother Church, which you have deserted."

" Oh," said he, " I see it's no use talking to you ; you're all wrong. I'm sorry for you ; I must be going. Good night."

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

IX.

Hokitika, Westland, N.Z.,
May 4th, 1869.

My dear St. John,

I was lately in Auckland, having been elected one of the clerical representatives for the Diocese of Christchurch in the General Synod, which met a few months ago. So I can break new ground, and tell you something of the North Island. It differs much from the South; a comparatively warm climate; sparsely traversed with roads, mostly covered with dense forest, and well watered; a more recent formation than the South Island, with two active volcanoes of great height. Also, the real home of the Maori race, some sixty thousand in number, amongst whom the early missionaries worked with unparalleled success, until the unfortunate outbreak of war, which led to the alienation of many from Christianity.

I went to Auckland by sea, by one of the steamers from Australia which make Hokitika their first port of call, proceeding thence to Wellington. There I met many bound on the same errand as myself; Bishop Abraham of Wellington, the Bishop of Christchurch, the Dean of Christchurch, and several Clerical and Lay representatives of Synod from Christchurch and Dunedin. Thence we sailed to Auckland, a long journey of some three days at sea, much of it in very

rough water. The coast line is grand, densely timbered, with a background of high mountain ranges. Most of us weathered the rough passage well, save Bishop Abraham, who lay prostrate in his cabin till we entered the heads of Auckland harbour, a spacious inlet leading up to Auckland, thirty miles distant. Going down to try and induce him to come on deck, as the water was calm, he assured me that he was recovering, for, see, "I've been translating the Nunc Dimittis into Latin Elegiacs." Knowing our old tutor's special hobby, and his stern criticism of our efforts at Eton, you may imagine my amusement.

Auckland is already a considerable town at the head of the harbour, which is said to rival Sydney in its beauty of site; shut in by low volcanic hills, well grassed, which are indented with bays and deep inlets; the cliffs rich with vegetation, in which the scarlet clianthus gives fine patches of colour. It forms a magnificent sheet of water, with abundant and safe anchorage. Already it has a history, being the first spot in New Zealand chosen for permanent settlement. The climate, compared with the South Island, is warm and damp.

General Synod was held in the Library attached to the Bishop's residence, a fine room, with open timbered roof, already with something of the dignity of age about it. Six Bishops: Selwyn, the Primate, Williams of Waiapu, Abraham of Wellington, Harper of Christchurch, Suter of Nelson, and Patteson of Melanesia, were present, together with three Clerical and four Lay representatives from each Diocese, except the Missionary Diocese of Melanesia, which is entitled only to two Clerical and two Lay representatives.

It was the fourth meeting of Synod, the first having been held in 1859. The business occupied eleven days. I was especially glad to have been a member, as it was an occasion of historic importance in the annals of the Church, Bishop Selwyn, having accepted the Bishopric of Lichfield, presiding for the last time.

Moreover, in the inevitable course of things, the Church in New Zealand, being the daughter of the Established Church at Home, at first tied to the apron strings of its Mother in all that concerns Ecclesiastical Law, has practically come of age, and is obliged to be a Law unto itself, and to accept the responsibility of managing its own household. I give an instance of this. Necessity had arisen for the appointment of a Bishop in Melanesia, and the formation of Melanesia into a Diocese, under the jurisdiction of the Church in New Zealand. Hitherto Bishop Selwyn had exercised episcopal oversight of Melanesia. Accordingly, Patteson, the acting head of the Mission, had been duly consecrated Bishop of Melanesia, without any legal authority from Home, which, indeed, would not have been given, had it been asked. His consecration involved the omission in the Service for Consecration of Bishops of the Oath declaring the Supremacy of the Queen, or the necessity of any Royal mandate to the New Zealand Church for the consecration.

Further, the see of Nelson being vacant by the resignation of Bishop Hobhouse, who had been consecrated at Home under Letters Patent, was filled by the appointment of Bishop Suter, the choice of the Diocese of Nelson, who was consecrated in London, but without Letters Patent, as a Bishop in New Zealand, not as a Bishop of the Established Church

at Home. All this has come about naturally from the fact that, in Colonies which are not Crown Colonies, as *e.g.* in the West Indies, but which have had a Legislative Constitution granted to them, the Ecclesiastical Law of the State Church at Home does not run.

This state of things, it appeared in Synod, was very distasteful to many, especially laymen who cling to the idea of membership in the old Church, but are slow to recognize that, whilst the Church in New Zealand is in true spiritual communion with the Mother Church, she is no longer subject to its Ecclesiastical State Laws. Much debate arose on this question, in which I took part, having had the advantage, during my late residence in London, of discussing the status of the Church in the Colonies with eminent Ecclesiastical Lawyers. The occasion of the debate was the fact that the Bishops in New Zealand, some months ago, realizing the true state of affairs, had offered to the authorities at Home to surrender their Letters Patent, in order to make the position of the Church in New Zealand quite clear. No reply had been received, and, from what I had learnt in London, I was able to state that legal opinion was to the effect that the Crown is not likely to withdraw such Letters, although no fresh ones could be issued. However, the Bishop of Nelson, at first, refused to accept the view of his being merely a Bishop of the Church in New Zealand, and not of the Established Church at Home. My reply was that as a Bishop he could have no entry into the Ecclesiastical Courts in England, if he wished to deal with any criminal clergyman, and that the present position of the Church here, and elsewhere in the Colonies, is incomplete in regard to Ecclesiastical discipline. The whole idea

of our Church Constitution is that of mutual compact. We have constituted our own Ecclesiastical Courts; we agree to obey their decisions, and yet such of our Bishops as possess Letters Patent could have any of us into the Ecclesiastical Courts at Home. To test the matter, I moved that the Bishops should again petition the authorities in England to repeal all Legislation which enables a Colonial Bishop to appeal to the jurisdiction of the Courts Spiritual there. After long discussion the motion was negatived, and I give figures to illustrate our method of voting: Bishops, Ayes 3, Noes 3; Clergy, Ayes 8, Noes 9; Laity, Ayes 6, Noes 8; a total majority of three against the motion.

Synod is a great time for hospitality, and of all men Bishop Selwyn is one of the most hospitable. Every evening, during the dinner recess, he entertained a large company at Bishopscourt. Luncheons also, and the Saturday half-holiday, afforded the Church folk of Auckland opportunity of making much of their visitors. Sundays were utilized for special sermons. As General Synod is held every third year in a different Diocese, the Church as a whole becomes familiar, not only with its Bishops, but with its system of Church Government. This is embodied in the "Constitution and Statutes of General Synod," as agreed to at a General Conference of Bishops, Clergy, and Laity in 1857, and revised at the Session of Synod in Christchurch in 1865. It is a masterly and statesmanlike piece of legislature, due in the first instance to Bishop Selwyn, aided by the invaluable advice of Chief Justice Sir William Martin, and Mr. Swainson, barrister-at-law; it is also said that Sir George Grey, Governor of New Zealand, had a hand in it. With

its fairly complete provisions for Church order and discipline, it will in future probably be a model for Colonial Churches, who have to look to themselves for the management of their own households.

Synod, amongst many matters, had to deal with one thorny question which needed careful handling. The Diocese of Christchurch includes the whole of the South Island, with the exception of the Nelson district. The time has come when it would be desirable, if it can be so arranged with due regard to finance and other matters, to sub-divide the Diocese and create one in the district of Otago and Southland, hitherto under the care of a Rural Deanery Board, responsible to the Bishop of Christchurch. Bishop Selwyn has taken steps in the matter, as Primate, but, owing to some inadvertence and misunderstanding, a serious difficulty has occurred. The subdivision of the Diocese of Christchurch needs the consent of its Bishop and Synod, and the creation of a new See, together, with the appointment of its Bishop, must have the authority of General Synod. Somehow these necessary preliminaries have been ignored, and an appointment has been made in England, followed by the consecration of a Bishop for the not yet constituted diocese of Dunedin. Much trouble has arisen in Otago, where Church people are unwilling to accept the appointment, no sufficient financial provision having been made, nor their consent in any way obtained. Their representatives came to Synod to plead their case, so emphatically, that Synod was in a dilemma. It was a serious matter to refuse a Bishop already consecrated and designated, though informally, for a See in New Zealand, yet not less serious a matter for Synod to waive its own authority,

to say nothing of the quite inadequate financial provision for the proposed See.

After much discussion, a resolution, moved by myself, and seconded by Bishop Patteson, was unanimously passed: "That whereas the General Synod is of opinion that it is better for the peace of the Church that Bishop Jenner should not take charge of the Bishopric of Dunedin, this Synod hereby requests him to withdraw his claim to that position."

Afterwards Synod proceeded to the Election of a Primate in place of Bishop Selwyn, the unanimous choice of Synod falling on the Bishop of Christchurch, H. J. C. Harper, D.D.

Then came a striking scene: the farewell of Synod, and in that, the farewell of the Church in New Zealand, to its first Bishop, George Augustus Selwyn. First, an address drawn up by Bishop Patteson on behalf of Synod, in singularly touching and effective words. It dealt on the extraordinary work accomplished by the Bishop during his Episcopate of twenty-seven years; his mission journeys by land and sea throughout New Zealand, and in the Pacific Ocean; the establishment of the Melanesian Mission work in the Islands; of the Native Church in New Zealand; the organization of Synodical government; and his great personal influence. It ended with the prayer "that the mind and spirit of its first Bishop may be stamped for all generations on the Church of New Zealand, and that the multitude of the Isles may learn in years to come the name of their first great Missionary, and may rise up and call him blessed."

The Maori address was so characteristic that I give its translation in extenso:

"Sire, the Bishop: Salutations to you, and to Mother (Mrs. Selwyn).

We the people of the places to which you first came still retain our affection for you both.

Our not seeing you occasions us grief, because there will be no seeing you again.

Sire, great is our affection for you both, who are now being lost amongst us. How can it be helped, in consequence of the word of the Great One, the Queen?

Sire, our thought with regard to you is, that you are like the poor man's lamb taken away by the rich man.

Go, Sire, may God preserve you both. May He also provide a man to take your place of equal powers with yourself.

Go, Sire; we shall no more see each other in the body. Such is the nature of this short life, to sunder our bodies; but in a little while, when we shall meet in the assembly of Saints, we shall see each other face to face, one fold, under one Shepherd.

This is our lament for you in few words:

Love to our friend
Who has disappeared abruptly from our ranks.
Is he a small man that he was so beloved?
He has not his equal among the many;
The food he dispensed is longed for by me."

On the day of the Bishop's departure, after a celebration of Holy Communion, in which many participated, his carriage was drawn by stalwart Maories to the wharf, where he went on board for Sydney, thousands watching as the "Hero" steamed slowly

down the harbour, the Bishop standing alone at the stern, looking for the last time at the scene of the great work of his life.

Shall I venture to appraise it, and what seems to me its real significance? It lies, I think, above all other things, in the personal influence and character of the man; that which is summed up in the untranslatable Maori phrase, his "Mana." To Selwyn belongs the unique distinction of the impulse given years ago to Missionary enterprise and work. His heroic example, his endurance of hardship, his marvellous courage and patience, his splendid Christian character, touched the imagination of the Maori as keenly as it did that of the Church at Home. In organization, too, he was great, but less so, it would seem, in administration. Possessed of ample private means, and generously liberal, he scarcely anticipated the future. The Diocese of Auckland under its new Bishop, from what I hear, will find itself none too well equipped either in the matter of men or money.

Leaving Auckland, I took my passage in a small steamer which runs by the west coast to Wellington. Auckland has a large western harbour as well as that on the east, which is chiefly used. This Manakau harbour is hampered by a dangerous sand-bar lying outside the heads, on which the H.M.S. *Orpheus* was lost with nearly all hands. It extends for some miles, and its tumbling surf proved too much for the equanimity of most of the passengers, including myself and Mr. Poole, one of the most effective and humorous speakers in Synod. We had to give in to Neptune, though Poole did his best by flinging quotations from Horace at me, and challenging response. In vain! We subsided on to the settees which are used at night

for beds, as there were no cabins, and had to witness those who could eat at their dinner. One of these, apparently a commercial traveller, to Poole's great indignation, ate pork chops, whilst expressing his sympathy for us. Next morning, being Sunday, after breakfast, which we could not touch, down came the eater of pork chops, and said to Poole, "Won't you or your mate give us a service?" "How can you ask?" said Poole. "You've had a good breakfast, and we haven't touched anything since we came on board." Soon after noon we entered the Wanganui River, delighted at the chance of a night ashore, and when the gangway was in place, who should step on to it to go ashore, but our friend, in full clerical dress—a Presbyterian minister! Poole laid his hand on his shoulder: "Sir, you eat pork chops for dinner, dress in plain clothes, and ask us to have a service! Sir, you are an impostor. Good morning, sir!"

Arriving at Christchurch, I crossed the mountains to Hokitika by coach, a lovely journey, in fine weather, of two days, twelve hours coaching each day. Below the Otira Pass there are miles of red birch, its growth almost that of a cedar, straight reddish stems, and horizontal branches, peculiar, too, in the forest, as having no underwood; it only flourishes at a high altitude. Very noticeable below it, too, is the magnificent fern, the Todea Superba, commonly called the Prince of Wales fern, from the shape of its feathery fronds, covered with bright green velvety pile, which cannot be preserved in dried specimens. Curious, too, that it flourishes near the snow line, but if brought down to the lowlands must be kept under glass.

I am, yours ever,

H. W. H.



WEST COAST ROAD. CEDARS.

X.

Hokitika, New Zealand,

Nov. 10*th*, 1872.

My dear St. John,

Since my last letter events have happened here of much importance to us in Westland from a Church point of view, and I am thankful to say with successful issue. The general trend of politics in matters educational has been in the direction of a purely secular system. Church schools have for some time held their own with difficulty in Canterbury and elsewhere ; Government grants are being withdrawn, and soon it will only be possible to maintain such schools in a few centres, and then in an unequal competition with State schools. But as yet this system has not reached Westland, where our communion, together with that of the Roman Catholics, occupy the field. We have come through a crisis ; the situation is saved, and you may be interested in hearing how it came about. Not long ago the office of Commissioner of Goldfields, with his Executive, was abolished, Westland becoming a county with a County Council, empowered to draft Bills for its own government, and to send them to the Houses of Legislature for approval. It so happened that a majority in the Council were in favour of secular education, and proceeded to draft a Bill which would have withdrawn all Government aid to Church Schools.

Much discussion arose, in which I took part by correspondence in the papers, which led to the formation by the Council of a Citizens' Committee, chosen by ballot to decide the question; the Committee to include ministers of all religious denominations. A day was appointed for the ballot, to be followed by discussion. Having prepared amendments to the proposed Bill, which would practically nullify it, I attended the meeting when the ballot was cast. By chance it gave the supporters of the Bill such a majority that their success was a foregone conclusion. So I took a bold step; asserting that the ballot had accidentally defeated all chance of a fairly constituted Committee, I called on all who sided with me to leave the room, and said that on my own responsibility I would call a public meeting, in a fortnight's time, to ascertain the feeling of the whole community on so grave a matter. The Committee protested, but we were numerous enough to cripple their action by our departure; they could not proceed with the business, and found that public opinion generally approved of my action.

Then we went to work. Knowing the value which Roman Catholics set on their schools, and being on good terms with them, as I have always made it my practice to avoid controversy, whilst loyally holding my own position, I went to the resident priest, who welcomed me heartily. "Sure, an' I will send word all over the Coast, an' ye may be certain the boys will roll up to save the Schools."

Meanwhile, by means of our two daily papers, we made known the state of affairs, and such was the interest aroused, that the Chairman of the County Council, the real author of the proposed Bill, agreed

to preside at the public meeting, and it was generally understood that its decision should be final. The Town Hall, capable of holding seven hundred, proved all too small for the occasion, hundreds gathered in the main street, unable to gain admittance. My amendments to the Bill were widely distributed in print, and when the time came to move them, I was strongly supported by several speakers.

At last the Chairman called for a vote, bidding all in favour of the Bill go to the right, and those in favour of the amendments to the left. A great turmoil arose, the crowd being so thick that it was no easy matter to move. Suddenly I felt myself gripped by the waist by a big Irishman, and lifted above the heads of the crowd: "Shew yourself, Archdeacon, shew yourself! This side, boys! this side!" Shoving, scuffling, and in a general melée, the great mass of the meeting surged over to our side. The Chairman, who by the way is a Dutchman, in his excitement, to gain a hearing, leapt on to his table, waiving the Bill over his head, and shouted: "De Bill is cooked,—de Bill is cooked."

Great congratulations; the street outside crammed with people making night clamorous with enthusiastic applause; then, escorted by many, I made my way to the parsonage, where, with a few, we talked over the conflict till late at night, only too thankful the Schools were saved.

There can be no doubt of their value, whatever their defects may be. Lately we have been able to build, and now have good accommodation for boys and girls, teachers, and ample playgrounds. The children mostly belong to the Church, but I find no use for a conscience clause. Prayers and religious instruction

are attended by all, and I believe form the most attractive hour of the day. In a community like this all sorts and conditions of children attend, and one is able to give some of them instruction in subjects above the usual routine of an ordinary elementary school. We have an excellent Head-mistress, whose influence can hardly be priced. Personally, I do not feel that this daily school work curtails my other work; on the contrary, it aids it, especially in the regulation of time which might otherwise be frittered away, and in its opportunities of acquaintance with children and their parents. It is very largely to the lively interest taken by parents in our school that we owe that night's great success.

Now, from where I am, let me add something about the social side of school work. The schoolroom enables us to have evening entertainments, easily organized, as my experience of a goldfield community is that it always includes a good deal of musical talent; and in the matter of the ordinary school treat we have hit on a thoroughly popular plan. The children's treat, as the central feature, has developed into a Parish Festival, open to all parishioners. It means much planning and a preliminary canvass for ways and means. In the morning a service is held in All Saints, after which the children are marshalled, with their School banner, and headed by a brass band; a march is made to a clearing near the river, in the forest, where there is ample room. Tents, tea apparatus, a running course, and various materials for games, are provided. At noon the children sit down for dinner, sandwiches, buns and tea, after which teachers and helpers have their meal. During the afternoon thousands arrive; no charge is made for admission,

or refreshments, and there are games for all, adults and children,—running, wrestling, single sticks, hurdles, weight throwing, quoits, etc. A fine lot of young fellows act as stewards and superintend athletics. Simple prizes, not in money, are given. During the afternoon there is tea for all, and we find that the mixture of adults and children works admirably. The fun goes on till late evening, when the children form up and march in procession, proudly, through some of the principal streets of the town, before dispersing at All Saints' Church, making the evening resound with their songs and cheering.

I was not a little amused at our last Festival by the remarks of a visitor, brought to it by a friend: "Why, this is what in old Berkshire days we called a 'Veast,' a regular Parish 'Veast.' What made you think of it?"

"Well, I come from Berkshire myself, but I dare say you noticed a difference to-day; no beer, no broken heads, no scrimmaging, and no drunkenness."

Our Bishop has been here again; always heartily welcomed, for he makes a stay of several weeks, visiting every centre in Westland, preaching, and attending social evenings got up in his honour. He is known everywhere, and takes special delight in rambling amongst the gold diggings and talking to the men at work. He had a great reception at Hokitika, at an evening gathering in a large drill shed, which was furnished with everything for a substantial meal, and a concert to follow. Although the tickets were five shillings, the place was rushed, and, with a committee of stalwart men, I had hard work to regulate the crowd at the doors, who came in in relays for the meal, and then settled down to listen, every possible seat being filled.

At Kanieri a similar function took place, after some hours had been spent by the Bishop and myself in the claims where the men were at work. In one of them, giving him a long handled shovel, they invited him to dig some wash-dirt, and then wash it in a cradle. There was quite a nice little lot of gold, and, seeing the Bishop smile as the glittering scales shone out in the pan, one of them whispered to me: "It wouldn't do to disappoint the old man, so we've just 'salted' it a bit!" Needless to say, I didn't give them away.

Then we went to Ross by a new route, worth seeing. Into the southern side of the river Hokitika, near the sea, flows a tributary stream from Lake Mahinapua, with a course of some eight miles. In most parts the water is deep, with very slight fall, winding its way through primæval forest, its banks fringed with luxuriant growth of fern and flax. Being entirely sheltered from wind, its surface is like a mirror, in which the reflection of fern and foliage is so vivid and clear-cut that, looking down, you might fancy yourself on your back, gazing up at a vista of forest into the blue sky above. I have never elsewhere seen anything to compare with it. We started early, a lovely morning, with my boat and man, the Bishop steering, and reached the lake, some miles in breadth, enclosed by wooded ranges which form the foreground of snowy mountains. It is here that I take my choir boys for an annual outing, and I doubt if any boys ever have a jollier time of it, in three boats, a long happy day, from early morning till late at night. At the further end of the lake a narrow stream leads to a landing, from whence some miles of road have been made to Ross.

An entertainment of welcome to the Bishop had

been arranged, and what with concert, speeches, and supper, we were not free to accept the hospitality of the Warden of the Goldfield till long after midnight. A Welshman with his harp played so well that he roused the enthusiasm of the audience, a pianist accompanying him, and to my astonishment he told me that he played entirely by ear. Just before the concert began the conductor came to me with a man who was to be the comic singer of the evening, well worth hearing. "I thought, Archdeacon, as the Bishop's here, you'd like to see the words of the song; will it do?" "Well," I said, "Very well, but I think he had better omit that verse." "Now mind, Jack," he said, "you drop that verse about Cain and Abel."

Ross by night is as full of work as by day, the deep sinking claims being worked by shifts all through the twenty-four hours, the whole place lit up with flare lamps, and the rattle of the engines never ceases.

The work here, owing to the nature of the ground is dangerous; accidents are frequent, two having lately occurred of such a strange kind that you may like to have some account of them.

In the upper part of the valley which forms the principal field, the gold lies at no great depth and, instead of sinking shafts, a considerable excavation is made, called a paddock, stones and soil being hauled up to the surface, until the wash-dirt is laid bare, leaving a wide shallow pit, with steep sides, and a quantity of stuff in heaps about the edges. In one of these places a party of men were at work, all of whom at the dinner hour had come up to go to their homes, except one who remained below to fix some timber work. Suddenly a slip took place in one of the heaps

of dirt above, and a small avalanche of loose stones came down with a run, right upon him as he stood in an angle of the paddock. Caught by the feet, and held fast by the stones which poured upon him until they almost covered his head, he must have perished, had not one of his mates providentially returned, having noticed the fall of the stuff. With great care they succeeded in extricating him, no bones broken, but the life nearly crushed out of him. He is slowly recovering.

The other case is even more extraordinary. Near the shafts of deep-sinking claims there are usually heaps of dry tailings which have been hauled up from below. Some times a shaft is deserted, its mouth covered with thick wooden slabs. In this case a heap of tailings had accumulated on the top of the slabs, and a miner, finding it a nice dry place, built his one-roomed hut thereon, using the stones as its floor, over which he laid some loose boards. Returned from the work of the afternoon shift, he was busy with his frying-pan, preparing supper, when suddenly he felt the floor beneath him collapse; the slabs had given way, and the mass of tailings upon them poured down the shaft. He was sucked down with them, the shaft being completely filled up. The accident was seen, and men flocked to the rescue. Apparently there was no hope for the unfortunate man, but miners never lose a chance of helping their mates and, like sailors, are full of resource. All that evening, and well into the night, they worked in relays, hauling up the dry stones, and at last, some fifty feet below, came upon an entrance to a drive, and there found the man, who had been shot into it, bruised, but little injured, sufficient air penetrating through the loose stones to



WEST COAST ROAD.

enable him to breathe. In his sudden descent he had clutched at the blanket on his bunk, and they found him with it, and the frying-pan, which he had also stuck to, little the worse for his marvellous adventure.

Nothing can exceed the self-sacrificing efforts of these miners in attempting rescue, nor do they ever seem to look for applause or reward, taking it all in the day's work. My own experience is that I could never wish for a finer lot of men to work amongst, and wherever I go in future I shall never regret these days spent among them.

On our return journey heavy rain set in, and our passage across the lake and river was rough. It did not matter so much to me and my boatman, as, although completely drenched, we had a two hours' row, which kept us warm, but the Bishop in the stern sheets fared badly, and was laid up for some days with a severe cold. He is wonderfully vigorous for his age, and with his cheerful temperament makes light of hardships which would disconcert many a younger man.

I remember hearing the driver of the overland coach speaking of him, as he was returning to Christchurch after one of his visits to Westland. Shepherd was a character, a New Jersey American, a splendid whip, a man of very few words, but much to the point. "When we reached the Otira Pass, Archdeacon, I had the Bishop with me, and several young men, two of them globe-trotters, who had been talking big of what they could do; snow began to fall, and was drifting in places atop of the pass, the horses getting their feet balled. Says the Bishop, 'Mr. Shepherd, I'm going to walk, to save the horses till we get out of these drifts,' and he gets down and plods on in fine

style; so I says to the young fellows, 'Ain't you going to walk too?' 'Not a bit of it,' says they, 'we've paid our fare to be carried'; so I just let out a little, and they gets out and follows the Bishop. In a mile or two they come back and says they're dead beat and can't walk further. I says to them: 'Look at the old man there, old enough to be your grandfather, ain't you ashamed of yourselves?' So they walked on till we came to the downhill grade, and when the Bishop come back to get up again on to the coach, he says, as mild as you please, 'I'm all the better for the walk, Shepherd,' and he goes and pats the horses, and, turning round to the young chaps, says, 'We always try to save the horses as much as we can on this pass; didn't you enjoy your walk?' The Bishop's the man for me, Archdeacon, there ain't a man on the Coast as doesn't respect him. I hope he didn't hear what I said to the young fellows, but I think he guessed it."

I have been thinking lately of the difference between my work here and yours, or that of any hard-worked man in a town parish at home. One is sometimes tempted to compare the life at home, in touch with all that modern civilization can give, and the life here, to its disadvantage. Now and then Home-sickness is strong, and life here seems like exile. The monthly mail, letters, papers, magazines, are like messengers from another world. "Got your mail?" said a friend to me the other day. "Look at mine, such a pile! Oh yes, my work is here," said he, "but I 'live' the other side of the world." And then, with Robinson Crusoe, I cast up a credit and debit account: a primitive life; few refinements of society; one's talk chiefly of gold and dirt; new rushes, quartz and

flumes, saw-mills and bush work; children growing up who have never seen growing corn, or even a green field, whose horizon is bounded on the east by untrodden forest, and above it the snowy peaks of the Southern Alps, on the west by the rolling surf of the Pacific Ocean; with this the daily "small-beer," palatable, but scarcely exhilarating, of domestic story, trivial pleasures, inevitable troubles; life lived in primitive wooden houses and tents, with its daily round and common task.

Then, per contra, climate, general character of the people, food, water, work, blessed work, all of the best; no grinding poverty, slums, or submerged classes; no social envyings; almost no crime; some sickness and poor health, but a mere nothing as compared with the record of an old country; a community young and hopeful, and a life in which, barring accident and misfortune, anyone may rise, and hope to see his children rise higher than himself. The credit side tots up bravely as one makes these entries. Then afterwards I go for a long tramp, and think of the parson's round in the mean streets of East London, or even the lanes of a country parish, and am well content.

Imagine the contrast. Along the beach for a mile or so, then up a forest track inland, some deep gullies to be crossed by means of a tree trunk, fallen, and adzed to a flat foothold, over which, I own, I often sit, and straddle my way to the other side. Then down into a valley where men are washing down a cliff side with a powerful jet of water, and an invitation from one of them, when they knock off work, to come to his house for tea. In this case my host is an elderly man, with stalwart sons, well to do, and generally

held to be a "warm" man, with money laid by. He was a sailor, who, with his wife and children, emigrated to the Australian Goldfields, and from thence found his way to New Zealand. His homely wife had an excellent meal ready, and, says my host, "I don't hold with strong drink, but nothing but tea isn't good," and then, from under a settee, he produced some bottled porter. "And now I've some thing to show you; my Father was in the Navy, and collected things." Amongst these he produced a very fine miniature on ivory of Oliver Cromwell, which he said belonged to his Grandfather; it had also the well-known wart that appears in contemporary pictures of Cromwell. As he was thinking of a holiday trip to England, leaving his boys to work the claim, I advised him to take the miniature, and get an expert opinion of it. Well, thought I, as I walked homeward, that's an experience one would scarcely expect to meet in a digger's hut. My host had given me a miner's lantern, much needed in this forest country at night, where the tall trees shut out even the moonlight. It is made of a clear glass bottle, the bottom of which is cut off by means of a worsted thread, soaked in paraffin oil, tied round it, and set alight. In the neck of the bottle, inside, a piece of candle is lit, the bottle carried by its neck upright, and, provided there is no rain, no lantern is more effective, and, if needs be, it can be stuck upright by the neck in the ground.

It is interesting in the dark nights to see, here and there, by the side of the tracks, under tree roots, and in damp soil, brilliant little lights, which have been often taken for glow-worms, but which are phosphorescent wood in a state of decay, giving out quite a strong illumination. In the open glades a full moon

just topped the pine trees, leaving all else in dense shadow. Here in this country, where animal life scarcely exists of any native sort, no sounds at night strike the ear, no rustling of rabbit or hare, or fox, or, indeed, any small creature ; all is silence, save the occasional dropping of twig or leaf, the murmur of running streams, and sometimes the hooting of a native owl, "Morepork" by name, which exactly reproduces the shrill far-reaching sound of its cry.

The next morning came one of those clouds which darken the sunshine of the life of this vigorous young community. Summoned to the hospital, I crossed the river, and found a man brought in last night, evidently with but a few hours to live, a miner who had injured his spine by falling down a shaft. He was one of those men occasionally found here, roughly clad, handling pick and shovel, but unmistakably a gentleman. He was sensible, but very weak, and, noticing my prayerbook, said, "Don't, till I tell you ; I've no right to listen to its words ; you see what I am. Yes, well born, was in business in the city ; wife and children ; churchwarden ; I embezzled money, had to disappear, and deserted them. They don't know where I am ; came here, and worked hard, but daren't write, and now, . . . you will write, will you not ?—my brothers—" I stayed with him a long time, and left, promising to return in the evening, and then found, on entering the ward, an empty bed, whilst the warder, for there are no women nurses in that ward, said : "The poor chap went off an hour or two ago. I think you may like to know, I was with him, and he died saying the Lord's Prayer." His mates came to the funeral, but none of them knew his story. Amongst these men true comradeship im-

plies no questions asked, no gossiping curiosity about their friend's past; they take a man as they find him.

I must not finish this letter without brief allusion to a session of General Synod in Dunedin, which I attended. At it for the first time the Bishop of Christchurch, H. J. C. Harper, presided as Primate of New Zealand. Dr. Cowie, who had succeeded Bishop Selwyn in the Diocese of Auckland, was present. As an army chaplain in India, he had been through the Mutiny, and the Afghan campaign. Two important measures were passed, one which provided for the due appointment of Bishops; the nomination of a Bishop to be made by one of the clergy and seconded by one of the lay representatives in Diocesan Synod; voting to be by ballot; an absolute majority of the votes of each order required for an election; an election to be confirmed by General Synod, or, if not in session, by the Standing Committees of the several Dioceses. The other measure dealt with modification of services. Synod affirmed the expediency of a certain discretion being exercised by the Bishops in sanctioning divisions and modifications of Prayerbook services as may be deemed necessary. This has given much satisfaction to the clergy and laity in New Zealand.

After the Session of General Synod, all necessary arrangements having been made for the separation of the Southern portion of the South Island from the Diocese of Christchurch, and the constitution of a separate Diocese of Dunedin, the appointment of Dr. S. T. Nevill was duly made, as first Bishop of Dunedin.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XI.

Hokitika,

July 2nd, 1874.

My dear St. John,

Since my last letter I have attended two meetings of General Synod, one in 1871, and one in this present year. I shall not dwell upon Synodical legislation in matters of ordinary Church work, much the same here as at Home, except for our Maori and Melanesian responsibility; but at every meeting of Synod we have had to deal with the vital question of our relationship with the Mother Church. When our Synodical system was first established, this question had not arisen. Now it seeks solution, not only in New Zealand, but elsewhere, as in South Africa; it concerns our Church discipline, and order, Church property, and our proper loyalty to the Church at Home. It comes to the front whenever the Colonial Church has to face the problem of ruling its own household. Having thought much of this subject, I have set the ball rolling at each Synod, and so far it has been well received, bringing out an amount of debating power and acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical law which would do credit to any assembly. Synod is keenly alive to its great responsibility, as a Legislative body, not a mere conference or congress, or even such an assembly as Convocation at Home in its present form.

This year I went to Wellington by sea. Australian steamers call at Hokitika, and thence proceed to other New Zealand ports; but their hour of arrival is uncertain, and if they arrive at night, anchoring in the roadstead ready to proceed at daylight, it is necessary at any hour to cross the bar in a tug steamer, and join the ship. This happened in my case on a Sunday night. Some of my choir boys, sleeping on the floor of my study, roused me up at 4 a.m., and then, trundling my luggage in a barrow down to the wharf, saw me on board, together with a few passengers, including a Bank clerk, in charge of several small but very heavy boxes of gold bullion, each box holding 250 ounces; very responsible work, for the boxes have to be hauled up on deck from the tug-boat, which is bobbing about in rough water. All the cabins were full, their occupants asleep until some, at daylight, should leave for the shore; all that the steward could do for me was to arrange mattress and blankets on the saloon table, with which I coiled myself up for a few hours' sleep. Presently down from the deck came two commercial travellers, and I was roused by their talk. "Who's this on the table? Is he a passenger?" "Yes, he came aboard by the tug, and they say he's an Archdeacon." "Don't believe it. I'll bet you a bottle of champagne he isn't. I'll ask him." "Excuse me, sir, but are you an Archdeacon?" "Sorry to disappoint you, I am, and I shall be much obliged to you for a glass of that champagne!"

En route to Wellington, we lay off Westport, in the Province of Nelson, for a few hours. Like all settlements on the West Coast, the town is close to the sea, backed up by forest-clad hills. Gold in the neighbourhood at first attracted population, but

recent discoveries of valuable coal has increased the importance of the place. Gold always, except in the case of quartz reefs, after a few years begins to fail, so that country which is merely auriferous is soon deserted. Moreover, the Westport coal seems to be of first-rate quality, especially valuable as it is nearly smokeless, quickly ignited, and burning almost free from ash. There is, also, at present, a minimum of difficulty in working it; the seams, which are thick, lying in a slanting, upward direction from the shore in the hill-sides, which are tunnelled without deep sinking. Besides this steam coal, the West Coast has abundance of other kinds, fit for household use, or the production of gas. In the long run coal will beat gold for value.

Wellington is situated at the southern extremity of the North Island, where Cook's Straits separate it from the Southern Island. It is now the seat of Government, which at first was at Auckland. The harbour is spacious, land-locked, but entered by a narrow passage, passing through some dangerous reefs, and with little waterway. Wellington has the reputation of being the home of all the winds, of which there is more than sufficient variety in New Zealand generally. The town lies upon the slopes of hills, in the form of an irregular crescent, bordered on the sea side by a narrow strip of flat land, which gives room for very few open spaces, or gardens; the houses crowded together, with but little attractive architecture at present; but it is a busy place, being the central port of New Zealand.

Maories, so seldom seen in the South Island, are much in evidence here; the men well dressed in English costume, the women also, but delighting in

in vivid colours. They are well to do, having plenty of land reserved to them by Government, intelligent, well-mannered people, many of them able to talk English. I heard a good story of one of the Maori representatives in the Upper House, which illustrates the difficulty English visitors may have in estimating correctly the character of a people lately emerged from a state of barbarism. A new steamer arrived in Wellington for the first time, attracting many visitors, and amongst them this Maori, a fine figure of a man, dressed in a suit of English tweeds, with the bearing of a native gentleman. A couple of English passengers on board, young fellows, went up to him, and invited him to come below and have a drink. He looked them calmly up and down, and, in perfect English, replied : " Thank you, gentlemen, I never drink with strangers, —like yourselves." Then he turned away, and left them to revise their ideas of a Maori Chief.

Six Bishops, with clerical and lay members from each diocese, met in Synod. Two important events had occurred since the last Synod : Bishop Patteson's death in the Island of Santa Cruz, and the consecration of a Bishop for the newly formed see of Dunedin, hitherto part of the diocese of Christchurch. Many subjects of practical importance came under discussion, but I will limit myself to one, the sequel of that constitutional question debated in Synod at Auckland six years ago, and renewed in 1871, viz. : the necessity of self-government in the Church in New Zealand, and her legal right to exercise it. On each occasion it fell to my lot to lead the discussion, of which I give you a summary.

By the terms of our Church Constitution, agreed to by a Convention of Church people in 1857, revised

by General Synod in 1865, the Church in New Zealand binds itself to maintain the Doctrine and Sacraments of the United Church of England and Ireland, as contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and declares that the Church in New Zealand has no power to make changes in the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures, or in the formularies of the Church ;—Provided that, with consent of Crown and Convocation, any changes in the Formularies of the Prayerbook, or Version of the Bible, adopted in England, may be accepted by the General Synod. And, for fear of risk with regard to Church property, it is provided that if the Colony of New Zealand be separated from the Mother Country, or if there should be a separation of Church from the State in England and Ireland, then the Church in New Zealand shall have full power to make alterations in Services, Articles, and Ceremonies, or in the Version of the Bible, at its own discretion.

To these provisions there is added a clause : " These provisions are fundamental, and it shall not be within the power of the General Synod to alter, revoke, add to, or diminish any of the same."

This is our position as defined in the Church Constitution. Now for the actual position in which we find ourselves. Since 1857 things have changed. It was then supposed that the Church here, being an integral portion of the Church at Home, was subject to the Ecclesiastical authority of the Mother Church, as by law established. New Zealand Bishops held their office under Letters Patent, issued by the Crown. It was thought that the Church in New Zealand could take no action on her own responsibility, either in the matter of increasing her episcopate, or main-

taining Church discipline; or in adopting any modification of services; or, in fact, deciding for herself on those changes which might be necessary in years to come for her good government, except with the consent of the Mother Church.

And yet, even in 1857, there were premonitions of trouble. The Church Constitution then drawn up betrays this. It assumes that in New Zealand Churchmen must legislate for themselves. It provides for Courts of discipline. It anticipates the time when the legal connection between the Church in New Zealand and the Mother Church would be found to be non-existent.

In reality that state of things did exist in 1857. Since then it has come to be recognized gradually, but as yet imperfectly, by those whose strong conservative instincts make them shrink from the idea of the Church in New Zealand as responsible to itself for good government.

Meanwhile we stand thus: the Church at Home can exercise no legal control over us. Its control at Home derives its authority from the Crown. The Crown does not recognize the Church in New Zealand, except in so far as it comes under the domain of the Civil Law. The Church, therefore, in New Zealand, is legally left to itself, and must needs rule her own household. Spiritually, the Church here is in close communion with the Mother Church, but that is our own affair; neither Convocation nor Crown can compel it. In fact, the severance which has taken place between the Church at Home and the Church in Ireland places the Church in Ireland precisely in our position in New Zealand. It is responsible to itself alone for its own government.

During the discussion two points were strongly insisted on by the opponents of my resolution, which contained an amendment of the Constitution, affirming the necessity and the responsibility of the Church for its own self-government. The first of these, I am free to admit, needs very careful consideration; viz.: the risk which our Church property may incur, should any step be taken by Synod legally affecting the right of the Church acquired by, or given to it, as part of the Established Church at Home. That is a question which might involve some civil legislation to establish the identity of the Church here, as it was at first, and as it is now in its altered circumstances.

The other point I regard as indefensible. It was argued that our Constitution ties our hands; that we have accepted the Doctrines and Practice of the Mother Church, and have bound ourselves to make no change or alteration in them. The answer seems complete. If, in 1857, we saw fit to tie our own hands, there can be no reason why we should not untie them in 1874. No external authority compelled our action; it was our own doing; and it was not done in consideration of any value received. We are as free now to modify what we then did, as we were to impose restraints on ourselves. And, no Legislative Body, such as Synod is, can legislate for all time. The Synod of 1857 had no power to tie the hands of Synod in 1874.

Further, my argument went to show the facts of our position. In spite of our Constitution and its restraints, we have been obliged to act for ourselves. We have had to choose and consecrate Bishops, and, in doing so, omit from the service in the Prayerbook that which relates to the Queen's mandate; the oath

of allegiance, acknowledging the Queen's Supremacy as Governor of the Church; the Oath of obedience to the Archbishop; also those parts of the services for Ordering of Priests and Deacons which refer especially to the Church and State at Home.

With the exception of the Bishop of Christchurch, none of our Bishops have Letters Patent from the Crown, nor have they any legal status in the Ecclesiastical Courts in England. We have set up our own Ecclesiastical Courts and, by mutual consent, are subject to them. No external authority can interfere with their decisions, unless it can be proved, on appeal to the Civil courts of the Colony, that the terms and conditions of the mutual consent between the Church and her office bearers have not been adhered to.

Much debate ensued. A select committee dealt with the matter, and its report having been adopted, was embodied in a Statute, which provides:—

For the necessary alterations in the Services for Consecration of Bishops, and the Ordering of Priests and Deacons; the acceptance of the Revised Table of Lessons; words to be added to the 21st of the Thirty-nine Articles, viz.: "It is not to be inferred from this Article that the Church in the Colony is hindered from meeting in Council, without the authority of the Civil Power." And to the 37th Article: "It is not to be inferred from this Article that the Civil Power has authority in this Colony to determine purely spiritual questions, or to hinder the Church from finally determining such questions by its own authority, or by Tribunals constituted under its own authority."

It was also provided that the Church in the Colony, which is, in the Constitution, designated as a Branch

of the United Church of England and Ireland, shall be referred to and designated as the "Church of the Province of New Zealand, commonly called the Church of England."

So far this constitutional question has reached a stage which practically admits the main point of the position claimed by me for the Church in New Zealand, viz.: her responsibility to herself for self-government. But the actual terms of our Constitution remain as they were. So far as they assert our connection with the Church as established by Law at Home, they are obsolete. Spiritually, we are one with the Mother Church. It is not probable that such a legislative body as the General Synod, secure against any hasty or ill-advised action by its provision of voting by "orders," should be inclined to make serious changes in the Formularies of the Church, except in pursuance of changes made by the Mother Church after full deliberation. But the fact remains that, whether we desire at any time to follow the lead given by the Mother Church, or to adopt our own line of action, we must do so of our own accord. The Church at Home, as an Established Church, cannot and does not recognize us as subject to her authority. She can advise, but our bond of allegiance to her is not formal. Without doubt her advice will always be sought, but our acceptance of it must always be voluntary.

At some time in future the terms of our Constitution must be brought into line with the facts of our position. It is manifestly illogical and wrong that Bishops, Clergy, and office bearers should have to sign allegiance to a Constitution which they are practically obliged to ignore in so many of its most important provisions.

Synod occupied seventeen days. Wellington pos-

sesses three churches, built of wood, one used as a pro-cathedral, but none of them worthy of the Metropolis of New Zealand.

Leaving Wellington by steamer for Lyttelton, I travelled across the mountains to Hokitika in early winter weather, which we call May here, under brilliant sunshine, but keen frosts at night; the road at its best; rivers low, mountain peaks with snow lying deep, glistening like silver; two days' coaching which, for scenery and exhilarating atmosphere, even Switzerland could not rival.

And now I find myself confronted with a question that gives me much thought. Our Church system provides that, in case of a vacancy in a Parish, a Board of Nominators, representing both the Parish and the Diocese, has the right of nominating to the Bishop someone to fill the vacancy. St. Michael's Church in Christchurch, which is the Mother Church of the Diocese, and the Pro-Cathedral, is vacant, and I have been chosen by the Board of Nominators. The Bishop has forwarded the nomination to me, leaving the matter entirely to my decision. You will understand my difficulty. I have been eight years in Westland; the Church has a strong hold on the Community; we have seven Churches, all in good order, doing excellent work; work unlike that of an ordinary parish, as St. Michael's, unlike it in area and in the character of its population. Everywhere I have been met with a whole-hearted and most generous response to all I have undertaken: I am bound to the people here with ties of more than ordinary friendship, and mutual sense of comradeship in a great work. It may be I am specially qualified for it. I am loth to leave, for I feel that one's best work cannot be done in a few

years, and being well settled in the saddle, I am inclined to remain there.

"I'll give you two years to stay there," was said to me, when I first came here, by a somewhat cynical visitor, in the early rough days of the place. Eight years have passed, perhaps the most satisfactory I shall ever have. Whatever the failures and defects of one's work may have been, with such evidences of God's blessing in it all, I often muse upon it, and wonder at it, with unspeakable thanksgivings.

Since writing this, the matter has arranged itself. Petitions from all parts of the District have been sent to the Bishop, asking him to exercise his authority, and bid me remain. He has done so, with the proviso that at no very distant date he may have to transfer me to another part of the Diocese.

I cannot help telling you of some words which greeted me the other day, as I was walking in a forest track. Passing a sawmill, one of the men came out, and said: "So we're going to keep you? That's right; they can find plenty to do the work over there, but you belong to us," and, with hearty hand-shake, he went back to the saws, which were hissing through the big white pine logs.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XII.

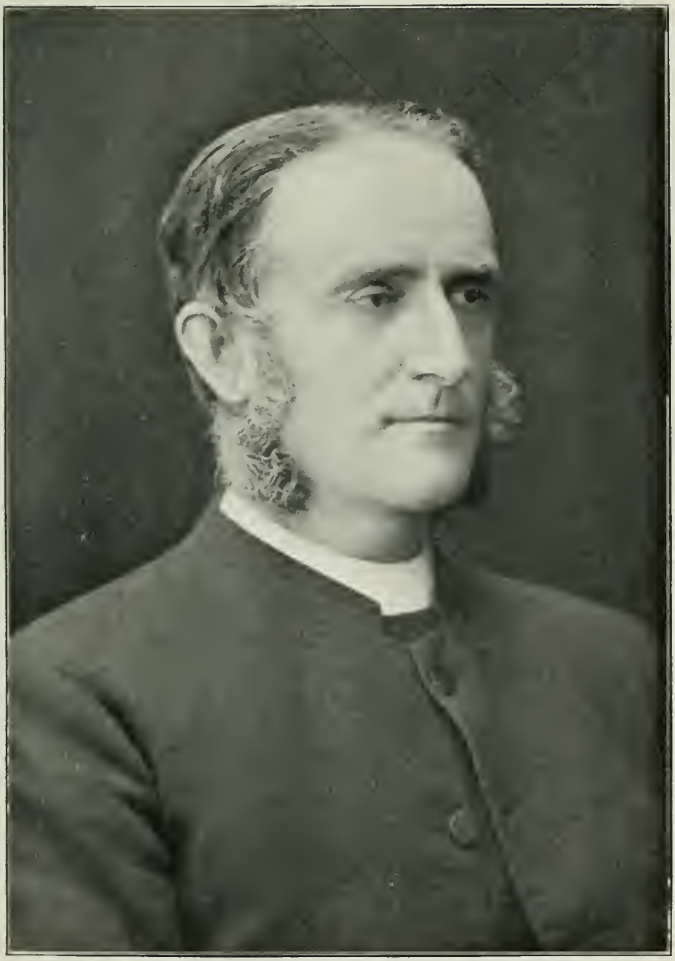
Hokitika,
June 1*st*, 1875.

My dear St. John,

Things are changing here; many have left for other fields in Australia, and the population, which once ran into tens of thousands, is rapidly diminishing. This seems to be the story of all goldfields, as the production of alluvial gold declines, and deep sinking or quartz mining takes its place. Capital is needed; companies employ labour; individual enterprise disappears, and, for a time at any rate, the yield of gold is small.

Moreover, this country of forest and soil, like the primary formations of Scotland or Wales, gives little promise of successful agriculture. Coal, which is found here of excellent quality, and timber, will in future be largely exploited, but at present they are only used for local needs.

With this in view, the Bishop came to the conclusion that, as the pioneer work of the Church in Westland, to a great extent, had led to a well established order of things, my services were needed in South Canterbury, where hitherto little beyond mission work has yet been attempted. He wishes, therefore, to remove me to Timaru, the centre of South Canterbury, a large agricultural and pastoral district, but



HENRY W. HARPER, M.A.

ARCHDEACON OF TIMARU AND WESTLAND.

at the same time to retain Westland under my supervision as Archdeacon.

You will understand my reluctance to leave a place and people of such unique character as this; nine years of experience that few can have had; a sphere of work that promised so little, yet has yielded such results. "Going there?" said an old Missionary in London, who had heard a good deal of the wilderness of forest in Westland, and its rainfall; "Take an old hand's advice, don't be discouraged, and if it rains, let it rain." "Have you any idea," said another, "of the sort of parishioners you'll find on a goldfield?" and he insisted on presenting me with a pair of pocket pistols! Another expressed his opinion to a mutual friend that an Eton and Oxford man was not the sort for gold diggers. For some time after coming here, the problem was always haunting me how to influence such men as I had to deal with, and to lead them to higher things than the love of gold, adventure, and the joy of full-blooded strong life; men of independent habits of life and thought, who had travelled, seen the big world, rough and ready for any enterprise; amongst them all sorts and conditions, meeting you with a sense of the common equality of manhood,—so different to the inherited subserviency of men who labour with their hands in the old country. Was it right, as I often asked myself, to let the man come first, and the parson second? I may have been wrong, but I found myself instinctively in that attitude. I am tempted to tell you something in illustration of this:

Meeting a friend who had lately come by coach across the hills from Christchurch, he remarked that, on the top of the coach my name had been mentioned,

and he thought I might like to hear what was said; "your character was freely discussed."

"Do you know the Archdeacon? I hear him so well spoken of." "Yes," said another, "he's a good man, but I doubt,—I don't think he's a converted man."

"Converted man!" said a miner, "I don't know much about your converted men; I take a man as I find him, and with us chaps the Archdeacon comes and goes, as if he were one of us, and he's always welcome. 'What do you say of him?'" addressing the driver.

"Yes," he said, "I agree with you; I take a man as I find him; he's been with me, often, on the coach, helping me with the brakes, and in some tight places, too, and when there's any trouble, I'd as soon have him with me as any man."

This set me thinking; perhaps it amounts to not much more than a natural aptitude for human fellowship which opens the door to men's hearts; perhaps only that, without any further entrance to the inner sanctuary. And yet; now and then there is something by the way, a chance word of encouragement, such as met me not long ago from a visitor to Westland. "I am glad to meet you. I've been here a short time, and am much interested in the place. I'm no Churchman, and not much of a Church goer; but I believe in all that makes for bettering the world. How is it? I find that the Church is a regular Institution here; how do you manage it? How do you do it?" It is this sort of message which makes me slow to leave a place, where, with all that has been left undone, and the best so imperfectly done, the work, in God's good providence, for which I was sent, has prospered so well.

CHRISTCHURCH, *October 20th.*

Now for my last few months in Westland, a very busy and somewhat trying time, occupied in visiting every church centre, and taking farewell of the people and the congregations. This meant special services and social Meetings, and the personal visitation of scores of families; business meetings with church-wardens and vestries, so that everything connected with Church finance should be in good order for my successor. It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to leave everything for him, so that he will have churches and buildings almost entirely free of debt, and parochial work well organized.

All this business of farewell culminated in Hokitika; special services in All Saints on my last Sunday; with a great gathering of school children, teachers, and parents, in the afternoon. Valuable gifts were presented by the Day and Sunday School, and an address from them, of which I am tempted to quote a few of its simple and touching words: "We assure you we love our Church and School, and shall never forget your kindliness and patience in teaching us the Word of Truth, and the happy hours you have spent with us in our amusements and pleasures." On Monday evening the church was crowded for an informal service, followed by a farewell, every church in the district having sent a deputation from its congregation, to present an address. Amongst them there were nine Maories from the Church of St. Paul at Arahura, whose address in Maori was translated, for those present, by Mr. Greenwood, the native Commissioner, as I give it;

"Go forth in the ways of the Gospel, and in Peace.
Thou who was't called to take the oversight of the Pakehas and Maories in Westland.
Although thou art going afar off to another place, thou wilt not be forgotten by us.
For thou hast gone in and out amongst us for so long.
And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity;
But the greatest of these is Charity."

Then came the presentation of an illuminated address, containing signatures of the church officers of every church in the Archdeaconry, and amongst many words of kindest sympathy, some which I can never forget, such as: "our deep sense of the value of your efforts for the religious education of our children; . . . you have won the attachment of the young, the love of the poor, and the affection and respect of all." After the meeting an adjournment was made to the Town Hall, which was crowded to the doors. The Mayor of Hokitika was in the chair; an address from the citizens of Hokitika, and on behalf of the whole district of Westland, was presented, with especial reference to work done in the Hospital, and for the Benevolent and Literary Societies. Together with these there was a large sum of money, part of it to be expended in silver plate. You can understand my difficulty in replying, and bidding them good-bye.

That night, as a very early start by coach in the morning was necessary, my choir boys came to the house, to sleep on the floor as best they could, so as to be ready at 5 a.m. to convoy me and my luggage to the coach. There were many people in the street; a lovely spring morning, and as I got up on to the box seat, their farewell cheers startled the horses and

sent them off at a furious gallop. At the outskirts of the town the driver steadied his team, and, seeing a man running towards us by a side track, through the trees, said: "I will pull them up; that's Bill—he wants to say good-bye; he couldn't be there last night." He came up, gripped my hand, and, with scant breath, said, "God be with you; I've been praying for you at the Throne of Grace." "He means that," was the driver's comment.

I have been in Christchurch, resting, and preparing for my new work in South Canterbury, probably quite unlike my past experience. "How do you feel about it?" said a friend. "You've had a great time of it over there," pointing to the mountain ranges. "Somehow," I replied, "as if the romance of life was past."

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XIII.

TIMARU, SOUTH CANTERBURY,
February 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

After a few weeks in Christchurch, I found myself in my new sphere of work. Eighteen years ago I rode from Christchurch to Timaru, then a journey of several days, through a mere wilderness of tussock grass, no roads, here and there a faint track, rivers to be forded, with an occasional night camped under flax bushes, under the open sky. Timaru was then a mere name on the map, one small hut on the beach, tenanted by an old whaler and his wife ; nothing else but the rolling, grassy downs, the cliffs, the surf, and the Pacific Ocean. Yet, even then, there was something which attracted the eye of my fellow traveller, an Australian, whose remark comes home to me now : "In a few years' time this will be a port and a centre of the district ; if you have any spare money to invest here in land, you would find it profitable." To-day, I find here a flourishing township, backed up by extensive arable and pastoral country. A single line of railway from Christchurch runs as far as the Rangitata river, and from thence a coach to Timaru, which I did not need, as my parishioners had sent a buggy for me. As I had chanced to meet en route two English tourists, Spencer Lyttelton, son of Lord Lyttelton,

one of the founders of the Canterbury Settlement, and A. J. Balfour, nephew of Lord Salisbury, I gave them a lift to Timaru.

South Canterbury, I imagine, will prove to be the pick of the province; about a hundred miles by fifty of rich land, free from native forest, open to the plough at once, with a background of hill country, much of it as yet unexplored. The climate, also, is all in its favour, moderate rainfall, cold winters, but plenty of sunshine; with this a population, small at present, but of the sort which the founders of the Settlement took pains to attract; practically picked emigrants in all classes of society; bringing with them a fair amount of capital, strong hands, and stout hearts, ready for any difficulty in making new homes for themselves in this Southernmost of all the colonies of the Mother country.

I am in a small rented house, taking stock of Church affairs here. I am inclined to grumble, for, with the exception of the small site on which the church stands, given by Mr. G. Rhodes, the pioneer of South Canterbury, nothing has been done to acquire land, which could have been had for a mere song years ago, and now is at a dear rate. There is neither land for house or school, or any extension of Church work. At first the Canterbury Settlement did not extend to South Canterbury. Within its limits ample provision was made for Church sites; but with much lack of foresight, nothing of this kind was done when the Province was extended to the South. So I have all my work before me, with the prospect of having to borrow considerably to get a due foothold for the Church, besides paying one's way year by year, without any endowment.

The Church itself is a curious structure; a tiny wooden nave, well designed, built by the first resident in Timaru, Captain Belfield Woollcombe, R.N., and his cousin, Herbert Belfield. Captain Woollcombe was, and still is, to a great extent, the factotum of the place; a typical naval officer, of ready resource; Magistrate, Coroner, Registrar, Harbour Master, Churchwarden, and Lay-reader. With his own hands he built most of the nave, so well, that it might last a century; to this was added at a later date a small transept and sanctuary, in stone, but of clumsy design and badly built. A certain amount of parochial work, with somewhat irregular services, has been maintained, but with the disadvantage of the clergyman's residence outside the limits of Timaru. "We want you," said Mr. Ormsby, the churchwarden, to me, "to get everything into working order." That, I thought to myself, will be a very large order for some time to come, for I find I am in the position of a settler on land which has been badly farmed, instead of having virgin soil to tackle, as was the case in Westland. But I am with people, of whom the larger proportion are Church folk, who give me liberal assurance of support and co-operation, so I have little doubt of the future. "The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Come with me, and have a glance at the general contour of the place. A coast line, not unlike that of the Southdowns at home, with the Pacific Ocean in place of the British Channel; clay cliffs instead of chalk, buttressed by outcrops of dolerite rock; a sheltered bay, in which several ships are lying at anchor, with little risk, as the prevailing winds seldom blow on shore. The surf is not nearly so heavy as on

the West Coast, so we can have a cruise in a whale boat and get a good view of the situation; rolling downs, which lie up against mountain ranges forty miles inland. Ships are lightered here by surf boats, but there is already talk of a breakwater, a plan having been received from Sir J. Coode, of Colombo Harbour fame, for an enclosed harbour, rather an ambitious scheme, but quite possible, considering the enterprising character of Timaru colonists. One of them, a typical old salt, Captain Cain, has a firm belief in it. Years ago he was a sailor lad on a brig trading to the North Island, before Auckland was colonised, and eventually became owner of a small vessel, the first to visit Timaru regularly to supply the wants of the place. "I was chartered," he told me, "by Mr. G. Rhodes of the Levels Station, and one day he rode down to meet me on the beach, and said: 'What do you think I've done, Cain? I've been to Christchurch, and bought a hundred acres for fifty pounds just here,' pointing to the beach. "And when do you expect to see your money again?' said I. 'Cain,' he said, 'if we live another thirty years, we shall see a harbour here, and those cliffs covered with 'willas.'" I own I was fairly puzzled at this, till I surmised that the Captain's pronunciation of "villas" suggested the idea of "willows," of which as yet there is no sign in Timaru, the only trees being eucalyptus and pines of a few years' growth. But of the villas there is no doubt, as already the town, though small, is well built. There are other prosperous centres of population in South Canterbury,—Waimate, Winchester, Temuka, Geraldine, and Pleasant Point, all within my Archdeaconry.

8th July, 1879.

My first years here have been full of encouragement. It was evident at once that a considerable venture of faith had to be made, to provide sites for parsonage, schoolroom, and for better church accommodation. The Vestry, aided by leading business men, decided on the purchase of a suitable site for a building to be used as a temporary church, during the erection of a new church on the present site, and afterwards as a schoolroom and parish hall. Liberal subscriptions were forthcoming, but not sufficient, without borrowing a considerable sum. It may seem rash to incur debt, but in a young community like this, with all its life before it, prudence yields to an optimistic forecast of the future, and I feel sure that I am doing right in encouraging the enthusiasm of the moment, which is very strong. So we have arranged for a spacious temporary church of wood on concrete foundations; a parsonage house of brick on the same site, and further, a plan is being considered for the new church, of which I will tell you in a future letter. Moreover, we find that parishioners are willing to lend money on debentures issued by the Vestry for a term of years, and we see our way to meet the interest thereon.

Meanwhile an event has occurred which has given me much anxious thought. The Bishopric of Waiapu has fallen vacant through the death of Bishop Williams, one of the pioneer missionaries who did such splendid work amongst the Maories previous to the arrival of Bishop Selwyn. The Diocesan Synod of Waiapu have met and unanimously nominated me to the vacant See. I must tell you of the difficulty of my position. The nomination is made with every ex-

pression of regard and confidence, laying stress on the fact that there have been serious troubles in the diocese which, in the opinion of Synod, I am better qualified to deal with than any other person they know. They earnestly press my acceptance of the See. But, on the other hand, there are grave considerations which I cannot ignore. There is no endowment of the Bishopric; the late Bishop was a man of private means; there is no house, and further, by far the larger proportion of the population is Maori. I have next to no private means, my knowledge of the Maori language, in which the late Bishop was proficient, is merely superficial, and would greatly handicap me in the oversight of what is chiefly a Maori Diocese; and, to accept such a position, without income or house, on the chance of both being forthcoming, is a venture of faith I am honestly afraid of making. In addition to this, my present obligation to the Diocese of Christchurch, and the work in Timaru so recently begun, seem to me a responsibility not to be lightly laid aside. It was no easy matter to come to a decision, nor was it made easier, after I had declined the offer, by a further communication from Waiapu asking me to reconsider it; but, all things considered, I have felt it right to adhere to my refusal of the See.

Since writing, I have again visited Westland, which remains part of my Archdeaconry; a three days' journey from Timaru, which I did in fine weather, but with an awkward adventure in the Waimakariri river. In Spring and early Summer rivers here are liable to floods fed by snow and glacier, which melt rapidly in Nor'westerly weather. On the second coaching day we were obliged to halt at the junction

of the Waimakariri and the Bealey, where the riverbed is very wide and rough, often merely intersected with a network of streams of moderate depth, but on this occasion one sheet of rushing water. There is a small hotel there, where we spent the night, hoping that in the morning the river might have fallen enough to allow us to ford it. Against the advice of the old hands of the place, in the morning, the driver attempted it. I was on the box with him, and a groom, who confided to me that "he had come to lend a hand, as he was sure we should make bad weather of it." He was right; the coach stuck fast against a boulder midstream, the water rose nearly to the backs of the horses; one of them fell, and the whole team would have been drowned, had not the groom managed to get down on to the pole, unhook the traces, and set them loose. They drifted down stream, and landed safely. Meanwhile we were left, the water running through the open sides of the coach, drenching the few inside passengers, and rising nearly to our knees on the box. Rescue was at hand; the mounted constable, who is stationed at the Bealey, rode his powerful horse into the stream, and backing to the coach, shouted, "Jump on behind me, and hold fast," The water was rushing over the saddle; I took the first jump from the box, and, gripping him by the waist, was convoyed ashore, followed by the others, fortunately only two men, the coach being left like a wreck at sea. The river fell that afternoon, the coach was extricated, and, after an evening spent in drying baggage, we proceeded on our journey next day.

Approaching Hokitika, at Arahura, I saw in the distance a number of boys on either side of the road. "They are your boys, Archdeacon," said the driver,

" with a wagonette and pair to drive you home again." To our great amusement, one of the passengers, an American tourist, said, " So you're returning home, and those are your boys, sir ; I congratulate you, sir, a very fine family ! " They drove me through the main streets of the town, with much cheering, and amongst a number of my old parishioners who had assembled to welcome me. I spent three weeks in Westland, visiting every centre, preaching, lecturing, and renewing old acquaintance ; but I imagine an Archdeacon's visitation here is very different to anything of the sort at home, certainly in one matter ; there are no visitation charges, either in word or coin.

Fresh gold has been discovered at Kumara, further inland than hitherto, not far from the road to Christchurch, and there is a considerable rush of miners to the place. We shall need an additional clergyman, making in all a staff of three on the Coast ; on my return through Christchurch, I saw the Bishop, and arrangements will soon be made to supply a suitable man.

TIMARU.

A great disaster has occurred. Vessels from England lie off Timaru in a safe anchorage, landing their cargo in surf boats ; the breakwater which I mentioned is begun, but is not sufficiently advanced to form a harbour, but, as a rule, there is little risk here, as the Timaru bay is not a lee shore, and the surf is not heavy.

It was a calm Sunday morning in May ; four ships were in the roadstead at anchor, and as I returned from an Early Service in the Gaol, I noticed the beauty of the sea, which lay like a silver shield sparkling in the sunshine. Within in a few hours there was

a marvellous change. Our Morning Service at St. Mary's was nearly over, when we were startled by signal guns of distress, and an ominous gathering roar of surf. Everyone made for the beach, where a furious sea was running, with immense waves, probably the result of a tidal wave caused by some submarine explosion in the Pacific, for there was not a breath of wind. Presently, three of the vessels broke away from their anchors, drifting towards the rocks which form a headland to the north. Their crews took to the boats, with little chance of making the shore in such a sea. Then came a call for volunteers to man the harbour lifeboat, and other whaleboats; there was no lack of response; five boats went to the rescue, for it was seen that two of the ship's boats had capsized. As the last boat was leaving the wharf, a man I knew well came running down and, noticing a friend who had taken his seat at the bow oar, sung out, "Come out of that, Jack, you're a married man, I'm not," and he took his place; a steady, hard-working fellow, a Swede, a fine specimen of manhood, seldom absent from St. Mary's evening service. The boats met a terrible experience; for three hours they battled with the sea, which still increased; swamped, righting again, picking up drowning men, until at last they reached the shelter of the breakwater, but with the loss of twelve lives, the Harbour Master, Captain Mills, so exhausted, that he died soon after he was lifted out of his boat, and amongst the missing was the gallant fellow who had given his life for his friend. It was a strangely tragic afternoon; brilliant sunshine over all that surging waste of waters; on land the calm peace of an Autumn day; nearly the whole population of the town on the beach, watching the

struggle with death, unable to help ; and at last the return of the rescuers, battered, bruised, and spent, with the men they had saved. Then, as if to remind us that "the waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly ; but yet the Lord Who dwelleth on high is mightier," by the time of Evening Service there was a great calm, and under the clear moonlight "the gentleness of Heaven" was over all. You may imagine the congregation, and the solemnity of our Service that night.

A few days later, the bodies having been recovered, amid a vast concourse which well nigh filled the cemetery, I committed them to their last earthly home. A committee has been formed to collect funds for the relatives of those who were lost, where needed, and for the erection of a Memorial granite obelisk, to be placed near St. Mary's Church, where several streets meet. There is no lack of liberal and ready benevolence in such a community as this for such a purpose.

I am gradually getting the Sunday School into shape ; this has taken time, as I found merely a handful of children, with a few teachers, and a state of indiscipline that needed strong measures. There is no chance of a Church Day School here ; the secular state system holds the ground, with an excellent building, a good staff of teachers, in every way an admirable school save for the great defect of complete absence of Biblical or religious teaching. So we must make much of Sunday School work, supplemented by week-day classes. This, I hope to make a success, as I find many who are anxious to aid in Church work. There is a well-managed Hospital here, in which Sunday Services are held by Mr. Turnbull, one of the pioneers of the place. Actual poverty hardly exists,

but in order to meet cases of illness and misfortune, with the aid of several, including an old friend of mine in Hokitika, William Evans, who is engaged in the flour milling trade of the place, we have instituted a Benevolent Society, to which the public generally subscribe, and on its committee there are representatives of all religious denominations.

Visiting here is different work to that in Westland, open country, scattered population, but excellent roads, which would do credit to a much older place, the result of a system by which the Board of Works receives a proportion of all money acquired by Government by sale of Crown lands. The Board's affairs have been well cared for by its chairman, Philip Luxmoore, whom you may recollect at Eton, nephew of Dr. Pusey. I do a great deal of walking, with some riding and driving; there is no river trouble to be faced, and the difference between the rainfall here and Westland is immense. There, an average of over a hundred inches, here, a mere twenty-eight, per annum.

Talking of holidays, my idea is this: to stick to work here for some years, and, when the opportunity comes, if possible, to have a year or so in the old world again. I have a great longing to see something of the Continent, and especially of Italy. I have no lack of books, the mails are faster than some years ago, but one feels the want of that quickening of intellectual life which you enjoy in constant contact with cultured minds. After nine years of daily talk of gold and wash-dirt, this pastoral land, where Wool is king, is apt—to quote George Herbert—"to transfuse a sheepishness into my story," and one runs the risk of "being in the pasture lost." So I keep at my habit of study, reading every morning as far as pos-

sible, to say nothing of Home papers and magazines, and always find some kindred spirits ready to discuss them.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XIV.

Timaru, South Canterbury,
December 10*th*, 1881.

My dear St. John,

Things have moved on apace since my last letter. If I am nor boring you, I will give a brief account of an important meeting of General Synod in Nelson. Five Bishops were present, with twenty Clerical and twenty-four Lay representatives. After the Primate's address, in accordance with the ancient custom of the Councils of the Church, a copy of the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures, together with a copy of the same in Maori, the work of Archdeacon Maunsell, were laid on the table. The conservative tendency of our Synodical system, in which the concurrence of all three orders, Bishops, Clergy, and Laity is required to pass any measure, was shown by the fact that, out of eleven Bills proposed, six only were finally agreed to. There was much debate but in a legislative assembly such as our Synod is, that means no waste of time.

Pardon me if I allude chiefly to one very important measure, of which I was in charge. It arose out of the now recognized fact that the Church in a Colony, having an independent legislature, cannot remain an integral part of the Church in England, as by law established, but must legislate for itself. Further,

as time goes on, there can be little doubt that some variations in our Formularies will become necessary, and must be dealt with. But this obstacle arises. Our Church Constitution seems to forbid any sort of change except under the authority of the Church at Home. That authority no longer exists. Yet we are not technically free, for our Constitution in set words declares that its provisions are unalterable by General Synod. To myself and many others it appears self-evident that such a declaration is null and void in itself No Synod can legislate for all time. The Founders of the Constitution were wise in their own generation, but they could not foresee the future; their legislation cannot be unalterable by succeeding Synods. The same authority which saw fit to impose these shackles on the free action of the Church can undo them.

Assuming that this position of affairs was generally recognized, my contention was that we ought to face the facts of the case, and provide carefully for changes in our Formularies, when found to be necessary, in such a way that nothing of the sort should be possible, except with the fullest consideration both by Diocesan as well as General Synod; and further, that steps should be taken to modify the actual terms of the Constitution which forbid change, as being obsolete, and a mere technical hindrance to our proper responsibility for self-government. So I introduced a motion to test the matter, and I give the notice of it which appeared in the papers. "The great debate of the session, extending over three evenings, took place on a motion introduced by Archdeacon Harper, entitled the 'Formularies Bill,' being a statute to limit and define the power of General Synod in reference

to alterations of the Services, Formularies, and Articles of the Church, and the Authorised Version of the Holy Scriptures, and to settle the mode of procedure in reference thereto."

Nearly every member of Synod spoke, the subject creating the liveliest interest, both inside and outside Synod. There is a very strong conservative element both amongst Clergy and Laity, which showed itself in its complete misapprehension of the true purpose of my motion, so much so, that, to my surprise, I found that I was regarded by many as a radical, eager for change, whereas the whole purpose of my motion was to make changes impossible except after the most reasoned and careful discussion, and with full, almost unanimous, consent of the Church. "You wish to open the door" was their line of argument, "and anything may happen."

Well, we move slowly, whether in Church or secular politics, and perhaps safely. At a late hour on the third night, a division was taken, of which I give the results: The Bishops, Ayes 5, Noes 0; Clergy, Ayes 7, Noes 12; Laity, Ayes 5, Noes 14. So the motion was lost, and I was content to lose it, as I am sure that in future some such plan as that which I proposed must be accepted.

Nelson is a lovely place, situated at the head of a deep inlet, sheltered on all sides by hills; its climate the most equable in New Zealand; not a centre of much business, but the resort of retired people, and noted for its schools. It has a reputation as a place where it is "always afternoon."

We have now made a successful start in regard to our parish buildings. The vicarage is complete, a well designed structure in brick; close by it a spacious

School Church, with room for five hundred, to be used as a Church until the completion of the nave of St. Mary's. Liberal subscriptions have come in, and a design for the new church accepted, but not without much opposition. I was anxious to take advantage of the general enthusiasm shown by Church people, and to get their consent to a plan of the best possible style and material, and of sufficient size to provide for an increasing population, which need not be completed at once. In Westland I came across a young English architect, W. G. Armson, who built some wooden churches for me, now in Christchurch, where he has established a good business. The Vestry agreed to my proposal to employ him and, after some time, during which I had many consultations with him, he completed a very fine design in Early English style, of which the Nave, with accommodation for seven hundred, would suffice for some time to come. In Timaru we have, close at hand, quarries of a purple grey dolerite, excellent for the main fabric, very hard, but taking a fine finish when hammered, and, at Oamaru, within fifty miles, a granular limestone, of creamy colour, easily worked, for the interior.

Great opposition, however, arose when the design was submitted to a general meeting of parishioners for their approval. Without their consent, as the progress of the Church, whether in the matter of church building or support of the clergy, depends here on their contributions, nothing can be done. The opposition was vigorous, and in argument effective. "That plan will not be finished under £16,000; the nave alone will cost £10,000; where is the money to come from? Why embarass the church with debt? Here is a plan by a local Architect, for £5,000; further, the

present site is not the best; sell it, and buy another site further south, which can be had at a cheap rate."

The meeting was adjourned to give time for consideration, and to enable us to ascertain generally the chances of adequate financial support for Mr. Armson's design. This was satisfactory, and at the next meeting I found myself in practical command of the situation. Mr. G. Grey Russell, a most liberal churchman, had sent me a cheque for £500, on condition Mr. Armson's plan was accepted, and Mr. R. Rhodes had written to me, stating that his late brother George had given the present site, and that if there were no attempt to sell it, and the proposed plan accepted, he was prepared to contribute liberally, together with the trustees of his brother's family. This was followed up by a subscription list, well filled. By way, however, of a breeze after a storm, objection was raised to the plan of debentures which parishioners were asked to take, in view of the certainty that the subscription list would not provide all the necessary funds. It was urged that, there being no security for these, except the good faith of the Churchwardens for the time being, they were not legally worth the paper they were written on. One objector, in particular, wanted to know what guarantee there was that the church would be here in a few years' time, whereat my Churchwarden, Captain Woollcombe, in his somewhat quarter-deck style, made reply: "Sir, at this distance I can't see who you are, but, sir, I can assure you that, when once the Church comes to a new place, she doesn't run away, and when you are dead and buried and clean forgotten the Church will be here, and doing her work."

Some months have passed, and we have begun well.

The foundation stone of the nave was laid, with all due ceremony, but, to the great regret of all, the Bishop of Christchurch, through illness, was unable to attend, the Dean taking his place. It was a great day for Church people, and, indeed, for many others, as the interest taken in the Church is very general; a largely attended Social gathering was held in the evening, when the visiting Clergy and others bestowed much commendation on the enterprise of St. Mary's people. "If you can tackle such a building, and complete it," said one, "in future years they will say, 'there were giants in the land in those days.'" Well —our reply is the zeal of the parishioners, and the inspiration that comes from the ideal of a noble building to the Glory of God, such as may be a possession for ever for future generations; difficult, I allow, of achievement, and not to be built in a day, needing much patience, but—

"Never aught was excellent assayed,
Which was not hard to achieve, and bring to end."

sings Spenser, and I do not doubt our success. You will make allowance for my sanguine enthusiasm, when you think of the unique conditions of our work. In a new country, and such as New Zealand, full of promise of a great future, there is a special romance in all pioneer work; one does not build on another man's foundation. Here there is the privilege and responsibility of beginning, with its own charm and powerful incentive, which no one, I think, can quite realize as they do who leave the old world to begin a new life in the uttermost parts of the earth.

The question of finance was serious, and by way of supplementing subscriptions, it was resolved to

hold a bazaar on a large scale. Personally, I prefer direct subscriptions, but there is this to be said for a bazaar; it employs numbers who are eager to work for the Church, but have little in the way of money to give, and it promotes social intercourse amongst all classes of parishioners. We sent home for saleable things which cannot be purchased here, in addition to local contributions, and the result was most successful, though the bazaar closed with a curious incident. A large hall in the Mechanic's Institute was rented for a fortnight for it, and the precaution taken to insure the goods; the bazaar was closed, but a number of things not sold were still in the hall, when a fire broke out, and, hurrying down to it, I was greeted by a voice in the crowded street: "Behold God's judgment on Church Bazaars!" and then the prompt rejoinder from another voice: "You're wrong there, they're insured up to the hilt!" The result was that we received full value for what was burnt, but had to endure many a jibe at our smart way of doing business.

Most parishes, I imagine, have their parochial critic. We have one who takes a chair at the end of the nave, and comments on the sermon, at times, in more than a whisper. Lately, we have had a fortnight's mission, conducted by Dean Bromby, Dean of Hobart, and, after one of his sermons, the critic waylaid him in the porch, and said, "Now, Mr. Dean, we have a chance of hearing the Gospel; we gets lots from him (pointing to myself), but not the Gospel." "Indeed," said the Dean, "that's very serious; won't you come in to the parsonage and discuss it with us?" "I'll come, fast enough," he said, "and you'll hear some plain truth." However, he found the Dean too much for

him and, as he left, he said : "Well, I may be wrong in some respects, but it's a good thing you've come, for, like St. Paul, you'll do your son Timothy here a lot of good." Without doubt the Dean has done us all so much good that it will be long before his powerful yet practical sermons are forgotten. He was especially welcomed by several Tasmanian families, who have made Timaru their home, such as Messrs. Arthur and Cecil Perry, and Mr. J. W. White, our principal legal firms.

Sunday School work is progressing ; we have started a small branch school in the suburbs, in a rented cottage, under the management of Mrs. Luxmoore, and hope it may lead to the purchase of a site and a building of our own. There is little poverty here, but cases of distress and misfortune are inevitable, and so, to meet these, with the aid of Mr. W. Evans, an old West Coast friend, and others, we have organized a Benevolent Society, of which all Ministers of religion are members, there being no Government system yet of charitable relief. I have also got together a Guild of Ladies for Needlework, who will raise funds for certain portions of the new Church. Things are progressing generally in South Canterbury ; whether this will last, I cannot say ; in a young country people take short views, and are inclined to let the future look to itself, and, I think, also to live too nearly up to their incomes.

My work is pleasantly varied by occasional visits to Christchurch, one of which was to the Consecration of the Cathedral, of which the nave is completed, with a temporary chancel. Sir Gilbert Scott furnished the design, in Early English style, and, with some modifications, the work has been carried out by Mr.

Mountfort, the resident architect. Owing to the nature of the soil, and the risk of earthquake, the foundations have been laid with great care and considerable cost, though the risk is comparatively slight, as so far as experience goes, the earthquake zone, which has its centre in the North Island, does not extend far to the South.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XV.

TIMARU,

January 15th, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Says the wise man: "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider; God also hath set the one over against the other." I am considering, for the fat years have been followed by leanness, in other words, the price of wool has fallen, high values given for land have led to failure; there is a dearth of money, and our noble subscription list for the Church must be largely discounted. Its walls, nearly to their full height, are at a standstill, and there is no prospect of any immediate progress. Meanwhile the inevitable croakers are ready with their encouraging comments: "I always said you were attempting too much; look at the result,—a picturesque ruin!" So I preach patience, and reply that the loyalty which I know St. Mary's people have to the Church is not going to fail, even if we have to wait some time before it is fit for use. We have paid our way so far, with the exception of the debt incurred for the vicarage and its site, and, by way of easing the finances of the parish, as the Vestry deal with me most liberally in the matter of stipend, I am paying the interest due on debentures, by way of rent.

I have again been to Westland. During my stay there I had an interesting time with the Maories. At Arahura there is a Native School, attended also by a few European children. The Master and Mistress are well qualified for their work, being conversant with the Native language. Owing to some trouble which had arisen with regard to discipline and teaching, I was commissioned by the Bishop, at the request of the Government, to make inquiry, and report. The school is a State school, receiving a considerable subsidy, in addition to small fees paid by the children. Knowing the deliberate fashion of all Native discussion, I gave a whole long day to the inquiry. The committee, consisting of Native chiefs, with one European representative, assembled early in the morning to take evidence from the parents, and Master and Mistress. The real source of the trouble soon appeared. One of the committee, a Maori Chief who had lately come from Christchurch, bringing several children, had taken dislike to the Master and Mistress, and brought charges of mismanagement against them, which broke down completely. He had persuaded one other of the committee to join him in complaining to the Government, and asking for the removal of the Master and Mistress. Late in the afternoon I summed up the evidence, and gave my decision, completely exonerating the Master and Mistress; and, having drawn up a statement of the case to be forwarded to the Government, I invited the members of committee to sign it. With much deliberation, one by one did so, until it came to the turn of the malcontent Chief. The others looked at him with inquiring eyes, as he approached the table and took up the pen. "No," said he, "I will not

sign." Then I remembered advice given me by a man of much experience with the Natives: "You'll find that when they are in the wrong, but unwilling to give in, a little strong language, with some show of contempt, will be more effective than any appeal to reason." Knowing practically nothing of the language, which can be very picturesque on occasion, I fell back on English, which is sufficiently understood. "You refuse, do you? You, who have made false statements, proved to be false! They tell me you pride yourself on being a Rangitira, a man of high birth and character! You are, in my opinion, no better than a sulky schoolboy; you don't know how to behave as a man; I'm ashamed of you!" Up he got, came to the table again, took the pen, and signed the document. Then a look of satisfaction beamed on every face, including his own; the meeting ended, and we went to an evening meal, everyone apparently much relieved by the conclusion of the day's work.

I arranged with them that in the morning two of the committee should meet me in Hokitika, at the Telegraph Office, to sign a message to the Bishop, and inform him of the settlement of the case. They came and did so, and then, from their manner, I saw that there was something still to be done. "Would I come with them into the town?" They took me to a jeweller's shop, and bought a valuable little green-stone ornament. "But," said I, "I've only done my duty, which is part of my regular work for you." "Yes, we know that, but duty isn't everything; we want you to take this, because of our affection for you." So I asked them why did ——— give in at last and sign, did he really mean it? "Yes,

he meant it, and he said, your *Mana* was too strong, he had to own he was wrong." That untranslatable Maori word, which means a something of personal influence and rightful authority.

On my return journey, rain and flood delayed the coach at the foot of the Otira Pass, where we had to remain for the night, in a rough shanty, which leaked like a sieve, but provided us with plenty of food and fire. Several weather-bound miners were there, and conversation took place about a fatal accident which had befallen some prospectors in the neighbourhood, who were camped in a deep ravine, which cuts through the flanks of the Wilberforce ranges. One night a furious flood came down upon them, sweeping away tents and men as they slept. Two escaped, the third was discovered some days later, smothered in sand and shingle, and, said the narrator, "the curious thing was that the poor chap had his blanket still round him, and, gripped fast in one hand, a chess board, like a small backgammon board, closed, with the men inside held in their places with pegs; the other chaps told us that John Davies used to play chess by himself in his tent, at night, after he had turned in."

Have you never noticed, St. John, that, now and then, there are happenings which seem providentially meant for yourself, bringing messages which are of encouragement or warning, from those whom you once knew in life? The man's story meant much to me. Had I not been by chance detained on my journey, I might never have heard again of my old friend, John Davies. "I can tell you something of him," I said. "Some years ago, before I left the Coast, I made friends with him at Ross. He had been

a sailor, a miner in California, and was mining in Westland. A bad accident laid him up in the Hokitika Hospital for eighteen months, and there, when I visited him, he asked me to teach him chess. I happened to have a small closed board, fitted with men, which I gave him; I taught him the moves, and he took to trying to solve the problems which appear in the *Illustrated News*. Just before I left Westland he had recovered sufficiently to be about the ward, and, when I was taking leave of him and others, he said, 'You've been a good friend to me, Archdeacon, I'm a different man now; perhaps we shall never meet again, but be sure if anything happens, wherever I am picked up, this chess board will be found on John Davies.'"

"And he said that, did he? Well now, who'd have thought it would come true?" "Yes," I said, "if you hadn't been here to tell, I should never have known it, and, do you know, I feel sure that John Davies is glad that I know it." They sat in silence some time, smoking, over the fire. "Well, good night, all," said one, "I didn't know him, but his mates spoke well of him, though he did keep a bit to himself; it's a rough life, and many a good chap goes under; glad I met you."

A brilliant morning followed the rain; at an early hour we were atop of the pass, looking down at the glacial torrent in the Otira Gorge, a branch of the same stream which overwhelmed John Davies; rock and snowy peaks bathed in glorious sunshine. "His wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in His pleasure is life: Heaviness may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." May it be so with my old friend.

TIMARU.

We have had another mission, which has done much good, conducted by the Rev. C. Bodington, of Lichfield. He came with a colleague, at the invitation of the Bishop, for several months' work in the Diocese. We have had the benefit of two long visits from him, a man of real power, keenly in earnest. It is a great privilege, in these uttermost parts of the earth, to have visits from such men, not only for the people but the clergy, who can see little of each other, though in one respect we are better off than our brethren at home, as every parish can count on an annual visit from the Bishop. It will be long before Bodington is forgotten in Timaru.

Owing to the generosity of Mrs. Luxmoore, we have now a good site in the suburb of Sandytown, and a substantial wooden School Church, used for Services and Sunday School. We have also instituted Parish Festivals, as I had them in Hokitika, but on even a larger scale, as they are very popular. It means much work and organization, and is most effective in bringing people together.

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October 1*st*, 1886.

I have let some time elapse before continuing this letter, which I can now do with a light heart, for the "days of adversity" are ending, and those "of prosperity" are at hand again. In August last we were able to consecrate the completed nave of St. Mary's, with a temporary chancel, sanctuary and vestry. Before describing it, let me tell you how this came about. New Zealand, with its small population,

must needs have a market over-seas for its produce. Till lately this consisted of wool and wheat and gold. Gold finds a ready sale under any circumstances, but the goldfields, as usual, have seen their best days, and when wool went down in value in the English market, and New Zealand's export of wheat was small, a general stagnation of business set in throughout the country. Then came the invention and perfecting of the process of freezing meat and other articles of food for export. The result is incalculable ; it means assured success to an agricultural and pastoral country, which numbers its flocks already by many millions. Wool may fluctuate in value, but people must eat, and the old country will soon discover the quality of New Zealand mutton.

Six years have passed since the foundation stone of St. Mary's Church was laid, but the delay has been an advantage, allowing time for the thorough settlement of the stonework, and seasoning of timber. Armson's design will, I think, compare favourably with any modern building at home. The massive walls allow for deep setting of the double lancet windows, with a wide interior splay of opening ; the large western rose window is a fine specimen of plate tracery ; the high pitched roof has handsome open woodwork, in which the king-posts, in the form of Celtic crosses, rise from crenellated tie-beams ; the wood being Rimu, a native red pine, comparatively light, very strong, and in colour equal to oak. The pillars of the nave are monoliths of red Aberdeen granite, nineteen inches in diameter, standing on stone bases. These are the gift of Mrs. Luxmoore, in memory of her husband. Their capitals, as well as the bosses of the dripstones above the arches, and the corbel tables

which support the ribs of the roof, are boldly carved in Early English foliage. We have raised funds also for an organ, not large, but sweet and powerful, by *Lewis*, of Brixton ; the font was given by the teachers and children of the Sunday School, and the lectern presented by my Mother, the temporary furnishings of the Sanctuary, also, by friends.

You may imagine what preparation there was for the consecration, which took place on Thursday, August 28th. We had, as guests, the Bishop of the Diocese, the Bishop of Dunedin, and fourteen clergy. Great interest was taken in the day's proceedings, not only by Churchpeople, but by the citizens generally ; the Consecration Service at 11 a.m. and Evensong at 8, being crowded to the doors. The Choir, consisting of fourteen boys and twelve men, well trained by Mr. Ziesler, and Mr. Gooch, our Organist, formerly a Norwich Cathedral choir boy, and trained as organist by Dr. Buck, did their part effectively. At the Luncheon which followed the Morning Service, much was said of the architectural beauty and solid construction of the new Church, which, many think, has no equal in New Zealand, and of the energy and liberality of St. Mary's people who have accomplished such a work. Looking forward to the future, perhaps not very distant, when South Canterbury will become a separate diocese, the Bishop of Dunedin did not hesitate to express his opinion that St. Mary's would become its cathedral, and, when completed, would be in every way worthy the honour. It has been, as you know, an undertaking costing much labour and anxiety, and which means, probably, many a year more of similar effort, but as I listened to the enconiums so generally given, of what has been so far

accomplished, and so full of reward for it all, my great satisfaction was in the congratulations which I heard on all sides, during the day, not so much to myself, but to themselves, by Churchpeople; "Our Church, our work,—what a grand day we have had." This is, indeed, "a crown of rejoicing," for it is their work, the work of many,—not a few rich donors, or of large legacies or endowments, but of people, who, in a new land, have to build up their Church, support its ministry, enable it to pay its way, and do its appointed work. "Wouldn't you like to hear that someone has left a large sum for the completion of St. Mary's?" said a man to me, "as one hears is often done in the old world." "No," I said, "I would much rather—if we do ever complete it, see it done by St. Mary's people, for if they do it, I shall be sure they love their Church."

The day following the Consecration was a specimen of the climate here, which I believe some American has described as "a climate of samples." August is equivalent to the English February, but generally milder. We woke to a white world, snow several inches deep. Going down to the 10 a.m. service, we found the choir boys building a snow man in the Church grounds, and the roofs of the building, as if for its baptism, snow clad.

May 1*st*, 1889.

Nearly three years of hard work since the consecration of the church; single-handed work, for we are not yet in a position to maintain a curate; and, with the additional places of worship, at Kingsdown, six miles distant, and near Beaconsfield in a schoolroom. Some day these may form part of a separate parish;

meanwhile, I must do my best, giving them occasional Services. I am tempted at times to compare the work here with that at home; there, certainly, the disadvantages of crowded population, slums in places, much poverty and ill-health, but more clergy than we have to cope with the work. The comparison, I think, is in our favour, though I have to do the whole work of a large church like St. Mary's, much travelling, with some five sermons per week. But then, in every occupation here we work harder than is the custom at home, and no one is a penny the worse.

St. Mary's Needlework Guild, which I have already mentioned, is successfully raising funds for the debt on the Church; paying for certain portions of the fabric, such as the Chancel arch, and the stone-work of the western rose window. They have already established a wide reputation for plain and fancy work, executing orders, and holding occasional sales. The large building, lately used as a temporary Church, is now a Parish Hall, much in use for Sunday School and other work. In it we have weekly meetings of a Dorcas Society, which is thriving. It is a self-supporting rather than a charitable society. Its members pay a small weekly sum, which is doubled by the contributions of honorary members; they meet to do needlework for themselves, under the superintendence of the committee who aid them; material at wholesale prices is found for them, and they are taught to do good work. The weekly payment is strictly enforced, and no time is allowed to be wasted in talk. Each meeting is opened with hymn, prayer, and short Bible reading, by the Vicar. Once a year there is a social gathering of all members and friends, with tea, etc., and an annual bonus in kind

is given to the members, of material at wholesale prices, purchased by the society by means of general contributions for its work. It is succeeding well, because of its principle of not pauperizing by gifts, but of teaching self-reliance and self-help. Perhaps I should add that much depends on its good business management, which is in the hands of some of the most earnest and capable Churchwomen that any Vicar could have.

Sunday School work, too, is rapidly increasing, with good success. I am seldom absent from it, not teaching, but generally supervising the work, always taking myself the Morning School, as one large class. It certainly means work on a Sunday that one would gladly be free from, but I regard it as of all importance, especially as we can have no Church day schools; it brings one into personal contact with one's children, and with the teachers, to our great mutual advantage.

Of course, long continuance of such work begins to tell. It is now twenty-three years since I left London for Westland, and, save for the triennial meetings of General Synod, I have not had a single day's holiday. Our staff of clergy is too limited to allow for anything but an interchange of duty. There is no chance here of a month off work, with a *locum tenens*. So I am meditating a visit Homewards again, having the chance of someone to take charge of the parish for a year, a clergyman, recently arrived in our diocese, as Chaplain to the Bishop, the Rev. W. Winter. I have the consent of the Vestry, and I need hardly say I am looking forward keenly to the great pleasure of seeing the Old World again. Now that you have left your work at Eton, as Master, and are in your vicarage at Mapledurham, I shall hope to revisit you,

and talk of past days. Only those who have spent as many years as I have in a new land, which has no past, can understand what a holiday means in the Old World.

In February I attended the session of General Synod, in Dunedin. My Father, the Bishop of Christchurch, gave notice of his intention to resign the Primacy, which he had held since Bishop's Selwyn's departure in 1868, on account of his increasing years; Synod presenting him with an address, expressing the affectionate regret of the Church in New Zealand that his long and effective tenure of the office was about to terminate, having lasted over seven General Synods; and thankfulness for the prolongation of a life of such value to the Church, beyond the ordinary measure. Then followed the election of a Primate to fill the vacancy. It may interest you to know why Bishop Selwyn, and those with him, who drew up our Church Constitution, chose the title "Primate," instead of "Metropolitan" or "Archbishop." It was, I believe, because "Primus" or Primate was the title given in the earliest days of Church organization to the Bishop of Churches grouped together as a Province, who occupied the position of Presidency over them. Such a Primate had no higher spiritual authority or dignity than his fellow Bishops, but, as President of provincial Synods, and of the College of Bishops, he had certain duties committed to him, relating to matters of discipline, such as confirming episcopal elections, with no right of direct interference with the ordinary rule of another Bishop, but in certain cases of irregularity, a certain right of decision, if appealed to. He was also the executive of the Provincial Synod. It was held that though the title "Metropolitan"

took the place of "Primate," and later still, that of "Archbishop," "Primate" was the original title of the presiding Bishop, and, as such, was selected in the case of the Church in New Zealand. Perhaps it especially suits the Church, as in New Zealand there are four principal cities, none of which can claim the title of Metropolis. Moreover, the title Archbishop is usually connected with one special see, and city, whereas, in the New Zealand Church, the Primacy is a personal title, belonging to the Bishop who happens to be elected to the office by General Synod. If it were attached to one special see, any vacancy in that see would necessitate the newly elected Bishop being also constituted Primate.

So much for our title of Primate. In this particular election things occurred which were matters of much regret. The canon which regulates the election provides that any Bishop is eligible for the office, but there is to be no proposal of anyone as candidate. No speeches are to be made; voting is to be by ballot; any Bishop who obtains more than half the votes of each order of Bishops, Clergy and Laity, becomes the Primate. If no majority is obtained, a second, and third, ballot takes place; if no election then, the office devolves on the senior Bishop.

On this occasion there was no majority in the first and second ballots. Then Synod, in my opinion, made a grave mistake. In order to secure an election, the Bishop of Melanesia suggested, and Synod accepted, a resolution that the results of the ballot should be disclosed, with the names of the Bishops, and votes recorded for each. This, to my mind, was a violation of the spirit and letter of the canon, which was intended, by means of ballot, in the interests of the

Bishops themselves, to keep the details of the voting secret. An election was secured, namely that of the Bishop of Wellington, but with the result that it was known that the Bishop of Nelson, the senior on the Bench, had been negatived by the representatives of his own diocese,—a most unhappy position, brought about by our own infringement of our canon. In future some alteration will be necessary in our procedure. Our methods of spiritual appointments are as yet on their trial. Whether they are an improvement on the anomalous system at Home, which seems, practically, to work so well, remains to be seen.

* * * * * * * * *

1889. London,

September 30th.

I arrived, a few days ago, in the P. & O. *Britannia*, after a most interesting voyage. I went to Melbourne to join her, and had a day or two there to see the wonderful progress the city has made since I saw it in 1866. My first ocean voyage in a well-appointed steamer. What a contrast to the sailing ships in which I rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and Cape Horn! and what a delightful exchange of summer seas for the wintry storms of Southern Latitudes! I found a good friend in the Commander, Captain Hector, who was in command, some years ago, of the *Southern Cross*, Bishop Patteson's mission vessel. We had a day or two in Ceylon, my first glimpse of Indian tropical scenery, a perfect paradise of colour. Unlike other parts of India, showers fall almost every day in the year, which accounts for the lovely freshness

of its vegetation. Thence across the Arabian Sea, and a four days' passage up the Red Sea. Much depends, of course, when you first see scenes of great historic interest, in your travels, on weather, and the accidental advantage of light which enhances the view. I was in luck's way ; at 5 a.m. in the Gulf of Suez we were slowly coasting along the rugged granite ranges which lie just in front of Mt. Sinai, hiding the actual mountain itself. Sunrise at hand, red yellow shafts of brilliant hue, shooting up behind the serrated range ; in the foreground red granite rock in shadow, rising from a deep blue sea. The peak which shuts out the view of Sinai, Jebel Katherina, is over eight thousand feet in height,—on the other side, the Egyptian side, a magnificent mass of granite, Jebel Ghareb, rising above six thousand feet, just caught on its highest points the glory of the rising sun. Going slowly, for we were ahead of our time, I managed to get a rough water-colour sketch of the scene at its best. Under the glare of the mid-day sun it would all have been very different, for the coast line of the Gulf of Suez is as bare of vegetation as your hand, an arid wilderness, all light, with none of the mysterious beauty of colour of shade. By the way, I have seen no intenser blue than that of the Red Sea ; whence came the old Greek name ? Probably not from any seaweed coral, or the colour of the coast, but a literal Greek translation of the word " Edom," Red ; some of the Edomites being dwellers in South Arabia, and the sea taking its title from them, " the Sea of the Red men."

I was the only passenger on deck at that early hour, and was rewarded, not only by the glorious view, but with a cup of coffee, brought me by a deck steward.

Arriving at Suez, we anchored, to wait for passengers from shore, and to pass the health officers' examination before entering the Canal. Another scene of great interest. On the Arabian side, at no great distance, a great yellow stretch of desert, backed up by mountain ranges; in the foreground, near the water, a group of palm trees, and other vegetation, a few flat-topped houses, known as "the Wells of Moses"; yellow sands, opal tinted, misty mountains; a caravan of camels, slowly wending its way from inland to the Wells, and over all the intense silence of the desert brooding. The tradition that this was one of the halting places of the Children of Israel, as they journeyed towards Sinai, is probably true. On the Egyptian side of the Gulf, the characteristic rocks and cliffs here come to an end in a bold headland, Ras Mohammed, the reputed place of the crossing of the Israelites, but it is now well established that the crossing took place near the site of the bitter lakes, through which the Canal passes.

It was evening before we entered the Canal. At its mouth we passed a large steam dredge, full of the spoil of the Canal, with the word "Pharoah" on its bow! How are the mighty fallen!! Pharoah slaving for the Children of Japhet; 'Japhet dwelling in the tents of Shem! Along the banks of the Canal, in the evening light, strings of camels and asses, with their owners; here and there a small encampment, with women and children, all in the costume which has lasted from the days of Abraham and Moses. Complete silence, save for a few voices, and then the shades of night; stars like lamps hanging above in a blue-black sky, and on ahead our powerful searchlight, throwing its beams on each side of the Canal,

and giving the sand the effect of snow; the actual course of the deep water channel being marked out with gas-lit buoys. So we travelled very slowly all night, and on deck I re-read the story of Israel's departure from Egypt. Next morning, passing by Lake Menzaleh, with its squadrons of flamingoes and cranes, we reached Port Said.

At Suez we took on board some homeward-bound passengers, and there was much talk of the state of affairs in Egypt, the abandonment of the Sudan, the tragedy of Gordon's death at Khartoum, and the possible danger of a Dervish invasion of Egypt. Colonel Rhodes and Lieutenant D'Aguilar had just arrived from Wady Halfa, which is now the Frontier post of defence, situated in the valley of the Nile, at a point where an invading army would probably try to force its way. This fort is now held entirely by Egyptian troops, under English officers, who have trained them so well, that they can be trusted to hold their own, especially when fighting in defence of a fort. D'Aguilar mentioned that he had an Abyssinian orderly, and I asked him whether Christianity, such as it is in Abyssinia, influenced the man's character. "Well," he said, "I don't know much about his morality, but I can tell you one thing. I took him with me one day, amongst the sand-hills in the neighbourhood, to see if there were any of the enemy lurking about, and told him to go up on one of them and have a good look round. He had his rifle, and is a good shot, but, like most of them, loved to carry also several assegais, their favourite weapon at close quarters. Presently he signalled to me that he saw someone, and then, dropping his rifle and brandishing an assegai, he disappeared down the other side of the hill. He

returned triumphant, having killed his foe. 'Why did you not shoot?' I said. 'Ah, me like you,—me a Christian. He have no rifle; me like you,—fight fair.'" Abyssinian Christianity, I believe, is in many respects barbaric, but a fact like this seems to show that the salt has not entirely lost its savour.

What splendid work is being done in Egypt, both in the Army and Civil Service, and by men of whom little is heard, and not the least likely to blow their own trumpets. It seems there is a general opinion that the power of Mahdism,—an unknown quantity—is a serious menace to the whole country, and that the position has been brought about, in great measure, by the vacillation of the Home Government, and its almost criminal neglect of its proper responsibility. Acknowledging its responsibility for the good government of Egypt, it shut its eyes to the fact that the Sudan is practically a part of Egypt, and let matters drift into terrible loss and disaster. Something must, and no doubt will, be done,—and will succeed. Great Britain's mission in Egypt will pursue its destined course, as elsewhere, in the cause of true civilization, irrespective of political apathy, or political short-sightedness at Home.

Emerging from Port Said, I persuaded Captain Hector, as we were ahead of our time, to go up through the Ionian Isles and so make his course to Brindisi. He agreed to do so, if he could manage by daylight, as the Islands are not well lit. We soon found ourselves on St. Paul's track in his journey to Rome, "running under a certain Island called Clauda," though we had no need, as they had, "to take trouble to come by their boat." Clauda, now Gozzo, rises with a cliff sheer out of the sea, some five hundred feet,

with a light-house atop, a dangerous neighbour for that ship of Alexandria, in which the Apostle sailed, when caught in the tempestuous wind Euroclydon. Early in the morning we passed Cape Matapan, and mountains of Morea. Passing Zante, we caught a glimpse of the Gulf of Corinth, then coasted along the Island of Cephalonia, with its lofty mountain, Monte Nero, the Black Mountain, Homer's epithet for it, black in his day, as it is now, with pines, and its lower flanks dotted with currant vines grown espalier fashion. It reaches nearly six thousand feet in height. Then we entered the narrow channel between it and the Island of Ithaca, ten miles long, and little more than a mile in width. I was busy sketching a picturesque bay, where several Greek brigs were at anchor, when an American passenger came up, and said: "I'm told, sir, that you know all about these old Islands; is this the place where Ulysses used to hang out, and mustered his ships before he went to the war?" "Yes," I said, "it's Ulysses' Island, and tradition says that he used that harbour for his fleet." "Waal," he replied, "I don't think much of his location." "And that was," I said, "the opinion also of the poet Horace, who describes Ithaca as not fit for horses, with scarce any flat land, and scanty vegetation." Passing Santa Maura just before dark, we made a straight course for Brindisi.

Brindisi, in old Roman days, was the termination of the Via Appia, the highway from Rome; its harbour, as to-day, the point of departure for the East, much improved by the Italian Government, but practically what it was in Julius Cæsar's time. I had a few hours ashore, and saw the house in which, they say, Virgil died. Certainly he died in Brundusium,

but the house! Well, parts of it are not unlike the old Roman work which exists here. It was amusing to hear the inevitable guide, who probably had little idea of Virgil and his work, say, "Ecco, Casa di Virgilio, Signor." Some of our passengers left by the overland express, which carries the mails, including the Sultan of Johore, one of our feudatory princes, a fine specimen of a Malay, with marked resemblance to a Maori, but a little lighter in complexion. I believe the best authorities regard the Maori race as Malay in origin. Quite an accomplished linguist; he told me that the great impediment to the progress of his people was their indolence. Anxious to improve the production of sago, he had imported machinery, and experts to teach the use of it, but with little result. Like all Orientals, he was fond of travelling. As he stepped out of the *Britannia*, in an English tourist's suit, I caught sight under his waistcoat, of a broad waist-band of gold net-work, studded with jewels, and, at the end of the crook of his walking-stick, a ruby nearly as large as a nut. He is well known in London, and is, I believe, a *persona grata* with the Prince of Wales.

Then we went southward to Malta, with a glimpse on the way of Etna, snow tipped, lifting its head above wreaths of cloud; and at Malta found ourselves again in the track of St. Paul. There we had a long day full of interest. As you approach it, making for the harbour of Valetta, Malta looks like a mass of rock, shaped somewhat like a man's hand, slightly arched, with three inlets, flanked by rocky cliffs, like the spaces between the fingers. "One of the great paws of the British Lion," said a passenger to me, as we steamed slowly beneath the grand fortifications of Valetta. We landed and, by advice, secured a guide,

whose chief use, having secured us as his prey, was to save us from the beggars who infest the place. In a little toy carriage, drawn by tiny ponies, we went up and down streets hewn out of rock, a few yards only in width, in many places a mere succession of steps. St. John's Cathedral has a magnificent interior, formerly the Church of the Order of the Knights of St. John, who were banished from Rhodes by the Turks. Under them Malta was the bulwark of Christianity in the Mediterranean, and in 1555 repulsed, after a great siege, the whole naval Ottoman force. In St. John's there are chapels dedicated to each of the nine countries whose knights represented the Order, including England, and on the floor of the nave there are no less than nine hundred slabs of coloured marble, tombstones of knights. The Governor's Palace, formerly the Grand Master's, is full of relics of the great siege, armour, weapons, and huge stone cannon balls. It has also magnificent Gobelin tapestries, which were carried off by Napoleon when he took Malta, but afterwards restored. The tradition of St. Paul's visit is strong in the Island, and a little distance from Valetta, in a bay which still retains the old name of Melita, there is a statue of the Apostle. As we did not leave till past midnight, I went at a late hour to the great square in front of the Governor's Palace, and found it thronged with people, of all sorts, taking their ease ; smoking, drinking coffee, listening to music, and lounging in every sort of attitude, under the soft, warm, starlit sky. Policemen were there, in plain serge dress, with a sort of dog-whip instead of baton. I asked one of them how long people remained there at night ? "Long time ; some sleep here all night." "And are there

ever fights amongst them ?" "No, people here no fight much, use knife sometimes." They are a very mixed origin, Phœnician, Arab, Norman and Italian.

Next day, passing in sight of Cape Le Bon, and the Coast of Tunis, we made straight for Gibraltar.

SUNDAY, 6.30 A.M.,
GIBRALTAR.

Not allowed to enter, what is in reality a fortress, till 7 a.m., and then, passing a sentry at a sort of funnel entrance cut through rock, warned that we cannot stay the night without a permit. I went up through steep streets to a large piazza, where the morning market is held,—such a medley of colour ; Moors from Tangiers, brawny, picturesque fellows, with donkeys half hidden by broad flat baskets, piled high with fruit and vegetables. Going a little further, I fell in with the morning parade service of a battalion of rifles, in a Square, flanked by lofty Spanish houses ; a high flight of steps leading up to a doorway, serving as the pulpit for the chaplain ; choral matins, supported by military band. Thence I found my way for an Early Celebration to a military church, where the chaplain invited me to breakfast. "Lucky fellow," he said, "on your way home ; I'm stuck on this rock for months to come ; good society, and not an uninteresting place, but little more than a rock." We had to be on board again by lunch time, towards which I contributed, as my purchase in the market, a basket shaped like a bucket, full of grapes, apricots, and pears, which had cost about two shillings.

That afternoon we steamed across the waters of Trafalgar Bay, with all its memories of Nelson, had a glimpse of Tarifa, and the fortifications on the

Spanish Coast, then across the Bay of Biscay to Plymouth. A lovely September morning, old England in all its autumn beauty. Early on deck, I met Captain Hector and a young Australian, who, during the voyage, with natural patriotism for the land of his birth, had been, as they say, "blowing" a good deal about the merits of Australia. The Captain, a silent sort of man, had noticed this, and, bidding him 'good morning,' pointed to the Devonshire Coast: "That, sir, you will find, is a country worth living in." We heard that, owing to a strike in the Thames, we were ordered to disembark at Southampton. A special train took the passengers up to London. At the Victoria Station I had a rather sad experience. One of our passengers, from Australia, had died on board, and it fell to my lot to bury him in the Red Sea. He had gone to Australia a year or two ago, hoping to ward off symptoms of consumption. He told me that he was returning, he felt sure, to die. He was found dead in his bunk one morning, and nothing could be discovered from his papers as to the address of his relatives at home, so that it was impossible for the Captain to telegraph or write to them. Standing in a crowd of people, welcoming their friends, and in a mass of luggage, looking for my own, I was accosted by an elderly couple, who asked me if their son had arrived by the *Britannia*. It flashed across me in a moment who they were, and then, in all the busy tumult of the Station, and the cheery voices of welcome to returning friends, I had to tell them of their son's death. I was glad to be able to be of some comfort to them in such a trouble.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XVI.

PLYMOUTH,

Sept. 19*th*, 1890.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

After a year's holiday, I am here, about to sail again for New Zealand, in S.S. *Rimutaka*. In January I went abroad, for, though I have been twice round the world, I knew nothing of the Continent, and was especially anxious to visit Italy. At Cannes I found our old Eton and Oxford friend, Wollaston, who is the permanent Chaplain of St. Paul's Church, having had to give up his living in England owing to throat trouble. He advised me to make an expedition to the Island of St. Honorat, one of the Isles de Lerins, some six miles distant, where I had a most interesting time.

One of these Islands is the place where the man with the iron mask was confined; the other famous for its monastery, founded by Honoratus in 410 A.D. It is a little gem of beauty in the blue Mediterranean; "Beata illa Insula" was its old title; that Isle of Happiness. Not far from the landing-place there is an archway crossing the road that leads to the buildings, and on it these words:

"Pulcrior in toto non est locus orbe Lerina,
Dispeream hic si non vivere semper amem,"

i.e.

"In all the world no place more lovely than Lerina.
Let me die if I would not live here for ever."

Perhaps if we had lived when the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall, Alaric sacking Rome, Lerina would have seemed just such a haven of refuge as these words suggest, such as its first inmates found it, but who made it something more than a place of selfish ease and peace; from the first it was a school of study and personal preparation for active missionary work, a centre of light in days of darkness, and the forerunner of similar institutions in the Middle Ages.

With other tourists, Italian and French, I went to the entrance of the monastery, where the Prior, in the white Cistercian habit, received us. Speaking in French, he said there were one hundred monks, of whom thirty were engaged chiefly in cultivating the land, producing all needed for their maintenance; the rest engaged in literary work, editing, compiling, with original work as well, and printing. Each monk has two cells, a bedroom and a study. In the refectory opposite each seat I noticed a cruet stand for oil, vinegar and wine; "Yes, we grow our own wine." Many of the monks are artists; the walls of their chapel, lately restored by their own hands, show excellent examples of fresco painting. Owing to their reputation as scholars, the Government has not suppressed the monastery, or reduced its numbers. Its history is unique; its scholars and trained men in the Fifth Century and later furnished the Church in the South of France with notable Bishops, such as St. Hilary of Poitiers, and St. Martin of Tours; here also for a time St. Patrick was educated. It also produced great writers and thinkers, one especially, Vincentius Lerinensis, whose well-known maxim of true Church doctrine and practice was couched in the

words : " Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum," *i.e.* " That which always, everywhere, and by all has been believed."

Happening to let fall a word or two in English, the Prior, drawing me aside, said, " I am English ; stay behind, and I will show you what I do not usually show to visitors." He is an Oxford man who has joined the Roman Communion. Taking me to his rooms, he showed me valuable manuscripts, and a splendid chromo-lithographic copy of a presentation book they had taken six years to complete as an offering to the Pope, on the occasion of his Jubilee. It contained the Magnificat in every known language, with illustrations in colour and photography of each country to which the language belonged. Turning over the leaves, I came across the Magnificat in Maori. The Prior seemed well pleased with the chance of a talk with a fellow Oxford man, and before I took leave of him, led me down to a typical monastic cellar, where stood brass bound barrels of wine, and bottles of a famous liqueur, made from herbs found in the island. The cellarer produced biscuits and glasses, and we toasted each other happily. On the seaward side of the island there is a picturesque fortress, built by the Monks about 1100 A.D. to protect the island from Saracen pirates, who were ravaging the Mediterranean. They beat them off, but later the place was taken by Genoese marauders and held by them for a short time, until help came from France.

At Cannes, meeting some old friends, we drove from Nice by the Via Corniche, the road which Napoleon cut across the spurs of the maritime Alps. The road rises at one point to a great height at Turbie, where there is a grand relic of Roman greatness, a

huge tower built in honour of the conquest of the Alpine tribes by Augustus; a little lower you look down on Monte Carlo, and the tiny kingdom of Monaco; for miles the road overhangs precipitous cliffs, indented with bays, in which the Mediterranean sparkles with ever changing tints, amethyst, sapphire, and green where the water shallows. Little vegetation, till it descends to lower levels, except ilex and olive, but below vines, figs, and oranges. I was much surprised to see the trees in places sprinkled with snow. The orange tree never seems to rest, having fruit in various stages of maturity at all times of the year, reminding one of George Herbert's lines:

> "I would I were an orange plant,
> That ever busy tree,
> Then should I never want
> Some fruit for Him that dresseth me."

Here are some notes by the way: Men on the roads with cloaks and cowls, some with scarlet caps; women with nothing on their heads but their own thick dark hair; long narrow carts drawn by mules; in the villages streets so narrow that two vehicles can scarcely pass; lofty houses, heavy overhanging eaves, and wayside shrines. In one of these, beneath a statuette of the Virgin, with its little oil lamp and some artificial flowers, this inscription:

> "Pro infermis et invalidis adsum,
> In mare irato, in subitâ procellâ,
> Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

i.e "For the infirm and invalid I am present.
In angry sea, in sudden storm,
I call on thee, our kindly Star."

The Coast people know well what the Mediterranean can do in its angry moods. Passing through the village of Coglietto, I noticed a house, said to have been the birthplace of Christopher Columbus; over the doorway runs this inscription, in terse Latin:

"Hospes siste pedem; fuit hic lux prima Columbo;
orbe viro majori heu nimis arcta domus.
Unus erat mundus; duo sunt, ait ille; fuere."

i.e. "Stranger, stay thy foot, Columbus here first saw the light;
A house, alas, too narrow for a man greater than the world."
"There was one world; there are two, said he;—there were."

Halting at Alassio for the night, we heard a story from the padrone of the hotel, who warned me not to sketch fortresses, however picturesque. An English Clergyman, staying with him, went off for a tramp in the hills, and began to sketch a fortress in a narrow pass. He was promptly run in by soldiers and being unable to talk Italian was taken for a spy. After a day or two he managed to send a letter to the hotel, and was released. "But why," I said, "did he not explain somehow that he was an English Padre?" "That," said the padrone, "would be no good in your case; has the Signor seen our Padres, how they walk?" and he imitated the stately gait of an Italian priest. "No good, for the Signor walks like this; I've seen him," and he strode up and down the room.

At Arma di Taggia, a little fishing village, one of our horses cast a shoe, and whilst it was being shod we sat down to eat lunch, and sketch a bell tower

topped with a Saracenic looking dome. Italians take a lively interest in visitors, and soon several children and grown-ups were eagerly watching the result. "Look, they are painting our tower—come and see!" Italians never seem in a hurry, as one of their proverbs has it: "Time for everything," which includes an amount of loafing and gossip which would simply bore the average Anglo-Saxon, but which greatly adds to the amusement of the holiday traveller. Not far from here there are the remains of a large church, wrecked in the earthquake of 1887, a mass of ruin, broken columns and stonework. Inquiring why nothing had been done to remove the ruin, we learnt that underneath lie scores of people who in panic had rushed into the church, and were overwhelmed. They had let them lie there untouched.

Very curious are the habits of Italians with regard to their dead. Professionals perform the last offices for them; no one else, not even near relatives, go near the body. The services in church are impressive, but the actual burial takes place attended by only a few officials. The cemeteries are enclosed with walls, with cloisters and arcades, under which stand elaborate monuments, but the actual graves in the centre of the ground are only known to the sexton. They are very particular in keeping the days of the death of a relative, and going to the cemetery, spend some time by the monument, making a sort of family reunion of the occasion. At Genoa the Campo Santo, as it is termed, is of great extent, and full of magnificent sculpture; not exactly the place a visitor affects, yet directly you are recognized as a sightseer, guides and cabbies beset you with the invitation: "Il Cimeterio, Signor?"

PISA.

My first glimpse from the train of the celebrated buildings, the Duomo, Baptistery, and Leaning Tower, was disappointing; due to the wide expanse of plain on which they stand, which dwarfs their real size. Next morning it was a different story. Passing through narrow streets, unmodernized, and emerging suddenly on a wide grassy space, you might fancy yourself in an English cathedral close. But the Cathedral, Baptistery and Tower, built of white and coloured marble, with a wealth of sculptured decoration, under an Italian sun, and the blue of an Italian sky, presents a very different picture to that of Durham, Lincoln, York, or Canterbury, weather-beaten and wrinkled with age and the storms of a Northern climate. Imagine a tower of marble, its sides encircled with decorated arcading, perfectly straight, like an ornamental jam pot, rising to a height of one hundred and eighty feet, and leaning fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, with a top story a little less in diameter than the rest of the tower, but with neither battlements or pinnacles atop. You enter and find a stairway in the wall which is fifteen feet thick, and from the top look down into the centre, which might be compared to the bore of a huge cannon; you walk round the top, which slants so much on the lower side, that one has the feeling that the whole thing must tip over, a slight iron fence being your only protection. Not less than three persons may ascend at one time, for the reason that one might commit suicide, in the case of two there might be murder, but three are supposed to be safe. There are seven bells, one weighing six tons, the heaviest being hung on the side of the tower opposite the overhanging part.

The Cathedral is a perfect specimen of an Italian basilica, with double aisles on each side of the nave, and on each side of the transepts; ancient Roman and Greek columns supporting a richly decorated coffered roof in the nave, the aisles being vaulted. The general effect of great space with rich but harmonious decoration is most satisfactory. I had here an interesting experience of Italian preaching. Sermons are seldom part of a service, but are delivered without any preface, and always by trained men; as a rule only given at certain seasons of the year. On this occasion, the preacher ascended a pulpit placed against one of the pillars in the nave, several hundreds bringing their chairs to take up favourable positions for hearing, many standing. I managed to follow the general drift of the sermon, which was on the conflict of Faith and Science. The preacher used much gesture, now and then sitting down to refresh himself with a pinch of snuff, then up again, resuming his argument with much animation. He used his long slender hands with such effect that at times his fingers fairly flickered. Describing the limitations of human knowledge of the world and the universe, and dwelling on the dogmatic claim of science to account for it all, he asked: "And what are the sources of our knowledge?" Then, with a finger in each eye, he exclaimed, "Only these two tiny pinholes!" He finished with a touching account of a visit to the deathbed of a young man who had given up the Faith; his mother sitting by, mourning; "and which of you would like to see your nearest and dearest dying like that?" Then, rapidly descending the pulpit steps, and as rapidly re-ascending,—"Oh, I forgot to say, I shall preach again next Thursday."

The Baptistery is a magnificent building, circular, one hundred feet in diameter, with a dome one hundred and eighty feet in height, of marble, decorated with arcading and sculpture. Inside there is a font of great size, in which all children born in Pisa are baptized. The dome produces a remarkable echo, which is set going by a man waiting his chance of a tip, who sings in sonorous tones the four notes of the common chord; his voice is followed by rolling waves of harmony, like the diapason of a great organ, rising and falling, until you can hardly believe it is only an echo. A small tip goes a long way in Italy, where money is scarce. Outside the door an old man, with a little girl who prompts him as to the probable nationality of visitors, begins his beggar's litany: "poo' blin' man," "poo' blin' man." These folk haunt the Gates Beautiful of Italian churches, and, they say, thrive on their spoils.

Next a visit to the Campo Santo, close at hand, quite the most notable God's acre in Italy. A lofty wall encloses an oblong burial ground, with cloisters that open into it, through arches decorated with open tracery work. The cloister walls are covered with fresco paintings of the fifteenth century, chiefly of Scriptural subjects; some by Orcagna, which fascinate you with their grim and grotesque realism,—one of these represents the last Judgment. In it St. Michael, the Angel of Judgment, summons the dead, looking down upon them as they rise from their graves, partly concealing his face with the hem of his robe, as if horror struck at the scene. Below, some are welcomed by angels, others carried off by hideous demons; in the foreground King Solomon emerges from his tomb, bewildered and uncertain what his

lot will be. No doubt, in old days, such picture teaching suited the times; to-day one scarcely knows whether to smile or shiver at them. The central grassy space shews no sign of graves, though it is quite full, for all Pisans are buried there, the earth being regarded as specially sacred, having been brought in Pisan galleys from Jerusalem when Pisa was a great sea power, the rival of Genoa and Venice. The bodies rest there for a few years, and are then transferred to one common grave.

ROME.

"You are a day too late for the fair," said a much travelled friend to me, as I spoke of going to Rome for the first time; "its beauty has vanished before the spade of the excavator, and the zeal of the archæologist; they have turned the Forum into a quarry yard of stones, and scraped the Colosseum of its graceful mantle of creepers and wild flowers."

"Wrong," I said to myself, "whatever the artist might say," as on my first morning there I stood on one of the massive tiers of seats in the Colosseum, and looked down on the most imposing ruin in the world. The whole circuit of the walls remains, though only on one side rising to its original height of one hundred and fifty-seven feet; its seats for ninety thousand spectators; the original surface of the arena, with its cages of wild beasts, and arrangements for gladiatorial shows, are all laid bare to view. Sitting there, and musing on those terrible scenes of blood which the Romans delighted in: Ignatius torn to bits by wild beasts; Telemachus, the plucky monk who rushed into the arena to protest against the gladiatorial fight, and by his death putting a stop to them for

ever; I was greeted with a voice, unmistakably American,—"You couldn't show us, sir, could you, where the Emperor's box was?" Two well-dressed, educated young fellows from Boston, doing a tour in Europe. "And we want to see the place in the Forum where Julius Cæsar's body was burned, and where Mark Antony made his oration."

The next day I met them there. It seemed all too small for such a place, perhaps because it is crowded in every corner with relics of old Rome, which go back to its earliest days. A few years ago to a great extent it was buried forty feet deep with the debris accumulated during so many centuries of ruin, and by the mud brought down by floods in the Tiber. To-day, thanks to the archæologist, one sees so much that it is comparatively easy to reconstruct in imagination the Forum as it was, even in the Kingly period, right back in the days of Romulus, and all through its story, of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and the Emperors.

I can only briefly touch on one's first impressions of Rome. The seven hills hardly rise to the height one expects, but that is due to the gradual filling up of the valleys which separated them. The old walls, including those of the Kingly period, are splendid examples of Roman work, great masses of tufa rock set without mortar, no less than thirteen miles in circuit, with twenty gates. The Tiber, such a much bigger river than I expected, with its course of three miles within the city walls; the buildings of mediæval and modern Rome, alike in one respect, in the love of the gigantic, which seems to have been always characteristic of Roman architecture; the immense proportions and solidity of such ancient buildings as the Baths of Caracalla, and Diocletian, the aqueducts,

and the Pantheon ; the peculiar tenacity and toughness of old Roman brick and concrete has defied the tooth of time.

I confess I was rather disappointed with St. Peter's. At a distance the dome is perfect and seems to dominate the whole landscape. Approaching the building its vast size is dwarfed by the ungainly proportions of the facade, with its columns one hundred feet in height. Inside, also, it takes time to realize its vast extent. The arches of the nave are so few in proportion to the length of the church, resting on such massive piers that one's eye is deceived, until you note in the distance the diminutive size of people walking about. There is a glorious view of Rome and the neighbourhood from the top of the dome, of which I managed to get a fairly good sketch.

On a Sunday afternoon, after the Vesper Service in the Papal chapel, in one of the side aisles of the nave, I came upon a Sunday Catechism School. On raised seats opposite each other sat a number of boys, in front of them a teacher with a catechism, another with a notebook for marks. Question put to one side ; if a mistake was made, shouts of " Errore " from the other side, which then had to answer correctly. The class dismissed, the boys scattered about the pavement, playing with a ball which ran against my foot. Picking it up and giving it to one of them, I said " Is it permitted to play in this sacred Church ? " " And why not ? " was the reply ! The fact is that our conceptions of reverence due to a church are not those of Italians. They use their churches as if they belonged to them ; coming and going all the day long ; strolling about ; kneeling for private prayer ; talking ; even during masses many, apparently, paying no

attention. Nor do the officiating priests seem to mind what the people are doing. They are frequented as much on week-days as on Sundays.

Rome is unique ; a city of modern life, tramways, electric light, hotels, palaces, and crowds of people ; yet also a city of the past and of the dead. Its three hundred churches are full of graves ; outside the walls in the Catacombs, with galleries extending many miles, there are millions buried. The famous Via Appia, begun as far back as 300 B.C., and extending to Brindisi, for several miles outside the city is bordered with tombs and monuments. We went down the Callixtine Catacomb, which lies a little way off this road. Steep steps lead into a gallery branching out in various directions, with descents into galleries below. These are cut out of soft tufa rock, allowing room for walking upright, and in places opening out into chambers of some size. A perfectly dry atmosphere, and good ventilation, but a place of absolute darkness, lit up only by the candle which everyone carries. A guide precedes, and it is necessary to keep together, for there are gruesome tales of people lost and perishing in these subterranean mazes. In the walls of the galleries there are cavities containing stone coffins, with inscriptions recording the names and ages of the dead, mostly Christian, but some Pagan. I saw on the coffin of a little girl her toys in bone and wood and marble ; over another, on a brick, the imprint of a die, with the date of year and the names of the Consuls, 257 A.D. Curious that it never occurred to them to use the same means for printing on paper or parchment. Entering one of the chambers, one saw that it had been used for Christian worship ; at one end a large sarcophagus used as an altar ; over

it a fresco painting of the Last Supper, and on the side walls rude paintings of the Good Shepherd, Jonah, figures of saints, and many cryptic emblems of the Faith, Ivy leaves are the emblem of Immortality, the peacock's eye feather of immortal beauty, the dove of peace, the anchor of hope, a fish in water of Baptism, wheat-ears and grapes of our Lord's words, "I am the Bread,—the Vine." The word in Greek signifying fish was the secret sign of Christianity, as its letters are the initials of "Jesus Christ, of God the Son, the Saviour." It is noticeable that there are no literal representations of Christ's agony and death; no crucifix, only the cross; our Lord always depicted as a young Shepherd in the prime of life. The great respect which Roman custom accorded to all burial places and rites enabled Christians to use these Catacombs for their worship, which would not have been permitted in public; regarded by the authorities as mere burial clubs, they escaped persecution for many years.

Having once been in Rome, I feel the spell which they say comes upon most who visit the Eternal City, alluring them to it again, and as I threw my coppers into the Fountain of Trevi, I am assured by those who know that I shall return. If so, I may be able to tell you more.

FLORENCE.

Holy Week and Eastertide. Here, as everywhere, we found an English Church and Chaplain. "We do admire," said an American lady to me, "at your S.P.G. and other societies; we come to Italy every year, and never fail to find an English Church, though our own Church is represented in large centres, and,

of course, we are quite at home in your English services."

Very noticeable, whatever may be said to the contrary, is the devotion of the Italians at such a season as this. In Florence there are seven principal Churches to which all the faithful are supposed to go, giving a certain time to prayer in each. Wherever I went I found the places thronged, including many well-dressed men; there was no sort of attraction by way of music or preaching; all there on their knees in various parts of the church, quite free from that self-consciousness which clings to the Anglo-Saxon, taking no notice of others. On Thursday evening I found my way to the Church of Santa Maria Annunziata, and was scarcely able to edge myself in amongst a dark crowd of men standing in the nave. The church was in darkness, save for the glimmering light of some candles in a side chapel, in which there was a representation of the Burial of our Lord. Behind the reredos a solemn miserere was being sung by the choir. Suddenly there came a startling sound from the side aisles, as if someone were flogging the pillars with canes. "Would you tell me," I said to an Italian, "what that means?" "'Tis only the bones of Judas," he replied. During this week, all over Italy, the memory of Judas is execrated; little children with sticks, imitating their elders, beating the pillars of church porches.

Early on Easter morning, after the Celebration in the English Church, I saw a curious ceremony in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. In a transept stood a very large table, covered with plates and small baskets full of all sorts of provisions, eggs, butter, bread, fowls, fruit and cakes, brought by people,

some well-dressed, others of the poorer classes, who were waiting until a priest, attended by a boy, came out of a sacristy and took his place at the head of the table. The boy carried a book, and a silver vessel of water, with an asperge or whisk. So long as you are reverent, no one seems to mind what you do in an Italian church. So I drew near the priest and looked over his shoulder at the book, which contained in Latin short prayers and benedictions for every kind of food. Uttering these prayers, the priest, with the asperge, sprinkled the plates, the boy responding with "Amen" after each benediction. I imagined that the food was being blessed as a charitable offering to the poor. But no sooner was the ceremony over, than the owner of each plate, wrapping it in a napkin, carried it off, and within a few minutes the table was again covered with others, by a different set of people. "Tell me, please," I said to a bystander, "what all this means." "Oh no, not for the poor; on Easter day we bring something of our provision for our households, in order to receive the Church's blessing upon it; then we take it home and feast upon it."

I was much struck, also, with another instance of practical Italian piety, often seen in the busiest streets. A procession of men, habited in black robes, with peaked cowls which completely hide the face, leaving only two small holes for their eyes. They are on their way to perform the last offices for the dead; they have a special chapel, founded in the thirteenth century, where the dead lie until burial, whilst a watch is kept. These men are not monks, but drawn from all classes, often of the higher ranks; their work is entirely gratuitous; they are summoned to it at any hour by the tolling of their bell.

I must not try to describe the great places of Florence, the Cathedral with its dome second only to that of St. Peter, Giotto's Tower, and the famous Baptistery, nor the treasures of art in the picture galleries. I may be able to say something about them if I revisit Florence. One other Church, however, Santa Croce, the chief shrine of the great Franciscan order, must not be passed by. Dean Stanley, I think, calls it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. Its architecture is a specimen of Tuscan Gothic, and its fresco paintings by Giotto are a great attraction, but much more so the memorials of the mighty dead who lie there or are commemorated by monuments,—Michael Angelo, Galileo, Dante, Donatello, the sculptor, Machiavelli, Alfieri, Rossini, and amongst them an English Bishop, John Catrick, of Exeter, who was Ambassador from Henry V in Florence, and died there. The Franciscans were a preaching order, drawing immense congregations in the vast nave, which measures three hundred and eighty-four feet by sixty-five feet.

Leaving Florence, with a day or two in Padua, the famous university city in mediæval days, we went to Ferrara, on our way to Venice, a quiet, half-deserted place, once a great commercial centre, not far from the river Po, which is crossed by a bridge of boats, a wide, rapid stream, banked on either side by high grass-grown dykes of earth. The early morning market was worth a visit. In Italy the people seem to depend on the daily market for all their needs; there were women of all ranks, priests, soldiers, labourers, well-dressed men, bargaining for their rolls, eggs, butter, and meat. In most of these towns one notices some peculiar costume; the Ferrarese ladies wear, in place of any sort of hat or bonnet, bright

coloured small shawls, rising in a peak above the masses of black hair, something after the style of the poke bonnet in fashion at home some years ago. Leaving Ferrara for Venice, you pass extensive rice fields, fed by irrigation channels, traversed by ridges of soil, which enclose shallow water; the country is a dead flat, but very fertile. The approach to Venice is as unique as the city itself; a railway viaduct for several miles brings you across a waste of lagoon water, dotted with islets of rough herbage, into a station which might be in any town, lit with electricity. Passing out from it, the scene changes, no street or road, no 'busses or any sort of vehicle; a canal with gondolas; no noise of traffic, scarcely any sound save the cries of the gondoliers as you turn sharp corners right up against the houses; "Premi; stali!" cries of warning to any boat coming from an opposite direction, equivalent to our starboard and port. We emerge into the Grand Canal, making for the Hotel Britannia, and then land on its steps. Next morning the same unusual surroundings; no noise whatever of traffic; there is not a wheeled vehicle, horse, mule, or ass in the city; only a subdued murmur of voices and the occasional swish of oars in the water. Out after breakfast for a walk, for you can walk in Venice through so-called streets, mere alley ways between lofty houses, and over innumerable little bridges crossing the network of canals which intersect the city, to the one large open space, the Piazza of St. Mark. At its further end stands the Church of St. Mark, crowned with numerous oriental domes, somewhat dwarfed in appearance by the towering height of the Campanile, which rises three hundred and twenty-five feet. Inside the Church the walls and

vaulting are covered with mosaics on a gold ground ; there is little beauty of architectural form ; a sort of haze of mysterious colour fills every corner of the building ; a dim, religious light, but not that, say, of Westminster Abbey ; an oriental atmosphere of indefinite splendour, rather than the ordered beauty of a Gothic cathedral. It was St. Mark's day ; the church thronged with people, through whom stately processions, chanting litanies, moved slowly. In one of the sacristies I saw rich specimens of Church plate, and amongst them capacious chalices cut out of rock crystal, evidently needed in old days, when the Cup was not withheld from the laity. Don't expect, in a letter like this, any attempt to describe the paintings of Titian, Bellini, and Carpaccio, or the Doges' palace, its dungeons, and the Bridge of Sighs, but come and spend most of the time, as we did, on the water in that most delightful of boats, the gondola. Engaging a gondolier for our stay in Venice, to his great amusement we practised the peculiar style of rowing that a gondola needs in some of the small canals. The idea of anyone working when he can pay someone else to do it for him is a joke to the Italian mind. Presently we ventured out into the Grand Canal, the great highway of Venice, curving like the letter " S " in its two-mile course through the city. I was rowing the bow oar, whilst the gondolier, at the stern oar, steered the boat, and passing a very smart gondola, in which two men were rowing some Americans, the Gondoliers held water, then shouted out : " Behold the mad Englishman ! What labour ! What an appetite ! I pity his hotel keeper." To this our own gondolier replied, " Lavora, signor, lavora ! " Work, signor, work ! Even when we were paying him off on leaving,

he could not resist saying to a fellow gondolier, "and they worked, all the time."

A row of several miles took us to the Island of Murano, once a small city in itself, with glass works, dating from the Early Middle Ages, which are still carried on in the old workshops. You know the peculiarity of Venetian glass, blown and moulded by hand, fused somehow with lovely colours, quite different to our hard, clear cut glass. The skill and deftness of hand with which the men fingered out intricate shapes of ornamental glass was amazing. Giving me a long iron tube, I was invited to dip it into a crucible of molten stuff, and then blow, regulating gradually the force of one's breath. By degrees I produced a long, narrow-necked little flask; as it cooled a tap with an iron tool separated it from the pipe, another formed a lip, a third flattened its base. I have two of the same kind to keep as a memento of Venice.

At the entrance to the Grand Canal, on a small island, there is a Church, which nearly fills the whole of it, of singular shape and beauty of proportion, seeming to rise out of the water, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Octagonal in shape, it is covered by a dome which is supported by immense buttresses shaped like curved shells. It was built to commemorate the sudden staying of the plague in 1650. It is the special Church of the Gondoliers, who belong to two guilds, each with their distinctive professional dress. Great is the rivalry and excitement when the guilds meet for their annual race on the Grand Canal. Every year, on the 1st of November, a thanksgiving is celebrated for the cessation of the plague in this Church. Two pontoon bridges are constructed to it, one for those going, the others for those returning

from the festival. Processions from all the parishes in Venice are formed. In the body of the church the Gondoliers muster in their Sunday flannel shirts, black and white checks, mauve, blue, and red, with blue scarves for the waist. The women and others sit in the circular ambulatory which runs round the building. Services go on all day, whilst outside, in the small space that the island affords, there is a sort of fair, stalls for the sale of refreshments—wine, coffee, hot fish, pastry, and fruit. The large flat-bottomed fishing and cargo boats with their coloured sails are a beautiful sight in the Grand Canal where it opens out into the sea,—flat-bottomed, capable of crossing the innumerable shoals which surround Venice, keelless, but with a large deep rudder that steadies them in the open sea ; the principal sail, which is very large, at the stern, brilliantly coloured, in white, orange and red, and occasionally a pale sea-green.

From Venice we went to Ravenna, somewhat out of the usual tourist route ; an old-world, semi-deserted place, practically in the same state as it was in the Middle Ages. Guides beset you in every town, and are mostly a nuisance, but here we came across probably the only one in the place, very intelligent, but unable to speak English. We had scarcely sat down to lunch in a primitive Italian hotel, the Spado d'Oro, "The Golden Sword," than he entered the room, and produced various testimonials. "Could he read English ?" "Oh no, but he knew they spoke well of him." The first we glanced at was from a well-known composer of songs, Maud Valerie White : "You may trust the bearer ; he is well up in the history of the place ; in fact, he is a regular brick." "Yes," he said, "her Excellency who wrote that was a grand English Signora."

Ravenna differs from nearly all the well-known Italian cities in its antiquities; there are no pagan relics; only the monuments of early Christianity, and the remains of Imperial buildings. Yet, in the time of Augustus, it was the naval base of the Roman fleet in Adria, with a harbour that could hold two hundred and fifty vessels, "Portus Classis," which in those days was close to the town; to-day some miles of low swampy land separate the town from the sea. In later times its situation made it the metropolis of the Western Empire, under its Gothic Kings, and it became the bulwark of Italy against the hordes of Northern invaders, who might have changed the whole course of Italian history; to-day it has only one visible message for the traveller, its temples of Christianity.

Come into one of these, the great Church of S. Apollinaris in Classe, which stands in a lonely wild of swamp and marsh some distance from the town, built of the then Roman brick of classical times, as far back as 534 A.D. A spacious nave, the marble floor green with damp; lofty grey marble columns supporting clerestory walls, decorated with fresco paintings of Bishops and Archbishops in unbroken succession from the year 74 A.D., when St. Apollinaris was martyred: 129 in all. A flight of marble steps leads up to the high altar in the apse, enriched with mosaics of the year 550 A.D. The loneliness of the vast church, its silent spaces, once thronged, now only occupied by a handful of people for an occasional service, and the presence of that long array of saints of old who keep vigil there, as they have done for centuries past, is the most impressive witness to the power of Christianity to survive all changes and chances

of time, and outlive Thrones, Dominations, and Powers. There stands the Church, yet all traces of the mighty Roman Empire have vanished. Outside it a mere wilderness, broken in the distance by a long line of pine forest; scarce any human habitation in sight; a few patches of rice ponds; silence everywhere, where once a busy naval port was alive with the hum of voices and the tumult of traffic.

There are other notable buildings in the town, such as the Church of San Vitale, Byzantine in style, a sort of miniature of Santa Sophia in Constantinople; the Cathedral and the sepulchral chapel of Galla Plaudia, the Empress, which also contains the tomb of her brother Honorius, Emperor in 420. In these interiors there are mosaics and frescoes unequalled anywhere in Italy.

Returning to England in May, after visiting Verona and Milan, I had the summer before me, but as this letter is long enough, I will tell you of that part of my holiday in my next.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XVII.

1890. *October 5th,*

At Sea, S.S. *Rimutaka.*

My dear St. John,

This is a postscript to my last letter. Sailing from Plymouth in a gale, we hit the Bay of Biscay in one of its bad humours, but I did not miss the number of my mess at any meal, though very few passengers appeared for a day or two. Friends came to see me off, and wish me God-speed in my future work. I own that it was no small wrench to leave the old world again, but no doubt, once at work again, the limitations of life in a new country will find their true perspective, and will be forgotten in the happiness and encouragement of something attempted, something done.

We are bowling along at a fine rate in Southern latitudes, after a day at the Cape, albatrosses, Cape pigeons, and mollymawks, circling round the vessel with the greatest ease, as if they despised our feeble efforts to make the pace with them. A pleasant lot of passengers, all going well under the genial command of Captain Greenstreet, well-known to all who travel by this line, of whom it is said that no complaints, either from crew or passengers, are ever heard in vessels which he commands. Nearing Tasmania, and finding a general desire to present the Captain with an address, thanking him for his constant care of the

ship and ourselves, I undertook to compose it and obtain signatures. There are always some eccentrics on board, and on this occasion a passenger who had kept much to himself refused to sign. "Sir, the Captain has only done his duty." "Yes," I replied, "but he has done more than his mere duty; we wish to thank him for his constant personal kindness to everyone on board; this is not a testimonial in the shape of any gift, but just a few grateful words of recognition of what he has done for us."

"Don't want to sign; leave me out."

"But, I hear you are a well-known colonist and a member of your Legislature; I should be sorry that yours should be the only signature wanting in the address which we present to-night."

"Well, sir, I'll sign on one condition: that there are no quotations from Shakespeare in it!"

When I returned last May to England from the Continent, I had some time in South Wales with old friends, and there met Bishop Smythies of Zanzibar and Uganda, recruiting after an attack of malarial fever. He is doing a great work there; a man of powerful build, accustomed to walk in the African jungle for days on end, with his native bearers. He is a good shot, and with a Winchester double-barrel for shot and bullet, keeps his camp in game on the march. Coming to a native village, he found its inhabitants terrorized by a huge hippopotamus, ravaging their crops by night, and impervious to their spears and arrows. "I went down at nightfall to the river-side, and by good luck, catching sight of the beast's head emerging from the water within thirty yards' distance, I shot him in the eye; great was the rejoicing; they dragged the dead monster ashore,

dancing round it, and were almost inclined to worship me." The hardships of missionary work in Africa, in a climate which so often undermines the constitution of the white man, makes one's work in a country like New Zealand seem scarcely worth talking about. Uganda itself, with its high tableland may prove to be an exception ; the approach to it through a long belt of poisonous lowland is the difficulty ; this may be met in future years by a railway ; it is infested with lions, especially dangerous at night, so that it was necessary to entrench themselves in a zariba of thorns, and keep fires going. "On one occasion," said the Bishop, "we had an adventure which, I admit, you may find it hard to believe. A big fire had been lit, guarding the entrance to the zariba, with a native boy in charge, —the boy fell asleep ; the fire sunk down ; a lion stole in, disturbing the boy, who shrieked loudly, whereat the lion, shoving his head into an iron pot full of mealie porridge prepared for breakfast and unable to extricate it, promptly bolted. Such was the boy's story. In the morning it was verified ; the pot was found some distance from the camp, upset, as if the lion had tried its contents and found them too hot for his liking."

I was at Eton in June, and preached in the College Chapel, spending a few days there in my old haunts. At Windsor Castle, having tea with the Dean and Mrs. Davidson, I met the author of *John Inglesant*, Shorthouse. His book, I believe, took him fifteen years to write ; it is certainly a masterpiece, as a history-romance, full of romantic adventure, in one of the most critical times of our National and Church history ; in its intimate knowledge of Italian life during the same period ; its treatment of theological

and spiritual problems which are with us to-day, as they were in old days, though under different conditions of life,—all this also enhanced with the charm of a singularly attractive literary style. Somehow, I imagine, when much interested in any such book, one forms a mental image of the author. I wonder whether it is not often better to be content with that, than to see some great writer, poet, or thinker in the flesh. Certainly I was taken aback on this occasion. "John Inglesant,"—the courtly cavalier, the faithful follower of his Royal Master, even to the scaffold at Whitehall; the accomplished swordsman, the mystic, ever seeking the true Light of Spiritual guidance; courted and flattered by the Church of Rome, but always faithful to his Mother Church; entered the room, by no means my ideal of the man.

I had another experience of a great man, thinker and preacher, but in this case the personality of the man was akin to his books, Phillips Brooks, the American. Such a fine specimen of manhood, with abundance of flowing hair, but in his dress hardly suggestive of the parson; a suit of brown stuff and a black tie. He was keen to know all I could tell him of the Church in New Zealand. "My people are so generous to me; they insist on arranging for a holiday travel every year, and some day I may even get as far as New Zealand. Have you done anything in the way of revision of the Prayer book? We have in America; for instance, the addition of other sentences to those which precede Morning and Evening Prayer; the omission of the last four verses in the Venite, substituting in their place the words 'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: let the whole Earth stand in awe of Him. For He cometh, for He

cometh to judge the Earth, and with righteousness to judge the world and the people with His truth.' We made this alteration because those verses about our fathers in the Wilderness seemed out of place in the invitation to worship." I confess I couldn't see the force of this. "Then," he continued, "we drew up for use, if desired, a selection of Psalms on all days except when Proper Psalms are appointed, thus shortening the service, and getting rid of some Psalms which do not suit our times. In the versicles after the Creed we omit the words, 'Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou O God,' and substitute, 'For it is Thou Lord only that maketh us dwell in safety.' It seems a contradiction to fact to say that none fighteth for us save God." Again I was unable to see the force of this. "And in the Litany, in the response, 'O Lord deal not with us after our sins, Neither reward us after our iniquities,' we substitute 'according to' for 'after,' as such an archaic phrase is not easily understood." Again I demurred; surely if there is any difficulty, it is an advantage to everyone to have to think out, at times, the meaning of the Church prayers. Other changes he spoke of which seem very useful. "We have added several prayers for special occasions, such as for Unity, for Missions, Family Prayers for a sick person, or child, for persons under affliction, for travellers by sea, with corresponding thanksgivings. We have made an important change in the Order of Administration of Holy Communion; introducing the Prayer of Oblation, the Invocation, and the offering of ourselves, with prayer for worthy Communion, after the Consecration, and before actual Communion, thus bringing the service into line with the Ancient Litur-

gies; whilst before the actual Communion a hymn is allowed. There is also another variation permitted in the use of the Decalogue; in the case of two or more Celebrations the same morning, it is permitted to use only our Lord's words about our Duty to God and Neighbour. We have also substituted for the Commination Service a Penitential Office for Ash Wednesday, which may be used at other times. We omit the Athanasian Creed, and have only included in the Eighth Article of Religion the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds." "But," he added, "in the new Preface which introduces our Prayer book, we have been careful to assert 'that this Church is far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship, or further than local circumstances require.'"

"How does your system of the election of Bishops succeed?" I replied that it was still on its trial, as we had as yet very limited experience of it. "Well," he said, "it is not a perfect success with us; in a Synodical election it often happens that the best man does not come out atop."

I had also opportunity of hearing such men as Bishop Magee and Boyd Carpenter. Few things struck me more than the thronged attendance in St. Paul's, the Abbey, and many other churches; fair evidence, it seems, of the vitality of Church work, to say nothing of the numerous parochial organizations which abound everywhere.

Long absence from home quickens one's perception of the great changes which have taken place in so short a time as the last twenty years. When my Father went to New Zealand, he had never been at an Early Celebration or an Evening Service; there

were few surpliced choirs outside the cathedrals; hymns were an innovation; preaching in surplice regarded with suspicion; weekly Communions rare; parochial missions scarcely known; only the first tentative beginnings of sisterhood life and work; little organized lay work in the slums of large cities. Cathedrals, and such places as the Abbey and St. Paul's, were attended by scanty congregations, as if they were no longer needed for centres of Diocesan life and work, mere survivals of a past age.

Yet there was much to set against this. I recall, for example, the case of our parish church at Mortimer, and probably no very exceptional example of those days. At the Sunday morning service there was a gathering of the country gentlemen in the parish, the yeomen and tenant farmers, which seldom failed to fill the church; in the afternoon a similar attendance of labourers and servants. Absentees from church were noted, and comment made on their negligence. It was a good hunting and shooting neighbourhood; the landowners and county folk, as also the labourers with their families regularly resident in the parish, seldom leaving it except for a short occasional holiday, occupying the same farms and properties which their forefathers had held for many generations. I remember, as a lad, on Sunday mornings, going down with my Father, for the service after his Sunday School, and always finding, at the Lychgate, which led into the churchyard, a gathering of parishioners, ready to welcome the Vicar; a sort of weekly rendezvous, full of talk of the crops, the last good run, the next fixtures, and family gossip, until the time came for Service to begin. It was part of my business to take a small bottle of egg and sherry for the Vicar's

use before his sermon, for which, during a hymn, he was duly escorted to the vestry by the Clerk. I wonder, in these temperate days, what my parishioners would think of this. The Clerk, too, a fine old fellow, over six feet, in his long coat, breeches and gaiters, almost an episcopal figure ; a survival of old days, regarding himself as the guardian of the Parish and the special mentor of Vicar and Curate.

" Mr. Henry," he said to me, as I was visiting him in his old age, " I've had a sight o' Curates under me in my time ; take an old man's advice, don't be only in the pulpit ; go and see the people in their homes." For more than fifty years he had given loyal service to the Church ; village schoolmaster ; friend, adviser, and counsellor of several generations who had passed through his hands.

Before leaving, I went with some friends for a month's run in Ireland. Irishmen there are, not a few, in New Zealand, good colonists, and doing well, but it is another matter to find yourself in Ireland. Interesting as Ireland is in its contrast to England, its pastures everywhere, its wild western scenery, and spots of beauty like Killarney, its relics of the past, ruins of abbeys and monasteries which covered the land in the old times of the Celtic Church, it is the general character of the people that impressed me most. Not that they are a people of alien lips, or different nationality, yet so different to the Anglo-Saxon in temperament, unfailing humour, kindly welcoming friendliness, the absence of self-consciousness, readiness of repartee, and always a sense of the joy of living. Imagine the contrast between a London hansom cabby and the driver of an outside car in Dublin, which we engaged for a day's excursion to

Clondalkin and its Round Tower. Returning, I was about to pay him ; the tariff of fares being very low as compared with England, I decided to give him something in excess. It so happened that, in addition to the sum I had in my hand, there was an extra sixpence. "Will this do ?" I said. "Sure, your honour, it will do,—but it is meself that would like that other sixpence."

At Killarney we went for an excursion on ponies through the Gap of Dunloe to the head of the Upper Lake, thence by boat, on our return. Several other tourists were in the party. Dismounting and walking up the Pass, two English ladies gathering ferns were pestered by a woman who emerged from a cottage, a picturesque figure, her head covered with a shawl, her feet bare. She wanted them to have some milk and "potheen," an excuse, of course, for begging. I went to their rescue and remonstrated. She struck an attitude, and said, "To think that he should have so hard a heart as to deny the ladies what they are wishin' for!" Result, of course, she got her tip. Leaving Limerick, and arriving at Athlone, a typical Irish town, with a main street of whitewashed houses and thatched roofs in many cases, we made arrangements to stay at an inn for the night, ordering dinner at seven, whilst we went down to the Shannon, a noble river, for some boating. Returning, we found an excellent meal in the small dining-room, and had just finished it, when there was the sound of wheels outside, and voices in altercation. In came our waiter, an elderly man, evidently full of suppressed merriment.

"You see, sorr, it's Mr. Trench, the Land Agent and his lady ; they often come and stay here for a

night, and two days ago they sent and ordered dinner here for eight o'clock."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, the landlady thought, when you came, that perhaps he mightn't come after all, and—you've eaten their dinner!"

How the landlady got out of the difficulty, I don't know, but the situation, in the waiter's view of it, was a huge joke.

From Cong with its ruined abbey, and the spacious domain of Lord Ardilaun, we drove in an out-side car to Galway, by a route which is a sample of much of the country in the West; long undulating stretches of limestone land, so closely covered with slabs of stone that one wonders what use can be made of it. It is, however, good grazing land, a sweet growth of grass springing up between the stones. Then miles of bog land, with ridges and stacks of peat; black pools of water, desolate in appearance, but remunerative. Then much better land, principally valleys separated by low ranges. Looking down on one of these in a very fertile bit of country, the driver told us it was once Captain Boycott's place. So, to draw him out, I said, "What sort of man was he?" "The best landlord, a fine man, liberal to all, and his wife and daughters always ready to help the poor."

"Then why did you drive him out of the country?"

His answer was characteristic. Standing up in his perch, he looked here and there, as if someone might overhear, though there was neither hedge or tree under which anyone could have hidden, in a whisper he replied,—"It was accordin' to the Orders!"

It is difficult to understand that such a generous hearted people, so affectionate, and open-handed, can

do such injustice to themselves, and such harm to their own best interests, until one remembers the fatal power for evil which secret societies can exert in Ireland.

The North differs widely from the South. Belfast, with its great linen mills and shipping interests, and indeed the Northern part of Ireland generally, is so different to the South, both in the character of the country and its people, that one can hardly realize that it is Ireland. We had a most interesting day in one of the largest linen factories, and then, crossing from Larne to Stranraer, by rail through the heather-clad hills of Dumfrieshire, down to Carlisle, made our way back to London.

The vessel is nearing Wellington, whence I go South by a local boat to Christchurch.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XVIII.

Timaru,

1894. *July* 1*st.*

My dear St. John,

During my visit to England my Father's resignation of the Diocese took place, Archdeacon Julius of Ballarat being elected by Synod as Bishop ; an able man, full of energy, and with London and Australian experience.

I am no longer single-handed in my work, having an excellent curate, the Rev. P. J. Cocks, who does credit to the education in Christ's College, Christchurch, and our Theological College. Several Lay-readers also help us to overtake the work, which is daily increasing, as we have four places where services are held, in addition to St. Mary's. Our Diocese owes much to the founders of the Canterbury Settlement in the establishment of Christ's College on the lines of an English Public School, and its upper Department for Theological training. The latter has a fair building for its students, and includes amongst them university students who need a home, as the New Zealand University is only a teaching body, providing class-rooms, but no accommodation for undergraduates.

The State system of Education in New Zealand practically covers the whole field, with elementary, secondary, and university teaching. Here and there

small private schools exist, a few of our own, and a fair number maintained by the Roman Church. In many ways this National system is excellent, but its defects are serious. It is entirely secular ; no religious teaching permitted within school hours. It seems to have been thought by its promoters that the only way to avoid religious controversy was to shut the door of all schools, excluding even the simplest use of the Bible. It seems incredible that, in pursuance of this plan, the Senate of the University, in a young country which prides itself on providing liberal opportunities to the rising generation of all that education really means, should actually exclude from its course of study the teaching of History, ancient or modern. Yet so it is. Surely, at some future date all this will be found to be a grave mistake.

At the same time I have always done all I could in the cause of education, and of late have accepted the post of Chairman of the Board of Governors of our High School in Timaru, for South Canterbury. The Board possesses a good deal of land, which provides a good income. This means much business in addition to the ordinary affairs of the school, which includes girls as well as boys. My task has not always been an easy one ; not, perhaps, an unusual experience in the management of any school ; ructions have been frequent, but we have managed to straighten out things, and the School is prospering.

As a recreation, I have for some time time past dabbled in astronomy, physical astronomy, I should say, as I am no mathematician. I began it in Westland with a small telescope, about the time of the Transit of Venus in 1874. With the help of an old friend there, J. O'Connor, a clever Engineer and Sur-

veyor, we tackled the general facts of the problem, and planned to observe the transit of the planet across the sun, which occurs once in a hundred years, and eight years later again takes place. It offers the best known means of ascertaining the sun's distance from the earth, and from that the relative distances of all the planets in our system can be deduced with fair accuracy. For this purpose simultaneous observations must be taken at stations distant as far as possible from each other, as, for example, Great Britain and New Zealand. The British Government sent to New Zealand a well-equipped expedition, consisting of Major Palmer, well known for his work in Palestine, Lieutenant Darwin, and a staff of subordinates from Greenwich, with all necessary instruments. Major Palmer established himself in two places, at Burnham, near Christchurch, and in Otago. Knowing, as we did in Westland, that in December it constantly happened that the skies were clear whilst overcast in Canterbury, and that so much depended on this, we suggested to Major Palmer that he should send us competent observers and instruments, in view of failure in Canterbury. Unable to do this, he gave us full directions, and, as we had some good chronometers, instructed us how to rate them with his sidereal clock at Burnham, so that he might know the exact time of any observations we might make.

The day was cloudless : our task was to observe the moment of the planet's ingress on the sun's disc, and of its egress on the other side,—this to half a second. On the beach we had erected an iron observatory shed, O'Connor at the telescope, myself and three others ready, at his call, to note the exact time of it ; two calls, the first at the moment when Venus just touches

the Sun's edge, and a little black spot appears to join them; the second when the spot vanishes and the disc of the planet touches the bright rim of the Sun. Each chronometer was at a different hour, minutes and second. Our task was to take on each the exact interval between the two calls. Our telescope was too small for complete accuracy, but the results of our observations showed that we all agreed on the length of the interval between the calls to half a second. As the planet slowly moved across the sky from 1.30 p.m. to about five, it looked like a black bullet.

Presently there came a telegram from Palmer,—clouds, no observation; failure; and the same to a great extent in Otago. Soon afterwards he and Darwin came to Hokitika. He was full of regret: "Months of the stiffest work by way of preparation thrown away." We had drawn up as good a report as we could of what we had done, which he was glad to have, but it was of comparatively little value as our glass was so small.

Soon after this, I received, as an Easter offering, a hundred guineas, and, sending to London, obtained a good, equatorially mounted telescope, with an object glass of four and a half inch diameter, with circles, its focal length five feet. In my garden at Timaru I erected it, with an Observatory shed. It has been a great source of pleasure to me and to many others. This Southern Hemisphere is richer in stars of first magnitude than the Northern, and in its constellations, though it lacks the Great Bear, and has no Polar star.

The eight years' interval over, there came the chance again of seeing the Transit of Venus, the last for the next hundred years. Major Tupman, a well-known astronomer, with Lieutenant Coke, came out for it,

and established himself at Burnham. Inspecting my teleseope, and well satisfied with it, he gave me full instructions, being anxious to take advantage of all operations subsidiary to his own. Inviting me to Burnham, he tested my quickness of observation by means of a clever instrument for the purpose, as it is found that this varies much in individuals, and for the sake of accuracy in calculation, it is necessary to know what is termed the "personal equation" of the observer. I obtained a good chronometer from Mr. Bower, a Scotch watchmaker in Timaru, and enlisted him and a young fellow as my assistants. It was again in December—midsummer here—and the night previous to the Transit, which was due at 7.30 a.m., was brilliant, a blue-black sky, sparkling with stars. We went to bed early to be sure of good eye-sight and readiness for the work, but, alas, for the plans of men and mice, in the morning a sea-fog, thick as cotton wool, and not the ghost of a Sun visible! Breakfast ready at 6.30 a.m. "Go and tell Mr. Bower to come," I said to young Tate, "he's in the garden." "He says he couldna even eat porridge, it's too sad," was the reply. By mid-day the sun was glorious, but the chance was gone. However, at Burnham, Major Tupman was quite successful. He tells me that the computations needed to arrive at the result of observations made in various parts of the world will probably occupy the astronomers at Home some two years at least.

My ordinary parish work finds a pleasant change in a monthly visit to Christchurch, for the Standing Committee, which, with the Bishop, administers the Diocese. I often on these occasions take duty in the Cathedral.

My late holiday furnished me with ample material for Lectures, specially with the aid of a good lantern and slides I procured in London. In a new land like this there is no lack of intellectual curiosity about the old world, and I find a Timaru audience keen to appreciate what I have seen in my travels, and my account of it all. The lantern is invaluable for this. We have also established an Art Society here, of which I am President, and have had several successful exhibitions of local talent, and pictures lent for the purpose.

I must tell you something of a visit from the Bishop of Melanesia. Every third year he comes to attend the General Synod and report on his work. On this occasion he brought his Mission yacht with him, with a number of his "boys," and came as far as our port. The boys are young men who have been educated at Norfolk Island, the headquarters of the Mission, and in due time returned to their Islands, to act as teachers, in some cases, and to be generally the means of Christianising and civilising their fellow islanders. The results of the Mission are very encouraging. It has established a footing on many islands, so that peace and order, and wholesome work, have superseded a state of savagery and perpetual warfare. The work is arduous, often dangerous; too much credit cannot be given to the self-sacrificing labours of the Bishop and his fellow workers.

The yacht is navigated by English officers and seamen, but the native boys, who are born boatmen, can always, if needed, lend a hand. As the Bishop made a stay of several days with us, we did our best to entertain his boys. They are great cricketers. A match was arranged between them and the High

School. They held their own easily. One of their bowlers was a terror ; barefooted, hands and feet whirling like a wheel, he sent down the ball at a great pace. Meanwhile the field, also barefooted, when a wicket fell, or a catch was made, stood on their heads, clapping their feet together. On Sunday, in Church, as they know the run of the Service in their own language, they were most devout, and in the afternoon they themselves, after an address from the Bishop, entertained a great gathering of children and teachers, with hymns sung in their own language, accompanied by a barefooted organist on the harmonium.

An incident which then occurred will illustrate one of the minor hardships of a Missionary's life. I had given up my study to the Bishop for rest and preparation for the evening service and, coming in to see if he had all he needed, I found several of his boys there, some sprawling on the floor, some lounging in chairs. I promptly turned them out. "Ah," said the Bishop, "that's one of our great problems ; they have no idea of our need of privacy ; they will creep in and lie about, like dogs, simply to be with you."

"Why not turn them out ? " I said.

"Well, you see, we wish to make them feel quite at home with us ; it is part of our plan of leading them to realize what is meant by Christian fellowship and brotherhood." This seems to me a counsel of perfection open to argument.

The Mission is well supported in New Zealand, both by subscription and regular offertories.

We have now a system of Diocesan inspection of Sunday Schools, greatly to their advantage. The Inspector visits every school annually, examines, advises the staff, and, by sermons and addresses, stirs

up general interest in the work. In Timaru we have three Schools and, in order to do them justice, the Inspector remains with us over two Sundays, the State School authorities permitting the children to go for examination during the week time. The results of the annual examination are laid before the Diocesan Synod, and are discussed there. A course of teaching, extending over several years, has been sanctioned by the Standing Committee. We are doing all we can to obtain from Government the opportunity of giving religious teaching in the State Schools within school hours, and in this we have the Presbyterians with us, who are numerous in New Zealand.

The distance of New Zealand from England accounts for the fact that so little seems to be known of it at home in comparison with other colonies. Increased and quicker communication, both by steamer and cable, is changing this; tourists are discovering the beauty of New Zealand scenery, its great glaciers, and mountain peaks, its hot and medicinal springs in the North Island, and especially its trout fishing, probably the finest in the world. A few years ago there was neither fish in the rivers, nor any sort of game, besides a few wild pigs. Acclimatisation Societies have been at work, and to-day trout abound, often reaching five and six pounds in weight, and, with a general licence for fishing, all water is free; but as yet the attempt to acclimatise salmon has failed. There is excellent sport to be had with harriers, the imported hares being larger and stronger than at home, and often running as straight as a fox. In the mountain country red deer have been successfully introduced. The stalking rivals that in Scotland, more difficult because of less cover, and the clearness

of the atmosphere in which things are seen at a great distance. All this brings visitors to the country.

Lately, travelling by rail from Christchurch to Timaru, I met two who were greatly taken with the prosperous appearance of the country. I told them that fifty years ago the place was a mere lonely wilderness of grass, and that all they saw,—farms, houses, roads, villages, townships, was the work of a handful of people, who to-day do not number 30,000 in South Canterbury. "Difficult to believe" was the response, "they must be a grand lot of workers." Machinery accounts for much, but the fact remains that here men do more than at home; wages are higher, there is always the chance for all of making money and rising in the social scale.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XIX.

Timaru,

Sept. 5th, 1897.

My dear St. John,

Towards the end of 1893 my Father died at Christchurch, where he lived after resignation of his episcopate of thirty-four years; the first Bishop of Christchurch; for some time sharing with Bishop Selwyn the oversight of the whole of New Zealand. He was within a few days of ninety years of age. His memory will long be revered, not only for his work, but his personal influence and character. In Diocesan and General Synod, as Primate of the Church, he shewed true statesmanship in dealing with many problems, especially those of good government in a Church free from State control, in a new country, where so much depends for its future welfare on good foundations, well laid in the first days of its history. Known, also, even in the remotest corners of the diocese, by all sorts and conditions of men, whom he met during his annual visitations, not only for unfailing courtesy and kindliness, but for a certain personal holiness, which touched them with a deep sense of true Christian life.

A stately memorial has been placed in the Cathedral; a recumbent marble figure, the work of Williamson, the Queen's Sculptor; and in the ante-chapel of

Eton College Chapel a bronze incised tablet has been erected by a number of his old pupils and friends: its inscription, written by the Provost of Eton, records his invaluable services to the College, and his great work in New Zealand; the Committee appointed to carry out the work being: The Rev. J. J. Hornby, D.D., Provost; the Earl of Sandwich; Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bt.; Colonel the Hon. G. G. C. Eliot; Bishop Durnford, of Chichester; Bishop Abraham; Goldwin Smith; John Walter, Editor of the *Times*; the Rev. Edwin F. Dyke; the Rev. John Shephard; the Rev. F. T. Wethered; and Dr. Gerald Harper, M.D.

The winter of 1895 here was exceptionally severe. I had an experience of it that I shall never forget. Early in May, in brilliant frosty weather, I travelled across the Southern Alps by coach to visit Westland. Whilst there the weather changed; heavy snowfalls in the mountain ranges gradually increasing until the whole country was covered from the East to the West Coast. Then bright weather, with intense frost. The only road to Christchurch by the Otira Pass was blocked; coaching impossible. There was little chance of returning by sea, as the coastal steam service was interrupted by stormy weather. The frost continuing, without further snowfall, I took counsel with the driver of the coach, and we determined to make the experiment, as the snow was frozen to a hard surface. With myself as the only passenger, we made a start in a wagonette and four horses, a small mail bag, and my luggage. The first forty miles to the pass was tolerably good going, as there are no steep gradients and the streams which cross the road were frozen so hard that we crossed them without difficulty. Put-

ting up for the night at a small inn, generally used as the dining place for the coach, we found the men who are in charge of the pass, and heard their account of it. They had in places cut narrow tracks through deep drifts, which lay across the road in wreaths, and would have been impossible to negotiate either with horses or wheels. Snow had fallen in three successive storms, they thought, fully fifteen feet thick; the top layer in many places soft and treacherous. "You may just get through to the Bealey Hotel"—about twelve miles distant—"but it will be a tough job."

Two of them came with us in the morning for a part of the way, to lend a hand in case of difficulty, bringing long-handled shovels and some rope. On the western side of the pass the road ascends nearly two thousand feet in less than three miles, in sharp zig-zag curves, much of it a mere shelf cut out of precipitous rock, until it reaches a plateau, some six miles in length, intersected by ravines, and then descends by slightly easier gradients into the valley of the Bealey River. Brilliant weather, with keen frost and complete absence of wind, was in our favour. Save for the uncertainty of reaching our goal, and the chance of being hopelessly entangled in the snow, nothing could have been more delightful. The scene was Arctic; a white wilderness of rock and mountain, sparkling under sunshine which, in New Zealand, makes such a difference between its winter climate and that at home. The going was a foot's pace, great care being necessary where snow bridges crossed streams and narrow gulleys in the road. After a long day's work, we reached the hotel, and its warm welcome of a huge fire of logs, and good food; the horses being cared for as well as a stable of corrugated iron,

with the thermometer at zero, would allow. Next day, at noon, arriving at Craigieburn, where the coach usually changes horses, the groom informed us that the road ahead was impossible for wheels, and that he had had a message by wire from the driver of the Christchurch coach that he had forced his way on horseback to a hotel about six miles distant, where we might join him and return to Christchurch.

Saddling a couple of horses, with another for the baggage, Campbell suggested to me that I might go on, and he would follow: "You know the track as well as I do, and so does the horse, but go slow, and be careful of the sidings." My steed stood over sixteen hands; the saddle with but one girth, and that an old one; a poor chance for me, should we fall and break it, of getting on his back again. So I went warily. It is a curious piece of country, which has been tumbled about, probably in the days when ice-fields covered it, in such a fashion that it was no easy matter to make a coach road through it. The principal stream which drains it has the appropriate name of the "Broken River." In summer, most picturesque, but,—smothered in snow! I left it chiefly to the horse. Feeling his way every step of it; slithering on frozen surfaces; plunging deep in drifts; recovering himself cleverly when almost losing foothold, "Major" carried me bravely. No sign of Campbell following. After nearly five hours of it, from the top of a terrace I saw the hotel below, and some men watching my progress.

"Couldn't make you out; why, it's the Archdeacon! No man ought to travel alone in such weather!"

I explained the situation. Just as it grew dark

Campbell arrived, having been delayed by one of his horses being bogged in the snow.

In the morning, again, as early a start as possible. Fresh horses; Rowntree, the driver, myself, with a packhorse. Snow had fallen in the night, but the sun was out, with the promise of a fine day. Going carefully, in single file, myself last, suddenly Rowntree fell headlong in a drift, all that was visible of him being a pair of legs. We decided to walk and lead. A bitter wind sprang up, driving frozen particles of snow before it, coating us and the horses with ice. We had but twelve miles before us to the next hotel, but including Porter's Pass, nearly as high as the Otira, though not nearly such rough country. As we neared Lake Lyndon, the highest lake in Canterbury, a fine sheet of water, completely frozen over, we saw in the distance five figures approaching, wading through the the snow, with long-handled shovels testing its depth, T. McKay, who has charge of the pass, keeping it in good order for coach traffic, with four of his men.

"Glad we've found you; there's a lot of fresh snow on the pass; all our tracks filled up again. Hearing by wire you had started, I said to the men, 'Who will volunteer to go and meet them? if they tackle the pass alone they'll leave their bones in the snow.' Twelve came forward, but before we topped the Pass all but these four turned back. We only just managed it, and there's nothing for it but to try and get back; but—'twill be a meracle if we do."

Scarcely encouraging! We started with them, the leader prodding the snow for soft places, often more than knee deep; the labour of lifting one's legs was such that we were sweating within, whilst the outer

man was frozen ; there was danger of cramp, for it would have been a great risk to carry a disabled man on horseback in such intense cold. We had with us three quarts of strong tea, with egg beaten up in it, invaluable on such an expedition. Ascending the Pass, we encountered deep drifts, through which we had to shove our way, often waist deep ; half afraid we might have to leave the horses to their fate, the packhorse especially, till we relieved him of his load, making a cache in the snow of the mails, my lantern, and luggage. On the summit, looking down, no sign of the road which is cut in the hill-side was visible ; all was one smooth sheet of snow for the first mile of descent.

"Now, lads," said McKay, "make long reins to lead the horses with ; keep some distance from each other ; slow's the word. If the snow starts slipping, over we go, and nothing can save us ; follow me." It was the most dangerous part of our journey, for the hill-side slopes so abruptly that any displacement of the snow would have swept us off our feet into the ravine beneath, many hundred feet in depth. Halfway down, overhanging rocks sheltered us, and at last the welcome sight of the little hotel, where men were watching our descent. Some of them hung their heads as McKay sung out, "Got through, all hands safe!" In his young days he had been a whaler in the Arctic, and he added, turning round to us, "Come along, boys. I'm a teetotaller, as you know, but after this, we're all going to have a nip of something in our tea. Get your boots and socks off ; don't go near the fire ; rub your feet till they get warm." Boots, gaiters, and trousers were frozen stiff, and socks, except in my case, for I had thick woollen stockings drawn up

over boot and gaiter, a far more effective protection than any sort of sock within the boot.

Sitting over the fire at night, Rowntree, a man of very few words, said, "Archdeacon, do you mind that deep drift just before we got to the top of the pass? I said to myself when we were in it, we shall never get out of this." "Very glad," I replied, "you didn't say it at the time, I was half afraid of it myself."

Next day we reached the train, and travelled to Christchurch, snow all the way, frozen hares and rabbits lying by the track,—a desolate winter landscape.

A day or two later I returned to Timaru. By way of a little token of gratitude to McKay and his men for all they had done, I sent him a special present, and some money for the men, and to Rowntree a cigar case well filled. McKay replied, enclosing a round robin of thanks from the men, and adding that two of them were so severely frost-bitten that they were in hospital in Christchurch for treatment.

We have lately made a special effort to reduce the debt on St. Mary's Church and Vicarage, by means of gift Sundays, aided by Bishop Julius' powerful sermons. The offertories on one Sunday alone amounted to £300. St. Mary's Needlework Guild also contributes a considerable annual sum.

I heard lately that, on the very day we were descending Porter's Pass, on the opposite side of the valley, a shepherd, out on the chance of rescuing sheep, was carried down by a snow slide, his body lying undiscovered for many days.

We had a great time in Timaru on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. Distance in no way diminishes the loyalty of New Zealand. The doctrine

of certain folk at home who imagine that the Colonies will soon cut the painter and launch out for themselves finds no echo here. Nor the argument that the only sure bond between the Mother Country and her daughters is self interest and business advantage. New Zealand patriotism is not likely to forget the rock from which it is hewn. The Queen's portrait hangs in every sort of house, the shepherd's hut, miner's shanty, and in the nursery. Should ever the time come when even New Zealand might aid the Mother Country, in case of war, I feel certain she will be in the front to the best of her ability. I say this especially, as being Chaplain to the South Canterbury Battalion of Volunteers, I have opportunities of testing the spirit of the men. At regular intervals we have Military parade Services in the Church, and I know how they welcome words of encouragement to Duty, Service, Loyalty, and the ideal of Imperial, not merely Colonial, responsibility.

I must tell you of another personal adventure. Having arranged, together with Presbyterian Ministers, for meetings in various parts of the country, to promote the cause of the Use of the Bible in State Schools, I went to Geraldine, and was offered a seat in a dogcart to go to Pleasant Point. Turning a corner too closely, the driver capsized the cart; I fell clear, and might have escaped much injury, had he not fallen atop of me,—the result was a deep cut over the eye, a broken nose, and damaged leg for me, but for Mr. Gillies concussion of the brain, though externally unhurt, and at the time able to walk. Driving to Pleasant Point, I was treated by the resident doctor at Mr. Hinson's Vicarage, and the next day returned to Timaru. For the first time, after many spills when

riding in rough country, and coaching, I was laid by the heels indoors for three weeks; a mere nothing, however, to the case of Mr. Gillies, which I fear is serious, though he has partly recovered. It is a wholesome discipline, no doubt, "to be still, and commune with oneself." What a narrow line between a slight and fatal accident!

After seven years of continuous work, without a day off by way of holiday, I am again planning a visit to England. I have secured a clergyman at home for my work, who will probably remain in the Diocese, and I am leaving as his colleague my curate, the Rev. W. H. Orbell, a most excellent parish priest. If all goes well, you may expect me again in your Vicarage at Mapledurham.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XX.

TIMARU,

May 1*st*, 1899.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Again at work, after a year's holiday, partly at Home, in Brittany, Italy, and Sicily, with six weeks in Egypt on my return journey. I can only give you some notes by the way of what I saw, and of the people I met.

ROME. Christmas Eve—late at night in the great nave of Santa Maria Maggiore,—no service, but every part of the church thronged, people slowly moving about, and exchanging greetings. In a side chapel a scenic representation of a pastoral landscape; in the foreground a grotto, in which are the Virgin and Child, with Joseph; the ox and the ass, shepherds and kings in adoration; the figures richly dressed and life-size. The scene is illuminated with a multitude of wax tapers. The only light in the vast church, besides that from this side-chapel, are candles set in patterns on the walls, scarcely sufficient to enable you to see your way. At Christmas time the country folk flock into Rome and make holiday until Twelfth Night and the Feast of Epiphany.

Twelfth Night is to the children what Christmas Eve is with us. It is then that the Christmas presents are given. But there is a curious difference between

our customs and theirs. The presents are not supposed to be brought by a Santa Claus, or Father Christmas, or a Christ-child, but by a stern, terrible woman, who comes with gifts for good children, but bags of ashes for the bad ones. Her name is Befana, a corruption of Epiphania. It is said that the gifts to children are symbols of the treasures brought to the Infant Christ by the Kings from the East. On Twelfth Night we went to a festival in the Piazza di Sant' Eustachio. The Square itself and streets entering it were lined with booths, lit by flares and candles, covered with toys and sweetmeats. It was a scene of astounding merriment and uproar ; crowds bent on making as much noise as possible, armed with whistles, trumpets, rattles and drums. Your only course is to buy something of the kind and join in the fun, doing as others do. The Italian can let himself go in a fashion that we Northerners can hardly imitate.

Among the churches in Rome there are many specially interesting from their association with the earliest Apostolical times. " Salute Prisca and Aquila ; . . . Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens," writes St. Paul to Timothy (II Tim. iv, 19, 21). Again, " Aquila and Priscilla salute thee, with the church that is in their house (I Cor. xvi, 19). This message he sends to Corinth, where St. Luke states that St. Paul had lived for some time with them (Acts xvi, 2), having been banished from Rome with other Jews by the Emperor Claudius.

In 1776 A.D., close to the comparatively modern church of St. Prisca (Priscilla), a subterranean oratory was found, decorated with frescoes of the fourth century, of the Apostles, Also a bronze tablet, 222 A.D., stating that the house containing the oratory

was owned by Priscilla and Aquila, and had passed into the possession of Cornelius Pudens. Pudens had two daughters, Pudentiana and Prassede. In the catacomb of Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, Pudens, Pudentiana, Prassede, and Priscilla were buried.

The church of Pudentiana, which is one of the oldest in Rome, has always been held to be on the site of the house occupied by Pudens. In 1870 excavations revealed the house itself. Not far off there is also the church of S. Prassede, containing very old mosaics, standing on the remains of an oratory dating as far back as 160 A.D. These oratories were the "houses of prayer" mentioned in the New Testament.

The church of San Clemente is another link with Early Christian days. Clemens, St. Paul's fellow labourer, of noble Roman family, is said to have built an oratory in his own house. The present church does not date back further than the twelfth century, but beneath it are two other very old churches, one of which is in fair preservation. On its walls there is a quaint fresco of Our Lord's descent into Hades, from which He rescues Adam. Eve's hand is seen on Adam's ankle, as if trying to detain him. The lower church is only partly visible, being half full of water; its walls are partly formed of the old city wall of Servius Tullius. It is supposed to be Clement's oratory. In the upper church, now in use, under the high altar, lie the remains of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who was done to death by lions in the Colosseum, in the reign of Trajan. This takes us back to the year 98 A.D.

Sicily. Some more notes by the way. We went by train to Reggio in Calabria, a mountainous country, but in many parts full of luxurious vegetation, oranges,

palms, oriental aloes, bananas, and pomegranates. Here, too, we were on St. Paul's track as he journeyed towards Rome as a prisoner. The Cathedral, of no great age, has on its facade the words: (Acts xxviii, 13) of the Latin version, " " De inde circumlegentes devenimus Rhegium "—" From thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium." St. Paul landed here, and the tradition of his preaching still survives. There is an amusing legend about it. Being out of doors, he was constantly interrupted by the chattering of the cicada locust. He bade them be silent. It is said that in this place only in Italy the cicada has been silent ever since.

Messina. At the Hotel Trinacria. A place of great antiquity; Greeks, Romans, Saracens, French, and Italians have successively held it. It has one of the finest harbours in the world, and does a large export trade of lemons, oranges, almonds, and fruit. Thence to Taormina, which has quite as old an history,—one of the most picturesque situations. A mass of broken, rolling hills rising sheer out of the sea, on the top of which is perched the town, approached by a zig-zag road absolutely impossible for cycles. Such a wealth of wild flowers; geranium, yellow Solanum apples, fennel, snapdragon, iris, cyclamen, arums, gentian and tall golden spurge. At the San Domenico Hotel we had bedrooms originally monastic cells, and over each door a wall painting of some old legend. Right on the top of a rocky eminence there is a perfect specimen of a Greek open-air theatre, with some Roman additions; its seats, cut out of stone, capable of accommodating forty thousand people, all within a short distance from the stage, 125 feet wide. Difficult to understand how the actors were heard, but

there can be no doubt of that, for here the great dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes were received with as much enthusiasm as at Athens. I sat there on an upper seat; silence everywhere; lizards peep out and run about the stones; some artists are at work; through the arches of the stage, which is partly ruined, I could see the cone of Mt. Etna, snow-clad, twenty miles distant. The inevitable small boy appears: "Would the Signor like a guide? He knows the path up to old fortress of Mola—up there 1,500 feet,—or Monte Venere still higher?" Then he followed me like a dog through the narrow streets, and when I turned into a shop to get my hair cut, came in, took a seat, and, seeing that I paid the proper sum, nodded approval: "Va bene" —all right. I asked him why he didn't work. "Oh, yes, he did work often to help his mother." So I gave him some coppers, and a day or two later, when leaving Taormina, we passed him cutting wood,—"Ecco mi, Signor,"—"See me, hard at work!"

Termini. Another characteristic town, twenty miles from Palermo; the "Thermæ Imerense" of old Greek days; a naval base where, in 480 B.C., they defeated the Carthagenian fleet that was raiding Sicily on the very day that at Marathon the Greeks defeated the Persian host,—two decisive battles which saved Europe from African and Oriental domination.

Our party of three were the only English folk in the town. Most tourists pass the place by. Our hotel was a spacious building, frequented by Sicilians chiefly in summer for bathing and the hot springs, which are included in the hotel precincts. These springs were famous in old days and gave the town its name. The personnel and the cuisine of the hotel

amused us much. "Could we have dinner soon?" "Ready, signori, ready directly," said the Padrone, whose name was Mercurio, in build and appearance anything but one's ideal of the lithe messenger of the Gods. "Ready" in Sicily means any time, and when dinner came, this was the order of the menu: Omelette, sweet cakes, roast goat, cold anchovies in oil, and a sweetmeat like toffee, with red wine and coffee; Mercurio hovering round the table, and entreating us to eat well. The head waiter's name was "Salvatore" (Saviour), his wife's name "Providenza" (Providence). She also attended to our wants, with a baby in her arms. As usual in Sicily, the beds were excellent, the floors stone, quite destitute of rugs or carpets. In the morning a tall, stern-featured, elderly maid, of the Meg Merrilies type, entered my room with tub and water, and standing by my bed with hands outstretched, she said, "Levati, Signor, Levati, Ecco l'aqua,"—"Get up, sir, get up, behold the water." But for all her fierce look, she rejoiced in the name "Peppina," the little one.

As nothing better than rolls, coffee and milk are provided for breakfast, I went out early to buy eggs in the morning market. Bargaining with the owner of a stall of country produce, as one must always do, since fixed prices are unknown, I succeeded in reducing the price from threepence to a penny. Everyone buys the day's food in this way, and an elderly well-dressed man watched with great interset the foreigner's business; when the bargain was complete, he said with much approval, "Va bene"—"Good!"—quite pleased at my success. We found some excellent company in the salon of the hotel at night. A South Austrian, with his family, who owns property in the

neighbourhood, and, as usual, some of the citizens, who had probably heard of the advent of English travellers ; one of them a local medico, an antiquarian and a scholar, glad to find visitors interested in the classical memories of Termini. He invited us to his house to see the valuable antiquities he had collected. He was a linguist after a fashion, so that we managed conversation fairly well, in which he began by offering us a choice : " Veech veel you 'ave, French, Inkleesh, or Italiano ? " Another, a parish priest, a man of culture and education, finding that I was well up in the story of the Roman Pro-consul Verres, who made himself famous by plundering Termini of many of its works of art, brought a copy of the Verrine Orations in which Cicero denounced Verres so successfully before the Roman Senate, and secured the restitution of the spoils. He was quite astonished when I told him that at school and at Oxford these Orations were text books which we all studied. As a rule priests in Italy and Sicily know little Latin beyond their breviary.

Our South Austrian friend proposed an expedition to a property he held on the slopes of Monte Calogero, a fine hill of four thousand feet, which overhangs the town. We were a party of six on horseback. Starting from one of the gates of the city, which is walled, I noticed quite a crowd of onlookers who seemed much interested in our expedition. The road was a mountain track, a mere climb, through rocks and olive trees. Two of the Guardia Civile with carbines came with us, and the boys who were in charge of the horses. Every now and then, in amongst the trees, I noticed soldiers with rifles apparently patrolling the hill side. On returning and making enquiries I discovered the reason of this. A short time ago the neighbourhood

of Termini had a bad reputation for brigands, though according to *Murray*, they are a thing of the past. Termini is a military depot, with extensive barracks, and, said my informant, "The authorities, hearing of the expedition, sent a patrol of soldiers, partly as a compliment to the English visitors, and—well, there's no knowing what may happen in Sicily." But I am told that the Brigands, as a rule, were wont to confine their attentions to well-to-do Sicilian proprietors.

The harbour at Termini is the headquarters of a large fleet of boats for anchovy and sardine fishing. One night there was a great uproar, bells ringing, fireworks, gun firing, and singing. The fleet had come in laden with the spoils of the sea. This was the fashion of their thanksgiving, made as a sort of religious function.

Sicilians differ from Italians. You notice distinct types, Greek, African, Roman, and Norman. They are graver people, and I am told their songs show this. In their churches their reverence is noticeable, but they are intensely superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound, and are taken seriously. One Sunday morning, after Mass, in an open space in front of the Cathedral at Palermo, a large crowd gathered round a well-dressed woman, blindfolded, sitting in a chair. On the ground before her lay a stuffed serpent and a figure representing an Egyptian deity,—a long brass tube on supports formed the communication between her and those who wished to consult her. One of them, a woman of middle age, on hearing her fate, went away in deep distress. Palermo is a prosperous city, doing much business in the export of wine, oranges, lemons, and sulphur. Its prosperity is due to the

enterprise of some Scotch merchants. Left to themselves the Sicilians would do little. "Our people are not like yours," said a Sicilian to me, "they have no courage." He meant business enterprise. Sicily has come through many changes and suffered from the domination of many masters. In Roman days it was the granary of Italy. If it could be handed over to the management of a few British business men, with capital, it would soon become the richest spot in the Mediterranean.

Palermo with its ample harbour lies in such a lovely neighbourhood, encircled by hills, that it has got the name of the "Conca d'Oro," the Shell of Gold. Its history dates from the time when it was a Phœnician settlement, then Carthagenian, then Roman, Saracenic, and Norman. The Norman sea-kings were great builders; William the Good resolved to build a Cathedral of surpassing beauty and, led by a dream, chose a site five miles from Palermo, which he named Monreale, the Royal Mount. A lofty ridge, falling abruptly into deep valleys full of vegetation, affords room for church, monastery, cloisters, and a small village. The view from the ramparts is one of the finest in Sicily but nothing compared to the beauty of the interior of the cathedral. The spacious nave, paved with coloured marbles, separated from its aisles by columns of oriental granite, taken from old pagan buildings, has a richly carved and decorated roof; the walls everywhere are encrusted with Byzantine mosaic in coloured glass and stone, on a golden ground, —the mosaic consists of a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, with figures of Saints and Kings. The glorious colour of the mosaic is as fresh as when first executed. Over the high altar in the

lofty apse is a colossal figure of Christ, distinctly of the Arab type of face, enveloped in a blue robe, showing an underneath garment of red embroidered with gold. In His right hand an open book, with the words, in Greek, "I am the Light of the world, whoso follows Me shall not walk in darkness." On one side of the chancel there is a magnificent pierced marble throne for the King, on the other side a similar throne for the Bishop. This is significant of the masterful character of those Norman kings. Church and State each with Divine authority. The first Norman king, Roger, had by way of legend on his coins, "Rex divina favente Clementia"—king by the favour of Divine mercy. So, too, his English kinsmen claimed to be "Reges Dei Gratia"—Kings by the Grace of God.

Being anxious to get good photographs of the interior, I persuaded the sacristan who came to close the church for the mid-day interval to let me remain inside. From behind a pillar I saw a side-door open, and several ecclesiastics enter. One ascended the pulpit, the others sitting and listening to his sermon. Every now and then they interrupted him, with criticism or applause, and various hints as to delivery. He was, I heard, in training for a series of Lenten sermons. As a rule, Italians are content with a few sermons on special occasions, and preachers are always carefully chosen. They are keen critics. I couldn't help contrasting this plan of preparation with our haphazard way of expecting every deacon and priest to be able to preach without training. But what will you? It is only here and there that our people care to come to a service if there is no sermon. They come, no doubt, to pray, but their first motive is to listen. With all their faults, the Italians put worship first.

Coming out of the cathedral, we met a Sicilian country cart, drawn by one powerful mule, and carrying at least eight persons, for Sicilians are certainly not "merciful to their beasts." These carts are of the same build and decoration as in the old days of the Norman kings. Two high wheels, curiously carved and painted, run on an axle of elaborate pattern. The side panels contain scenes of old Sicilian history: King Roger mowing off the heads of Saracen Emirs with a huge sword; scenes of vintage; legendary stories of Sicilian martyrs. The mule's harness, too, was of ancient pattern, studded with brass ornament, and from the saddle there rose a tall standard, tufted at the top with coloured wool and ribbons. As yet Sicily has not adopted modern agricultural implements to any great extent. Whatever the country may lose by this, at any rate the visitor does not lose the charm of antiquity. I saw a cart in process of painting, and wondered what English agricultural labourers would think of a farm cart, destined for all sorts of "base" uses, being blazoned with the exploits of King Alfred in his conflicts with the Danes, or the story of the Battle of Hastings.

If ever you visit Sicily, go to Girgenti, on the Southern coast, the ancient Greek acragas, and Roman Agrigentum, "the most beautiful city of mortals," as Pindar says. The modern city stands on the site of the ancient Acropolis, from which the hills slope down to the coast. On a ridge which fronts the sea-shore you see the line of the old walls that fenced the city, and there still stand in ruin some of the finest Greek temples in the world. Climb up the Rupe Atenea, the Mount of Athena, the patron goddess of the city, making your way knee deep in brilliant red sainfoin,

and from the edge of a vertical cliff you will see a view to be remembered,—a tumbled mass of hill and rock, flecked with bright yellow patches of sulphur, the output of the mines which form the trade of the place, and in the distance the great shoulders and white peak of Etna ; seawards, the deep blue Mediterranean, a little white surf breaking on the yellow sands, and the old harbour of Empedocle, still used for craft which carry sulphur, once the naval base of a Greek fleet. Then go down to the Temples. Spend several afternoons there. Not so large as those at Paestum, but more beautiful, six in number. They have stood there for twenty-five centuries, in spite of all that Romans, Early Christian fanatics, Saracens and Normans, to say nothing of old Time, could do to destroy them.

Sicily is richer in colour than Italy. Sitting there, with luncheon, cold chicken, cheese, figs, and red wine, we listened to a small goatherd who came to keep us company, piping on his rustic instrument shaped out of a hollow reed, whilst his goats skipped from stone to stone, and came to him to eat the succulent cactus leaves he had gathered for their meal. Just such a scene as Theocritus sings of in his Idylls of Sicily. We rewarded him with the relics of our luncheon. One's eyes roamed over a carpet of crocus, lily, asphodel, scarlet poppies, here and there dotted with olive and almond trees. A great silence broods over the land. Difficult to realize in the quiet peace of a golden afternoon, the old city of 550 B.C., a population of half a million ; citizens of princely wealth ; one of the temples, now destroyed, rivalling that of Diana of Ephesus,—with a trade that exceeded even that of Carthage.

The story of Sicily is not a record only of warfare and trade. It was the home of the best representatives of Greek civilization. It produced the greatest mathematician of old days, Archimedes, whilst, later, the splendid reign of the Emperor Frederic II, practically led to the making of modern intellectual Europe.

Returning to Palermo, we were nearly stranded at a Railway junction. There the train for Palermo was short of carriages; we were eight in number, all English; the station-master declared that he could make no room for us, a nice state of things, as there was no sort of hotel in the place. So I attacked him, as well as I could, in my halting Italian, with the strongest language I could muster. These officials have a way of inventing difficulties which do not exist. It was quite successful, and he provided us with an extra carriage. "Well," said an English parson who was one of our number, "possibly I am a better scholar than you are, certainly I know Hebrew as well as Latin and Greek, but I would give something to be able to exhort that man as you did!"

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XXI.

TIMARU,

February 1*st*, 1902.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

Nearly two years since my last letter. I have been busy with parochial and diocesan work, but this has been overshadowed by such happenings as the death of the Queen, the sudden illness of the King, and the postponement of his Coronation, which has stirred to the quick the patriotism of New Zealand. There can be no doubt of the loyalty and love of the Mother Country which animates our community. Emigration and travel have brought about a habit of mind which realizes the vast importance of the Empire as a whole. The Little Englander spirit finds no place here. Small as our population is, a mere million in a country rather larger than Great Britain, it is keenly alive to its responsibility, so far as possible, for the maintenance and welfare of the great British family. New Zealand of late years has done something for self defence; the South African trouble brought an opportunity which showed what it was willing and able to do for the Empire.

Two lines of cable connect us with the old world and put us in daily communication with all that happens. On the day of the Queen's funeral the whole country "stood by" to follow her to her grave. As

elsewhere, in Timaru all work was suspended. Special services held in church, and at noon a public out-of-door service in the presence of a great assemblage. I was asked to arrange this. It included addresses from Mr. Craigie, the Mayor, and myself, parts of the Service being taken by ministers of the various denominations.

When the sudden news came of King Edward's illness, on the very morning of our preparations for Coronation rejoicings, and his life seemed to hang in the balance, people went about as if under the shadow of some great personal loss.

The war in South Africa came as a great opportunity for New Zealand, which will have a far-reaching effect on the national character and manhood of our people. It appealed to something more than the love of adventure. Eight Contingents went to take part in it, each about five hundred strong, consisting of men in the prime of youth, mostly well trained, at home in the saddle and with the rifle and, to their great advantage, accustomed to wide open country and rough out-of-door life. Personally, I was much interested, having been for years Honorary Military Chaplain of the South Canterbury Volunteers, and in constant touch with them ; and from the fact that eight of my nephews served in the war, some as officers, others in the ranks.

The Government rose nobly to the occasion. You may have heard of our Premier, a masterful man, risen from the ranks, of great ability and force of character,—Richard Seddon, known as " King Dick." At first he seemed of the ordinary type of demagogue, a past master in the art of hustings oratory, possessed of great physical strength and a stentorian voice. But, as events proved, he was no mere labour

politician. He saw the supreme importance of the welfare of the Empire,—an opportunist perhaps, yet in his sphere of power a great statesman. I write with special interest in him, as, in my goldfield days, Richard Seddon was one of my vestry-men in the little Miner's Church at Waimea, then unknown to fame,—originally an engineering mechanic, then miner, storekeeper, hotelkeeper. Then he qualified himself as a mining advocate, obtained a seat on the Westland County Council, and its chairmanship, at last winning his way into Parliament.

Do you remember one of Jowett's sermons at Oxford on "Religion and Politics?" After laying stress on the difficulty of combining the two, and the risk, which past history so fully illustrates, of Religious policy becoming Religious tyranny, he asks: "Is there no rule of right and wrong by which the Statesman must guide his steps, no true way in which morality and religion enter into politics? First of all he has the rule not to do anything as a statesman which as a private individual he would not allow himself to do. He will not flatter nor deceive, or confuse his own interests, or those of his party, with the interests of his country." This may be said to be an ideal of Statesmanship seldom attained. Seddon's political methods scarcely do so. As a man with men, in all his personal life I feel sure that he is perfectly straight; a true and constant friend, a genial comrade, with no trace of snobbery in his conduct; in spite of his success, blameless and happy in his family life, and in public life emphatically a man who realizes that the secret of good government is to govern. But he allows himself a political as well as a private conscience. He does not hesitate to avow the principle

of "the spoils to the victors" in political warfare. His devotion to his work is remarkable. "Your Premier," said a visitor to Wellington, "works harder than all the rest put together; I heard him speaking in the House long after midnight, and met him on the wharf at ten in the morning as fresh as a daisy."

The conclusion of the War in Africa has been the occasion here of great rejoicing. Our men are returning; there are many gaps in their ranks, and many are suffering from malaria. In every centre there is a movement to erect suitable public memorials of the gallant conduct of our New Zealand lads. It is most satisfactory to hear of their keen sense of discipline, to say nothing of their ability to stand shoulder to shoulder with regular troops, and give good account of themselves.

Timaru is rapidly increasing, and I find that the Parish, at present including the neighbouring district of Kingsdon, is too extensive, though in Mr. J. M. Adcock, my curate, I have an indefatigable worker. He is a Cambridge man, with Home and Colonial experience, and in every way as good a colleague as I could wish. One good result of my holiday tours has come of my camera. I have many slides from my photos made by Newton and Co., London,—scenes in Italy, Sicily, Egypt, and at Home, which illustrates my lectures and are a great attraction, specially to so many who have never left New Zealand. A good lantern is worth pages of the best written book. So my holidays are not mere idle time.

Coming back here, I took Egypt en route, and, with some friends, spent a delightful six weeks in an expedition up the Nile in a Dahabyah. Our boat was small, with a tiny saloon and cabins; our dragoman,

Chehatah Hassan, a Bedouin Arab, a man of property near Cairo, who spoke a little English, French and Italian, undertook everything, provisioning the vessel, with a crew of eighteen, and arranging for the hire of camels and donkeys that we might need on the way, for a fixed sum. The vessel had two masts with lateen sails, like huge wings, and could make good way with the wind aft. Every night we tied up by the bank, making daily excursions to temples, villages, and places of interest. In winter months the climate is like an ideal summer's day at home, yet at night cold enough for a couple of blankets. Egypt is emphatically a land of light, brilliant, all-pervading light; there is scarcely any cloud scenery. Sunrise and sunset, such a contrast to the white light of midday, flood the atmosphere with colour that lies reflected on the river, veiling every peak and crevice of the barren dry sandstone ranges with hues of delicate beauty. It is on the Nile one understands the force of the old words, "the plague of darkness, a darkness that might be felt."

It is on the Nile, too, from the deck of a dahabyah, in leisure hours such as no train or steamer can give, you re-read the old story of Genesis, as if it were before your eyes. Men at work making bricks of Nile mud, stiffened with bits of grass and straw, drying them in the sun in moulds, just as they are pictured in hieroglyphics on the Temple walls; women morning and evening by the water side filling their water jars, their graceful garments, bracelets, anklets, of the same type which has survived from time immemorial. Every few hundred yards men raising water for irrigation with goatskin buckets, hung on long bamboo levers, and wheels of the same pattern as in the days

of the Children of Israel. In bold silhouette against the evening sky, camels, donkeys, going and coming, the men fine upstanding fellows, with handsome faces, the type which is seen on the monuments, though for long centuries they have been mere serfs. There are some ten millions of these fellaheen, all living within three or four miles of the river, on either side. The river itself, too, is a highway, comparatively crowded with craft carrying pots, produce, and miscellaneous cargo. The air is full of voices; the stars are wonderfully brilliant, the planets hanging like lamps in the blue-black sky; lights are twinkling in the villages, and now and then the howl of a jackal makes night hideous. One night, uninclined to sleep, I stepped across the plank that led to the shore, and went up the bank under which we were moored, on the top of which were tamarisks and a sort of dwarf oak. There I caught sight of several men, sitting round a fire, their heads and shoulders shrouded in their burnouses, with rifles across their knees, smoking and chatting. I retraced my steps, and the next morning learnt from the dragoman who they were. "The Sheik of the district we are passing through, out of compliment to the English travellers, had posted an armed guard for our protection; not," he added, "that there is any need of that now, but a few years ago it might have been necessary." A good example of the effect of the Pax Britannica since our occupation of Egypt.

Our crew, with the exception of the Reis (captain), an Arab, were all fellaheen, first-rate boatmen, eighteen in number—all Mahomedans. They were most particular in their devotions, morning, noon and sundown, not all together, but each by himself, kneeling, pros-

trating themselves towards Mecca, and reciting verses from the Koran, always quite unconcerned by any notice taken of them. One day Chehatah Hassan said to me, "Do you know, the crew think a great deal of all you." "Why?" said I, "because we are kind to them?" "No, not only that, but because every morning and on Sundays, on the deck, you have your prayers; yes, they think a great deal of you all." He was often inclined to talk, but always with a certain Oriental courtesy and an apology for venturing to express himself. One day, after an excursion to some temples, some of the crew coming with us to bring material for luncheon and tea, I gave them some cigarettes, which they prize highly, and thanked them. "Do you know, I think you should not do that often; you see the men don't understand that sort of kindness; they expect to be ordered about, without thanks." This, no doubt, is a relic of centuries of oppression and slavery,—a word, a command, and a blow; as the old Arab proverb has it, "Allah made the stick for the back, and the back for the stick." Nevertheless, now and then, we gave the crew a feast, a whole sheep, and sweetmeats. It was worth seeing them sitting on deck at night round a big dish full of mutton and rice, each man with his little clay goblet of water, and another vessel of water in which he carefully dipped his fingers before taking a morsel from the dish, as each did in rotation, using only the thumb and third finger; then songs, recitations, and finally a deputation to thank us in most poetical language. This was interpreted by Chehatah. They are great at compliments. When I was leaving the boat, as I had to catch an Orient vessel at Ismailya, for Australia, the whole crew came forward and, by their

spokesman, bade me Adieu: "You are going away across the Great Water; when you are away every day will seem like a month to us."

Talking one day to Chehatah about British occupation of Egypt, he said, "Yes, of course, some don't like it, they think we should be a nation by ourselves; but, yes, it is good, I know. It is this way. Not long ago Tax Collector used to come to me, and say, 'You pay for horses, camels, sheep, asses, farm, so much' —I pay—then he come again and again any time. Now, English Tax Collector come, he say, 'Here is the schedule, enter all you have; you pay so much'; never see him again for whole year; yes, that is very good."

Occasionally he took us into Mosques, where one has to put large yellow slippers over one's boots, but no hindrance is offered to your entrance, as might be elsewhere. "I see," I said, "many praying, but never all together, why not?" "Well, we pray when we want to, that is enough." "But I never see women praying; don't they pray?" His answer was evasive: "They might if they liked, but what good would it be? they have no souls." It is this low conception of womanhood, and the almost total absence of the idea of sin, despite their strict adherence to ritual, and the low value put on human life, which is the bane of Mahomedanism.

We saw fine specimens of Egyptian troops; it was a few months after the battle of Omdurman. Tall, thin-shanked, broad, not deep in the chest, alert, and perfect in drill, they have proved themselves worthy comrades of British troops. With British officers they will face any foe. Their pay is good, and on returning to their villages on leave, they are made much of,

whereas, before British occupation, a conscript was regarded as a doomed man, seldom heard of again by his kith and kin. The abolition, also, of the forced unpaid labour of the Corvée, annually impressed for canal and other work, has worked wonders. It was said that the fellaheen would never work, for wages, without the lash. They do so willingly. The country is being regenerated by a mere handful of British officers and civilians. Tact, courage, justice, unselfish care for the best interests of the people, is doing far more than the millions of British capital spent in material advancement of the land. Of the latter we saw a great instance, in the great Dam at Assouan, above the First Cataract. It was in its first stage; it will increase by irrigation the area of available land to a great extent.

The temples and monuments, tombs of the kings, and their palaces are too big a topic for a letter like this, but I must add a word or two about the temples of Philæ, a few miles above the first cataract, where Egypt proper ends. Leaving our boat at Assouan, we had a little experience of a desert journey, yellow hard sand underfoot, not a sign of vegetation, silence, solitude, and sunshine; here and there an outcrop of granite rock, rounded and weathered with the sand-storms of centuries, purplish in colour, and occasionally inscribed with hieroglyphics. These rocks give the only chance of shade in a "weary land" of uninterrupted sunshine. Turning the corner of one of them, there was the Nile in view, and rising out of it an island, sixty feet above the water, its steep sides clothed with vegetation, and above, the outline of pillared temples. They are not ancient, as antiquity goes in Egypt, being only of the Ptolemaic age, 300 B.C. Philæ was

the frontier foot of old Egypt, commanding the Nile. Occasionally the Pharoahs sent armies into the mysterious southern regions, and brought back spoils, gold, silver, spices, slaves, and dwarfs, leaving, as Rameses II did at Abou Simbel and other places on the Nile, huge sculptured memorials of his renown. It is some 1,800 miles further up the river before Khartoum is reached, and it was not until Kitchener's military line of railway was laid recently that there was any mode of getting there, save by the tortuous course of the river, and negotiating various cataracts. As yet no civilian is allowed to use the railway. No doubt, in future the Sudan will, under our occupation, become a great field for British enterprise. When the great dam is finished, eighty feet in height, it will hold up the water for some miles, storing it for gradual use, instead of running to waste at high Nile, and distributing it during low Nile. But it will almost submerge the island, leaving only the slightest foothold for the temples. I am glad to have seen Philæ in its primitive beauty, soon to be a thing of the past.

Returning down the river, we had to tack constantly against the prevailing northerly wind, a slow process. I had a few days in Cairo, and must limit myself in this letter to a visit to the Coptic Church, and convent, of Abu El Seyfen. Its priest, Abu El Malek, a tall, venerable man in black robes, received us most courteously; a young Copt acted as interpreter. This church, like others, has an internal arrangement, somewhat like ours, of nave, aisles, side chapels, and sanctuary. Pierced woodwork screens shut off the side chapels and baptistery. The sanctuary—there is no chancel—is apsidal, with a large stone altar, square, on a low level, with a high stone

platform behind it, on which are semi-circular seats for the priests, who face the congregation. Side altars are rarely used. The priests celebrate barefooted. Communion is in both kinds, and is administered to very young persons. The vessels, censers, and covers of books are silver. Crosses are used, but I saw no crucifix. There are shrines containing relics, and many pictures, the chief picture that of Our Lord in the attitude of Benediction. "For what purpose," I asked, "do you use pictures," and pointing to one of the Virgin Mary, "for adoration?"

"Oh no," was his reply, "God will have no worship paid to any but Himself, His only Son, and the Holy Spirit."

There are no organs, but bells and cymbals, with triangles, are used; no images; their sacred calendar is much the same as ours, but contains many local saints. Of all Christian communions, the Copts alone have a day—January 18th—to commemorate our Lord's baptism.

The Copts number more than a million, the direct descendants of the first Christian churches in Egypt. Their conversion took place about the time of Diocletian's persecution, 300 A.D., and included the whole population of Egypt. At that time the native language was the ancient spoken language of Egypt. It did not exist as a written language, except in the form of hieroglyphics, which had long ceased to be understood. No one could read them. It was necessary to give the converts the Bible, and a Liturgy, which was in the main the Liturgy of St. Basil, and other Christian documents, and as the letters of the Greek alphabet were known by the people, they were used to represent the sounds of the old-spoken language, the ordinary

speech of the country. This, of course, produced a written language which looks like Greek, but is not so. In the church I saw the Bible and Liturgy; on one side of the open pages it was in Arabic, which all use to-day; on the other side the old language of Egypt in Greek letters, now never used. Looking like Greek, it is mere nonsense, just as an ordinary English book in Greek letters would be. Till within a few years ago this old Coptic writing was regarded, even by experts, as rubbish. Not only was it found in the books used originally in churches, but in numerous manuscripts found in monasteries. Gradually it was discovered that it was the key by which the ancient hieroglyphic script on temple walls and monuments might be read. Here is an instance: In the hieroglyphs Egyptian deities are always represented as holding in the right hand the symbol  which Egyptologists took to mean "Eternal Life." When it was noticed that in all passages of the Bible the word which corresponds to Eternal Life is written in the Greek letters "A n k h," the conclusion was clear that "Ankh" was the sound as spoken of the symbol Then followed the discovery of many other sounds in the hieroglyphic writing, and the formation of an alphabet, so that now these old inscriptions, which literally cover the temple walls and sides of obelisks, are easily read, and historical records which go back further than any other known history have been brought to light. Egyptian history, according to the best authorities, goes back as far as 5,000 B.C.

Asking the priest in what way the Coptic Church regarded the Pope, the reply was: "As a great Bishop, a Patriarch, but not as the Supreme Head of the Church." I got an excellent photograph of Abu El

Malek, to his great satisfaction. As I bade him good-bye, he lifted up both hands, placing them on my shoulders, and gave me his blessing, which ended with the words, as sounded in Greek, "Jesu Christ."

In the Museum near Cairo, by the courtesy of the Director, Brugsch Bey, I was allowed the privilege of photographing. Perhaps the most interesting of all the antiquities there is the mummy of Rameses the Great, the oppressor of Israel. It was discovered a few years ago; it is partly unrolled, showing his head and shoulders in wonderful preservation. The masterful and haughty expression of face, and the pose of the right arm and hand, contrary to custom, lying across the chest, indicate the character of the man,—a great conqueror, a great builder, a great father, with one hundred and fifteen children, reigning sixty-seven years, from 1348-1281 B.C., whose memory will never perish as long as the Bible story of Israel in Egypt survives.

It was the custom in old Egyptian burial to swathe the mummy with folds of cloth on which the history of the dead man's life is inscribed. Owing to the dryness of the climate, and the great care taken to make the mummies as imperishable as possible, they form records of the past, such as, probably, no other country possesses.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XXII.

TIMARU,

January 10th, 1905.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

During the absence of the Bishop in England, the administration of the Diocese has fallen to my lot. I have had to preside at the monthly meetings of the Standing Committee, and also at the annual meeting of Diocesan Synod. The work of the latter was comparatively easy, as Synod is thoroughly conversant with the procedure of a Legislative body. Moreover, our Diocesan Secretary and Registrar, the Rev. Canon Knowles, one of the oldest clergy in the Diocese, has such a knowledge of its history from its inception, that his advice on any matter of precedent or finance is invaluable to Synod and its president.

On All Saints' day last year the consecration of the transepts, chancel, sanctuary, and vestries of the cathedral in Christchurch, now completed, took place. I had to make all arrangements. The Bishop of Dunedin, Primate of the Province, the Bishops of Auckland, Waiapu, Wellington, and Nelson, were present, with many visiting and nearly all the Diocesan Clergy. There was an octave of services, with sermons, and various hospitable functions to celebrate the occasion.

The history of the cathedral dates from the first

arrival of the "Canterbury pilgrims" in 1852, when the Canterbury Association reserved its site in the centre of Christchurch, a commanding position, but not so spacious as one could wish in these days. It would have been more convenient to have had the Diocesan offices and Synod hall, which are in the grounds of Christ's College, within the cathedral site. The Bishop has a scheme for accomplishing this, which may come about, though the available space is small.

The foundation was laid on December 16th, 1864, the anniversary of the arrival of the first colonists, by my Father, the Bishop of Christchurch. Plans had originally been furnished by Sir Gilbert Scott. He had taken the idea of the building from a church in Normandy in the Early French Gothic style. The proportions are good, but there is a lack of ornament or carving; massive pillars, with the plainest possible capitals; open timber work in the roof, suggestive of strength rather than beauty. Perhaps he thought that this severe style of Gothic would suit a cathedral in a new country, and, as if to emphasize that, he had planned columns in the nave of wood, to be constructed out of the massive stems of Kauri pine, which grows in the North Island. His plan was modified by Mr. Mountfort, the Diocesan Architect, who substituted stone pillars for wood.

After the foundations were laid, owing to times of commercial depression, nothing further was done for some years. The nave was then completed, and consecrated by the Bishop of Christchurch on All Saints' day, 1881, the tower and spire being the gift of the Rhodes family.

Christchurch is the only Diocese in New Zealand

with a cathedral, dean, canons, and choir, as at home. Elsewhere a Parish Church serves as a pro-cathedral. The choir is quite up to the standard of the minor English cathedrals. Doubts have been expressed of the practical value of a cathedral in a Colonial Diocese. It seems to trench upon Parish Churches and their proper work. That may be so in the comparatively small population at present of our cities. But what does a cathedral stand for? The Diocesan centre of Church work, in which the Bishop finds his seat and Altar in the Mother Church of his Diocese There he can be at the head of all kinds of Diocesan Societies which organize and carry out work in which all parishes share, but which they cannot themselves undertake. There he has his diocesan officers, canons, missioners, and lay-helpers. There, too, he is in his own church, which is his own in a sense that no pro-cathedral parish church can be. This is fortunately the ideal which our Cathedral Constitution, as laid down by Diocesan Statute, had in mind. Fortunately, because somehow in England the old ideal of the cathedral has been lost sight of. Professor Freeman has pointed out the fact that "the Bishop has less authority in the church which contains his throne than in any other church in his Diocese," and again, "The tendency of the Middle Ages was to change the Bishop from the immediate and living head of the cathedral body into a mere external visitor." He has been practically superseded by the Dean. We may be glad that our Cathedral Constitution reverts to the old ideal, though at present its work is only in its infancy. There is also the further point that a cathedral well served can maintain a continual daily offering of praise and worship, which cannot be the rule of

many parish churches, open to all. No doubt, only a few years ago at home, such Cathedral Services must have often seemed a mere farce. Hardly a score of worshippers in such places as St. Paul's, London, besides the officials. Happily, this is all changed to-day. Nothing has impressed me more in the course of my occasional holidays than the crowds which may be seen in such buildings, not merely on Sundays. I think we may be sure that, as time goes on, it will prove the great value of the efforts and self-sacrifice made by the churchpeople of Christchurch to build their cathedral. We owe much to the foresight and generous enthusiasm of the founders and pioneers of the Canterbury Settlement.

I have been much struck lately by the appreciation, freely expressed by numerous visitors, of the beauty of our New Zealand homes. They do not only speak of the scenery of the country, which attracts so many, but of the way in which the homeliness of the Mother Country has been reproduced: "It is England all over again! cottages, gardens, country houses, plantations, orchards, tennis lawns and pleasaunces, such as one never expected in a country only occupied a few years ago." I explain that much is due to the character of the people who have made it their home, bringing with them their old traditions and customs. New Zealand owes something to its remoteness. There has been no indiscriminate inrush of immigrants. The people throughout may be said to be a picked lot. And of late the Government have taken precautions to exclude "undesirables." No one can land without something in his pocket to enable him to make a start in earning a livelihood. It is a country which invites the home instinct of our race. Very

few leave it, except for a holiday,—a large majority are the descendants of its first settlers.

I have had my usual expeditions to Westland, but of late the journey across the Southern Alps has been less laborious. A railway line on either side of the Otira Pass and its neighbourhood reduces the actual coaching to some eight hours' work. The Government have entered into a contract for a tunnel, with its necessary approaches; the work has begun, but, personally, I have doubts as to its success for a long time. If mining experience goes for much, it is probable that the contractors will meet with great difficulty. Instead of the solid rock which has been bored through in the Swiss tunnels, they will, it is thought, meet with a confused mass of boulders, broken strata of rock, and the stuff called "pug," a sort of spongy clay which once tapped will force its way through anything but heavy walling; to say nothing of hot water springs. Should the tunnel be completed, travellers will miss the romance and grand beauty of the journey in old coaching days.

I have also been to Auckland to attend General Synod. The journey is tedious, by sea and land, occupying nearly four days. Auckland is rapidly becoming the most populous city in New Zealand; an ideal situation on low volcanic hills, surrounding a magnificent harbour, and almost semi-tropical climate and vegetation, so different to the South Island. It is thoroughly healthy and free from the malaria which haunts hot countries. The hot spring district of Rotorua in the Province has become famous as a Sanatorium; excellent hotels and boarding-houses have been built. Large numbers visit the place from Australia and elsewhere. It possesses, I am told,

a greater variety of mineral springs, hot and cold, than any other similar resort in the world. It is also a wonderland of geysers and hot lakes. The gold industry of the Province has declined, but the Kauri gum business, which is used for the finest copal varnish, flourishes, and there is a great increase of farming, both agricultural, pastoral, and for dairy produce. The churches in Auckland are scarcely what one would look for in the place where Selwyn first began his work. They are still chiefly of wood, whereas stone and brick prevail in the city.

The constitutional question of the autonomy of the Church came up again in debate. No final result was reached. The delay, I think, is expedient, though it cannot be long before some settlement of the matter takes place. There are still a few ultra conservatives who cling to the notion that the Church in New Zealand has no power to act on her own initiative in any matters of doctrine or practice, except under the authority of the Established Church at home. They rely on the terms of the Constitution which the Church here adopted for itself at a time when everyone thought that we were an integral portion of the Mother Church. Since then events have shown that the Church at home can exert no authority over the Church in New Zealand, save by way of advice and counsel. The Constitution certainly forbids any independent action on our part, and, so far, until repealed, limits our freedom. To this there is reply that what the General Synod did it can undo, and it seems without doubt that Synod can, if it sees fit, so amend its Constitution that it shall sanction what already exists in fact, the autonomy of the Church.

Another aspect, however, of the case has presented

itself. General Synod holds a certain amount of Church Trust property under the terms of its Constitution. If those terms are altered, is our title to the property endangered ? Could any section of church-people take up the ground lately taken by some of the Free Church in Scotland ? They claimed all Trust funds when the Free Church united with the older body of Presbyterians. Their plea was that the Free Church has lost its identity by that union, and that they—a very small minority—were the true representatives of the Free Kirk.

This was maintained by the decision of the Law Courts. But almost at once that decision was practically set aside by an Act of Parliament and the appointment of a Commission to apportion the property equitably between the two sections of the Kirk.

It goes without saying that the State can interfere in all matters of trust funds, should it be alleged that any associated body has departed from the articles of association under which it was constituted. The Scotch case, no doubt, has its bearing on ours. There must be no risk run with regard to Trust funds. But it will be seen, on reflection, that the two cases are not the same. The Free Kirk by its union with another body was held to have lost its identity. The Church in New Zealand, by remodelling the terms of its condition, would not enter into union with any other body, nor would it lose its identity. The position is this : Our Constitution, in certain respects, is at variance with the facts of our present condition. It assumes that we are part of the Established Church at home ; established in the sense that it is regulated by the law of the State. The Church at Home was not established, in the sense of being created, either

by Henry VIII or Elizabeth. It was merely regulated. It existed before that time. The regulation of the Church in England by Law, and all that is meant by State authority in directing its affairs, is now found to be inoperative in a Colony like New Zealand. We must needs regulate ourselves.

This is our actual position: we do regulate ourselves. But if ever there occurs any need of, say, a revision of the Prayerbook, there are the terms of our Constitution in the way. If, then, we proceed in General Synod, with all due deliberation, to bring our Constitution into accordance with the facts of our position, we should not be doing what the Free Kirk did. We should but assert in express terms our necessary liberty of action, with all its responsibility, when occasion arises to use it.

But to avoid all possible risk to Trust property, there should be no difficulty in obtaining an enabling Act of our Legislature to sanction, so far, our alteration in the terms of what may be called our Articles of Association.

I use this expression on purpose. The Church in New Zealand has never been established by Law. Like any other religious body, it is a voluntary association of persons, associated for the purpose of maintaining and giving effect to its religious faith and practice. The State has no hold on any such body, except in the matter of its use of trust funds. Should any misuse of them be alleged, then Cæsar's authority steps in. But in all matters spiritual the State has no say. Should it seem fit to any such body to revise or amend its standards of doctrine, it is surely within its own province and right to do so. If this were denied, then the Church in New Zealand, designated

in its Constitution as a "Branch of the Church of England associated together by mutual compact," is not a living but a dead branch. It must surely have its own inherent powers of self-development. If it be argued that the terms of our Constitution forbid all such possible development, except under the authority of the State Church at home, which can no longer give that authority, what hinders us from altering those terms? They were not imposed on us by any external power; we adopted them ourselves. Are we to be enslaved for all time by the dead hand of the past? I lay stress on this, not for the sake of change or innovation, but as a necessary condition of our Church life. There may be need of change; the whole trend of opinion, even in such a conservative body as the Church in England, shows this. Debates in Convocation illustrate it. We had an eloquent speech in the Auckland Synod from a well-known Wellington clergyman in favour of some revision of the use of the Psalms. Once free from legal difficulty in the matter of property, and our position clearly defined, our first care should be to provide that no sort of change in our formularies should take place, except after such a process as would clearly indicate the mind of the whole church in the Province of New Zealand. And we might be certain that the Church here would do nothing that would interrupt its true spiritual communion and union with the Mother Church at Home.

With regard to Church finance, the General Synod actually controls only a few Trust funds belonging to North Island dioceses. In general, Church finance is diocesan. General Synod, during its recess, has no executive body which can transact business. Its

Standing Committee is charged only with the duty of interpreting the canons and deciding any question that may arise of alleged infraction of Canon Law. But a full statement of the financial position of each diocese is laid before General Synod at its triennial session. So far only is it concerned with Diocesan finance.

Many years ago, Bishop Selwyn, who was something of an autocrat, conceived the idea of one general fund for all New Zealand, under the control of General Synod. At the time it chiefly affected the Diocese of Christchurch, which possessed endowments, made by the foresight of the Canterbury Association, of considerable value. Selwyn's scheme met with the unanimous opposition of the Diocesan Synod, and he was obliged to give way. Had it succeeded it might have neutralized Selwyn's own ideal, embodied in our Constitution, of a federation of Dioceses under a General Synod for general legislative purposes, but each Diocese retaining its own proper independence. This was in accordance with the practice of the Church in its early centuries. Each Diocese complete in itself, bishop, clergy, and people; various Dioceses grouped together in Provinces for general legislative purposes,—a practice which prevailed until the gradual usurpation of Diocesan independence by the centralizing dominion of Rome.

I remember a criticism of the Christchurch Synod on this occasion by one of the acutest and best read men in New Zealand, Judge Richmond, given in a spirit of friendly banter: "Ah, I see that down in Canterbury they have *discovered* that the Diocese is the essential unit of the Church."

In a country like New Zealand, in which endow-

ments are as yet few and quite inadequate for the support of the clergy, we have of course to rely on the voluntary system. No doubt it has its defects. But, on the other hand, it is invaluable in arousing and maintaining the interest of the Laity in the work of the Church. And its results are good. Speaking chiefly for our own diocese of Christchurch, I may say that the average stipend of the clergy compares favourably with any diocese at home. Moreover, they are free from the official fees which are such a hardship at Home. The clergy are not responsible for dilapidations in regard to their churches or vicarages; the cost of these falls on the parish, that is, the Laity. A general endowment fund for the whole diocese, together with special funds of a similar nature, contributed by the Laity in every parish, supply an annual grant to every cure, and an additional grant in the case of the poorer parishes and missionary districts. The voluntary system needs this aid, but without doubt it is the secret spring of that vital interest in Church work which the Laity show in New Zealand. It goes far to make them realize that the Church is not merely the Clergy, but themselves as well. They are not merely passive members of the Church. The Church does not merely consist of an official caste of Bishops and Clergy. Bishops and Clergy are not "Lords over God's heritage" any more than they were in the days of S. Peter and S. Paul, but fellow servants and ministers. The Clergy are not freeholders, in legal possession of their benefices, but priests in charge of their flocks. The Laity support their Clergy. It has taken some time for churchpeople emigrating from home to realize this responsibility. But to a great extent they have done

so. The support of the Ministry has become a habit. It is this which constitutes so great a difference between us and the Church at home. There, save in rare cases, whilst most liberal subscriptions are forthcoming for church building, charities, missions, and general church work,—many millions per annum,—very few are asked to support their Clergy.

I am tempted to quote, in connection with this, a conversation I heard of between a Colonial Bishop and a layman in London, a man of earnest churchmanship, and keenly interested in the perplexing question of raising the incomes of so many clergy to a really living wage, which their "livings" fail to supply.

"May I put a plain question to you? I know that you are a most liberal churchman; that you give freely to church work; may I ask you how much you give for the actual maintenance of the clergy who serve you and give you those Sacraments and Means of Grace on which you set such value? Do you pay anything, save a very occasional fee, for their ministrations?"

The reply was, "Well, now you put it in that way, I confess that I pay nothing."

I should like to set against this little practical example of the working of the system at home of so-called "Livings," in which Voluntaryism has little or no share, another view of the case.

I was asked to attend a large meeting of clergy, and give them some account of our voluntary system in New Zealand. Inviting questions, I was met by this objection: "You say that the clergy are paid by their people?" "Yes," I replied, "but not directly; their offerings, which consist of regular Sunday offertories, subscriptions, and donations, are

forwarded to the Diocesan Treasurer at headquarters, and are sent by him to the clergy. In every parish, at Easter, at the Parish Meeting, the Churchwardens and Vestry enter into a guarantee to furnish for the year the necessary stipends for the clergy, both vicars and curates, which are supplemented by Diocesan grants.

"But if so," was the rejoinder, "what safeguard have you that the laity will not lay profane hands on the Ark, and practically compel you to preach what they regard as true doctrine, and regulate your practice by their standards of ritual?"

My answer was—"Experience; we do not find that this is the case. The laity know that their voice and opinions have in our Synodical system of Church Government a due share in it. They have an equal vote with the clergy in Synod. I cannot call to mind any instance of what you seem to fear; and, moreover, I do know of cases in which, for a considerable time, there was much disagreement between the Vicar and his congregation, and yet there was no 'starving out,' but a loyal continuance of support."

I should like to add, in regard to finance, that we have made some way towards solving the problem of a Pension Fund for Clergy, and their widows and orphans. It is, of course, a day of small things as yet, but within a few years the results will be substantial. I am again speaking chiefly of the diocese of Christchurch. Hitherto it has been found impracticable to establish a Pension Fund for the whole Province. The principle of the Fund is that every licensed clergyman has to contribute four guineas a year; whilst the capital of the fund is increased by legacies, donations, occasional offertories, and the usual interest

accruing from investments. The fund has been most carefully nursed by the Pension Board, which consists entirely of laymen, the Bishop being Chairman. Again, this is a most valuable example of the practical part which our laity have in the interests of the Church. The Board presents its report annually to Synod, and it is then discussed. The scheme provides a graduated scale of pension, etc., according to length of service. In any case there is never any claim of a parish for a pension for its retiring vicar out of its parochial income. If this scheme continues to prosper, in another fifty years or so there will be no need for men really past their work to cling to it to the disadvantage of their people. Again, I wish to insist on the immense value to the Church of the services of its Laity, business men, who gladly devote valuable time to the work. We have been specially favoured by the presence of men of this sort in our Synods, who are the backbone of our financial progress. Work inspired by the sense of responsibility for the welfare of the Church. Their devotion to it relieves the clergy of the necessity of "serving tables." It is the outcome of a system of Church Government which emphasizes the fact that "the body is not one member but many; that the members should have the same care one for another; that we are the Body of Christ, and members in particular."

During the last three years I have been greatly aided by the Rev. J. A. R. Wilkin, a Durham man, from the Diocese of Lichfield, an able preacher, and devoted parish priest. He has returned to his old diocese. I may quote him in favour of the plan, lately suggested, of men serving in Colonial Dioceses for a time, and then returning home. I know that he feels

that he has enlarged his horizon of experience, both of Church work and human nature. This is but analogous to the experience of all who leave the common round and daily task of work at home for sojourn in the Colonies. Life here may be out of the main stream of life in the old world. But it is not a stagnant backwater. It has all the characteristics of youth, enterprise, optimism, ready for new adventure. It has the special charm of pioneer work. At first Wilkin admitted to me that he would not easily settle down to these new conditions of work. But I am certain that, in the tumult and smoke of West Bromwich, he will often look back on his years in Timaru as time well spent. Nor will he readily forget his excursions to the Southern Alps, and his trout fishing with his friend, J. Turnbull, who taught him the gentle art.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XXIII.

TIMARU,

September 2nd, 1907.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

In my last letter I alluded to the different conditions of parish work here and at home. This is due to the general state of prosperity with which the country is blest; the absence of slums, of abject poverty, of a submerged tenth, or criminal class. It is not easy for chance visitors to realize this. Not long ago, at the railway station, I met a passenger by express, a Londoner, on his way through New Zealand for a holiday tour. "I have come down," he said, "from Auckland, and am making for the South on my return to England, and I haven't come across a single instance of destitution; so different to my experience in London as I go to my business in the city. What is your population here, and what is your experience"

By way of illustration of this, I said, "It is close on Christmas time, and though, of course, we have some comparatively poor people here, I really don't know a family to whom it would be a great boon if I sent them a Christmas dinner."

"Well," he said, "is that good for you? You have no one to pity."

This set me thinking. Allowing for the inevitable trouble and sorrow that is the common lot anywhere, I wonder whether we are as thankful as we should be that our lives are cast in such a well-favoured country. Those who are born and bred here, perhaps, take it for granted ; they have never known anything else. Occasionally they travel, and if they have eyes to see behind the screen of wealth and progress which, in the great cities at home, hides to a great extent the poverty and misery of so many there, they return to New Zealand glad to escape from the sight of it all.

Another illustration : Travelling to Christchurch, I met one of our chief detectives, and got into conversation with him. "There is, practically," he said, "no crime in New Zealand as compared with other countries. Some occasional cases of it, of course ; in such a centre as yours in Timaru, no crime ; in larger centres it is beginning to exist, but only beginning ; there is intemperance, but not to any great extent ; young New Zealand as a rule doesn't drink ; gambling is a considerable evil ; there's too much racing,—a race-meeting somewhere nearly every day in the year."

"And what about the Local Option question ?" I said.

"Well, so far as it gives the people the opportunity of reducing the number of publics, or abolishing them altogether, it has done good. But I have my doubts as to abolition,—useful in some cases, but, as a rule, in centres it encourages sly drinking. I would rather regulate the traffic strictly than try to abolish it. The temperance folk have done good, but they go too far."

With regard to his testimony as to the state of Timaru, a port town of eight thousand people, I may

add that when I first came here there was a gaol with an average of fifteen inmates; to-day there is no gaol, in fact no need of one. This is not because our criminals are sent to the gaols in Christchurch or Dunedin, but because we don't manufacture them. It may be an exceptional case, but I think that all through the country prosperity has not been accompanied by corresponding crime, as so often elsewhere.

"I find it difficult to get anyone for a game of golf," said an English visitor to me, "you have an excellent course, though difficult, and many good players, but everyone seems too busy to play, except on certain days."

"Yes," I replied, "the fact is that we are all at work here, with very few exceptions; there are very few leisured folk, so games are relegated to half-holidays, or Saturday afternoons."

This I take to be a wholesome state of things. New Zealanders are keen at holiday making when the chance comes; every sort of sport flourishes, and in some instances, such as tennis and football, the fame of New Zealand is world wide. Every public holiday, and they are numerous, sees crowds of well-dressed, well-fed, sober people out for a day's pleasure. You may hear criticism,—"Is it a good sign?" My own feeling is that it is the healthy outcome of the conditions of our life; an eight hours' day for nearly all; sufficient leisure for recreation; good wages; no sweated labour; plenty of employment for all willing to work, whatever the professional agitator at the street corners may say. Compared with all one hears of the state of things in England and elsewhere, I sometimes wonder whether we are as thankful as we ought to be that "the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places: yea, we have a goodly heritage."

Another point in our favour. The country is wealthy. For its population, not exceeding one million, which includes many non-wage earners, the private and public revenue is very large. But this wealth is fairly distributed. There are a certain number of rich people, but as yet no millionaires. There is capital, a good deal of it, and we could do with more to everyone's advantage, but there are few, if any, of the evils with which capitalism is credited at home. The political cry there, much of it mere cant, of the tryanny of capital falls flat here. The happy result of this may be found in the absence of social envy between the classes. You may see signs of comparative luxury, but the whole community has its share in it. There are no "idle rich." Nor, on the other hand, is there that imaginary equality which the Socialist dreams of. But at present,—how long it will continue one cannot say,—there is opportunity for everyone to succeed and rise in life, which older countries do not afford so readily. In the best sense of the phrase, "Jack's as good as his Master," here. If he is straight-living and industrious, I don't think he envies him. Nor do I wonder at this, as I think of the hundreds I have known who have risen from the status of employée to comfortable independence.

Perhaps your comment on all this may be,—"You speak of material welfare, but what of the spiritual side of life in New Zealand?" In trying to answer that question I must limit myself to my own experience in the South Island, giving you only a very general idea of the conditions of life here which "make for righteousness," or the reverse, but I will not limit myself to the work of our own communion.

There is the great disadvantage of a secular system

in our State Schools, very slightly modified by occasional opportunities of giving religious instruction after school hours in school-houses. Church schools cannot be maintained except in large centres. We have done something in this respect, whilst the Roman Catholics have done much more, but such schools are few and far between. Sunday school work, vigorously carried on, does not fill the gap.

Then, outside the cities and towns church work means very extensive parishes, quite unlike the snug English parish, with an area of a few square miles. The country parson in New Zealand drives, rides, cycles, motors, scores of miles, in all weathers, to visit his flock and maintain his services. But, taking a general view of all Church work, of every denomination, I think we may claim considerable success in providing opportunities for spiritual life in every part of the country. Wherever there is village or hamlet you would see churches well built and cared for. We have not to deal with the vast spaces of Australia; Bush Brotherhoods are not needed for the work. Nor with such crowds of immigrants as Canada; New Zealand is too far from the old world for that, and its area too limited. In a centre like Timaru, and I think it is the same elsewhere, church attendance is, I should say, quite as good as at home, better in some cases. Generally speaking, Sunday is well kept. I remember, some time ago, a good illustration of this. A debate in Synod had elicited from a layman his views in favour of some relaxation of the custom of limiting public games, cricket, football, etc., to week-days, and his reference to pre-Reformation days in England, when, after due attendance at Mass, in the afternoon various sports were indulged in. He

had occasion to visit California, and spent some time in San Francisco. Returning, he took an opportunity in Synod of owning to a complete change of opinion. "I could scarcely realize it was Sunday; here and there a church bell, and an open church door brought it to my remembrance,—the whole place seemed given up to racing and sport of various kinds, theatres and places of amusement all in full swing." One need not be a "Sabbatarian" to be convinced of the value of a "Sunday well spent." New Zealand has made a good beginning in this way. May it long continue.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TIMARU.

XXIV.

TIMARU,

December 1*st*, 1907.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

For some time there has been a general desire to complete St. Mary's Church. We have occupied the nave, with a temporary chancel, for many years. The times are favourable; business is prosperous. At a Parish Meeting lately held the project was discussed, as our laymen are wont to discuss financial matters, in a thoroughly practical way, and, as a leading parishioner put it in most generous terms to myself, "We want to see the work completed in your lifetime, and of those who still remain with us of the original pioneers of the place."

I need not say what pleasure this proposal gave me, but knowing that it would mean some £10,000 of expenditure, all of which must come from the people, and thinking of the ordinary claims upon them for the maintenance of Church work, I thought it right to hesitate. "Were they prepared for the cost? I would, as before, do all I could, but they must take the responsibility of it. Had the scheme been well thought out? After so long a period as their Vicar, I could not expect many more years of effective working power. If I could be sure that such a venture would not impair the revenue necessary for the Spiritual work

of the Parish, I should count it the greatest privilege and reward to see St. Mary's completed. There would be few, if any churches, either in New Zealand or Australia, to excel it, whether for beauty of design or solidity of structure. It would be, so far as any material building can be, for many a century a witness to God's glory, and the loyal devotion of St. Mary's people. But facts must be faced. Could they reasonably expect to meet the cost ? " There was no doubt as to the answer. The scheme had the support of the Churchwardens and Vestry, including clear-headed business men, Captain Wray, Messrs. M. J. Knubley, C. H. Tripp, C. Perry, J. Shepherd, and others. A Building Committee was chosen to act with the Vestry, Mr. R. W. Simpson being Secretary and Treasurer, who had given much thought and time to the matter.

Mr. Armson, the late architect of the church, had left sketch plans for its completion in the hands of Messrs. Collins and Harman, his successors. These provided for the completion of the tower on foundations already laid, with a broached spire, a chancel and sanctuary with apsidal end, organ chamber and vestry, all in keeping with the Early English style of the nave. We decided on certain changes : a square ending to the sanctuary instead of an apse, more after the style of Early English than the apse, which is distinctly French. Moreover, it admits of far more light, and by its height of roof greatly increases the dignity of the sanctuary. In place of the original plan of vestry and organ chamber, which were too small, a transept has been designed, or, strictly speaking, a side-chapel, opening into the chancel by a large archway, with room for the organ and a number of sittings. From this a cloister passage leads to a vestry

detached from the main building, octagonal in shape, twenty-five feet in breadth at each angle, with plenty of space, not only for a numerous choir, but for church meetings. Underneath the passage is a crypt, with a chamber for heating apparatus, organ water-power machinery, and church properties. On the northern side of the sanctuary a second vestry for the clergy is provided ; and in place of the tower and spire, as designed by Mr. Armson, we have substituted a tower, later in date than the rest of the church, in the Perpendicular style. Although Timaru has always been free from earthquakes, which in Christchurch have twice damaged the cathedral spire, we though it best to avoid risk, and build a tower instead of a spire.

Architecture has been one of my fads, most useful I have found, not only when travelling on holiday, but for the material of lectures, and especially in a new country when one has to deal with church building. In regard to that, I am, of course, the merest amateur, but one's knowledge, such as it is, has often enabled me to give useful advice. I have a large collection of photographs and some instructive books. I have also gone in for the study of stained glass, and the mechanism of organs. It all works in well with my professional business as a parson, to say nothing of the recreation it affords. And when the chance of a holiday ramble in the old world comes, there is, I think, nothing like some particular purpose, whatever else comes in your way. Mine has been architecture, glass, and the history enshrined in the great buildings of past centuries.

The new plans prepared by Messrs. Collins and Harman are very satisfactory. A contract has been entered into for the work with Mr. S. McBride, a local

builder. It will probably take two years to complete. By way of illustration of the manner in which church-people here are entering on what is certainly a considerable venture of faith, I should like to mention an incident which occurred during a long discussion in the Building Committee, just a few words from one of them, a shrewd business man. "I should be the last to make light of the business aspect of this question; lately I had to decide for myself whether or not to take the risk of considerable expense in developing my own particular business, and I took it. I had good reason for doing so. In the matter now before us, ought we not to remember that it is no ordinary concern, but that it is God's business? From all I can see, I have no doubt that we may count on His blessing, whatever the risk may be."

We have had a great function at the laying of the foundation, or rather, corner-stone of the new part of the church. The Bishop was present, and at his request I laid the stone myself. It was our weekly Thursday half-holiday, and a great concourse of people were present. All the new work will be of the same construction as the nave; the walls of solid ashlar work, squared blocks of our hard dolerite stone outside, with similar blocks of Oamaru limestone inside, no rubble being used except in the core of the massive tower walls. The natural foundation of the church is a very stiff clay, almost as hard as rock, but the architects have provided for deep stone and concrete foundations, with good drainage. The chancel arch has been temporarily blocked up to enable us to use the nave still for service. Mr. Panton, a resident architect, has been appointed to superintend the work.

You can understand that our venture, which in-

volves the expenditure of many thousands, has aroused a good deal of comment. Is there not good reason for limiting the cost of a church, so long as it is sufficient for its purpose, and thus setting free your resources for the better development of the Church's real work in its influence on men's hearts and lives? The general opinion, I think, is with us. A noble building is a public witness to God's glory, perhaps all the more so in a new country where the material interests of life predominate. The silent teaching of cathedrals and churches in the old country has been of great influence; we need it even more here. I am tempted to quote Ruskin's words of those great buildings: "All else which the builders aimed at has passed away; all their living interests and achievements, victory, wealth, authority, happiness, all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them and their life and their toil upon the earth one evidence is left to us in these grey heaps of deep wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors, but they have left us their Adoration."

I have lately had some visitors on their way to the Alpine district of Mt. Cook, for which Timaru is the point of departure. It is becoming a great holiday resort for Australians as well as New Zealanders. Years ago, in 1882, the Rev. W. S. Green, a well-known member of the Alpine Club, came out here, with two Swiss guides, Boss and Kaufman. In those days there were no facilities, such as exist now, to aid the climber, no local guides, no huts, no experience, except that of a few shepherds who had, in course of their work, ascended some height. The icefields in the Southern Alps are on a larger scale even than

those in Switzerland. The Great Tasman Glacier, which Green and his companions had to traverse from end to end, is longer and wider than the Mer de Glace. Like most New Zealand glaciers of its kind, its surface is covered with rock and stones, the débris of the mountains, which made the journey very toilsome. Mt. Cook is 12,350 feet in height, but as the perpetual snow level is much lower here than in Switzerland, there is as much ice and snow to be tackled as in a mountain of fifteen thousand feet elsewhere. After trying in vain to make an ascent from either end of the mountain, they made their way across the slopes which descend from the highest peak, and thence on to the southern shoulder, from which they reached the ice-cap on the top, but were brought up by a deep. steep-sided trench in the ice, within about one hundred feet of the actual summit. It was nearly dark ; bad weather was coming on ; there was no time to cut steps down and up again out of the trench, so they reluctantly turned back and found a sort of shelter all night under a projecting rock. "There," said Green to me, as he sat in my study, on a Sunday evening after Service, on his return, "There, we had just as much standing ground as you might have on your hearth-rug holding on to the mantelpiece,—three of us, roped together, all night, with nothing but a few meat lozenges, pipes without tobacco, and an abyss of thousands of feet behind us." In the dim morning light they made their way down to their nearest camp, but with great risk, having to cross snow bridges over crevasses which were rapidly thawing. For a month they had not been heard of, since their departure from the nearest sheep station. Green published an account of his ascent, illustrated by excellent sketches of his

own, full of interest, not only to the climber, but for its description of the general features of the Mount Cook country.

Since then several successful ascents have been made by New Zealanders and others, not only of Mt. Cook, but of other peaks, only a little lower, but as difficult. There are a great number of them, and every opportunity for those who wish for new heights to conquer. Very few accidents have as yet occurred, none, I think, fatal, but unless great care is taken there will be many. Avalanches and falling stones are frequent. The Nor'west winds, which seem to be generated in these Alps, are especially dangerous in the Autumn season, when climbing takes place. They are hot and strong, with the natural result of melting snow. Much discussion has taken place as to their origin. At one time it was held that they came from Australia. I doubt it. A thousand miles of ocean would surely deprive them of heat. When I was in Westland, which lies all along the western flanks of the Alps, heavy rain always took place when dry Nor'westers were at work on the eastern side of the mountains. It was not a lee shore, no westerly wind from Australia ; and often, when I have been riding in early morning in the high country on the eastern side of the Alps, a perfectly still morning till about ten o'clock, suddenly, with a great blast, a Nor'wester would spring upon you, as if it were brewed there and then. Maybe it is due to the heat of a southern sun acting on the immense surface of rock and ice and snow, causing a vacuum in the air, into which the colder air of the western forest-covered slopes would rush.

There is much to attract holiday makers in our

Alps besides the snow and ice and the exhilarating peril of climbing. As a matter of sport which calls out all the most active energies of foot and hand and eye, there is much to be said for it. But for those who care for something more than physical fitness there is much to be seen and learnt, especially on the western slopes of the Mountains. Instead of bare rock and snow and ice, it is a land of forest and fern, waterfalls and streams, luxuriant undergrowth of evergreen shrubs, and, unlike, I believe, any other Alpine country, glaciers bordered by trees and bush, which might suggest a semi-tropical climate. A botanist will find there much to interest him. I believe that out of more than a thousand plants, many flowering, found there, three quarters are found nowhere else. It is a matter at present of walking, and readiness to rough it, but it may safely be asserted that there are no finer walks in the world, and, save for a good amount of rain, no better climate for hard exercise.

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XXV.

TIMARU,

September 2nd, 1909.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN,

An eventful year, for we have completed St. Mary's Church. It was most satisfactory to note the personal interest taken in it by all engaged on the work. Contractor, masons, carpenters, all alike proud to have a hand in so good a building. There are plenty of skilled men here who, at present, only now and then get such a chance, as in the case of an old English carver who has put first-rate work into the capitals, and other ornamental stonework. "I don't often out here get such an opportunity of showing what I can do." We have, too, been fortunate in our Foreman, thoroughly capable, and with the gift of managing men. Our Contractor also spares no expense, even at the risk of lessening his own due profit.

At the outset an interesting problem presented itself. Accurate alignment was necessary of the chancel, sanctuary, and transept walls, with the walls of the nave. It seems a comparatively easy matter. Have you been in Lichfield Cathedral? I remember there noticing that the chancel and sanctuary are out of line with the nave, inclining perceptibly a little towards the north. It is the case also, I am told, with other churches. An explanation has been given that

the builders purposely arranged the deviation so as to symbolize the attitude of our Lord's head on the Cross; a beautiful legend. But, after watching the careful arrangements needed to secure a correct alignment, I came to the conclusion that in old days the builders had less accurate methods than we possess, and that they simply made a mistake. The only argument I can think of in favour of the old legend is that, when the alignment is incorrect, its deviation is always on the same side, to the left, as you look East from the nave.

Building, no doubt, whether of one's church or house, is fascinating. Without undue waste of time, I think I may say I watched the completion of St. Mary's, stone by stone, till it reached the pinnacles of the tower. The fashioning of the hard dolerite stone for the exterior was straightforward work for men who understand it. It is grey blue in colour, full of minute crystals, working to a very fine finish if needed, with sharp edges, and when left purposely in the rough, most effective in its light and shade. The limestone used for facings and interior walling and moulded work in the arches and windows needs different treatment. I was much interested in the working drawings for all this. First on paper on a small scale, then in full size, and sometimes in zinc patterns to be followed by the mason. The whole work is close jointed, as in the best thirteenth century work at home; unlike the wide joints of Norman work, so close that at little distance the mortar is scarcely visible. "Are these walls plastered?" said a visitor. "No," I replied, "something better than that."

Most interesting, too, it was to watch the carver at



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NAVE, TIMARU.

work on the capitals of the columns which support the inner arches of the lancet windows, and of the shafts which rise to meet the principal ribs of the roof, and the corbels on which the hood mouldings of the arches and doorways rest. The carver has to work on square blocks of stone placed in position. He does not work them out on the bench. Standing on a platform, he has to do his work than and there, trusting to his skill not to make a mistake, for the stone is a fixture. With scarcely any design beyond a slight sketch on tracing paper, he makes a few rough charcoal marks on the stone, and then goes to work with chisel and mallet. A competent artist can be left to himself to produce first-rate work. The Early English carving is chiefly of foliage and flowers, with some figures and heads, not a literal representation of nature, but in conventional style. In later styles of architecture the carver sought to reproduce the exact forms of fruit or flower as seen in nature, but with indifferent success in such a material as stone. Moreover, the conventional style gives the artist a freer hand and more scope for his own inventiveness. It was worth seeing the way in which the stone under his hand gradually grew into lovely shape, every capital and corbel with its own distinctive beauty. "Do you find that visitors take an interest in your work?" "Yes," he replied, "much more so than a few years ago, especially since wood-carving has come into fashion as an amateur amusement, people come in and appreciate the 'undercutting' and delicacy of the work. They've handled carving tools a little themselves, and the spread of Art Education has trained their eyes to see good work." He was quite an enthusiast in his line, and told me that to his great

regret, his son, whom he had trained, was going to give up the carving business. "Partly because there is no great demand for it here, but chiefly because he really doesn't care for it; he is a good hand with the tools, as I am, but it's all mechanical with him, he's no imagination." I couldn't help thinking that, in the great building ages, when the Mother Country was covered with such splendid architecture, the craftsman wrought not as a mere mechanic, but for the love of his work. Some seem to think that now-a-days that spirit has died out, and that really competent craftsmen have an eye only for pay. I doubt that. The question of pay, I take it, was always in view, but to-day it has been forced into undue prominence by political agitators. Rightly, every craftsman looks for the best which his skill can command, but I feel sure that he is as proud of his handiwork as his predecessors were in old days, and that he loves it, as all true artists do.

The tower is about one hundred feet in height, but looks much higher, owing to its position on an eminence which rises considerably above the adjoining streets. It is a conspicuous landmark to vessels making for the entrance of the harbour. From the top a magnificent view is obtained of the Southern Alps, fully one hundred and twenty miles of snowy peaks, which bound the Province of Canterbury westwards. It fell to my lot to place the last capstone on one of the pinnacles at its north-east corner. A special function was arranged for the occasion. The Vestry and others mustered on the top floor of the tower, where the parapets rise to a height of eight feet in pierced stonework, and the four corner pinnacles twenty-four feet. On the top of the pinnacle, where its point was ready

to receive the capstone, a wooden platform, just four feet square, was fixed, mid-air, without any protection at its sides. A ladder led up to it. The foreman and a mason went up, and I followed. We stood there, the three of us, with just room for foothold, and together lifted the heavy cap, a *fleur de lys*, and placed it in position. "Don't look up," said the foreman to me, "nor look round; we never do at a height; look at the work." It was a ticklish position, but I felt fairly secure with my two supporters. Then, with a few words of prayer and benediction, I laid the stone, the assembly below responding; and came down. There are four minor pinnacles clustering round the lower part of the main one; arrangements had been made also for these, and their capstones were laid by Mr. J. Craigie, the Mayor of Timaru, Mr. M. J. Knubley, churchwarden, Mr. R. W. Simpson, vestryman, the Secretary of the Building Committee, and Mr. W. Panton. A large number of people below watched the proceedings. As I stood there in mid-air, and, as happens on any great occasion in one's life, when in a moment long years of work pass in monotonous review and challenge your own verdict on them, and as I was uttering the formal words of benediction on what we were doing there, it was as it were, I believe, a direct inspiration, in assurance that the work had been and would be Divinely ordered, which stirred in my heart the echo of the words we had sung at the laying of the foundation stone of the church, years ago:

> "The heads that guide endue with skill,
> The hands that work preserve from ill,
> That we who these foundations lay
> May raise the topstone in its day."

The tower is, I may say without fear of criticism, not unworthy of comparison with the best examples at home. It has four stories; well defined buttresses, giving depth of light and shadow to the structure, lead the eye upwards to the pinnacles. Externally, the lateral divisions of the tower are so arranged that they increase in height as the structure rises. The lower divisions are without ornament, which increases in richness gradually to the top. The eye is thus led upwards, and the apparent height of the structure is enhanced. Nor do the horizontal lines of moulding, which mark the division of the stones, interfere with the general vertical lines of the building. It is in the Decorated style. An experienced judge of architecture said to me, "The whole church is a fine piece of work, both in plan and execution, but it is the tower which compels my greatest admiration."

In the chancel, sanctuary and transept there are marble and stone shafts, attached to the walls, which lead up to the corbels on which the main ribs of the roof rest. Marble columns also divide the double and triple lancet windows, and rise to support the hood arches of the window recesses. The walls are thick, and the openings of the windows are widely splayed, so as to admit plenty of light. Marble is also used for the small columns in the reredos, credence, and piscina recess, and the pulpit. In the nave Peterhead red granite is used for the pillars, but for the rest of the building it was decided to use Australian marble. It comes from New South Wales, and is various in colour, mottled red and yellow, rose tinted, grey, and violet and black. We used it also for the panels of the arcading on either side of the altar. There is plenty of marble in New Zealand, but in rather inaccessible



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TIMARU.

places at present, and so far no machinery for marble polishing has been available, but no doubt, as time goes on, the necessity for importation will cease. Rich as Australia seems to be in coloured marbles, I am told that at present the white marble of commerce, such as the Italian Carrara, has not been found.

I must tell you something of the stained glass in the nave. Except on the south side, which is our sunless side here, all the windows are filled with glass given as memorials. Most of it came from the Whitefriars Glass Works of Messrs. Jas. Powell and Son, London, and is worthy of their great reputation. The Western Rose window, in memory of Edward Elworthy, and the Clerestory lights, in memory of Philip Luxmoore, are filled with glass in the style of the thirteenth century, in rich, deep, glowing colour, sapphire, ruby, green and gold. The nave windows are in later style, not quite so richly coloured, but very beautiful, one of them having been given by the parishioners as a memorial of the first Bishop of Christchurch, H. J. C. Harper. The funds for this were raised by Mr. Melville Gray. In all the work the artist has not forgotten that the special glory of stained glass is in luminous colour, not laid on the surface, but burnt in and filling the whole substance of the glass. It is colour which no picture on which light falls can produce. It is due to light which passes through colour in the body of the glass; and yet they are all story windows, not merely gems of colour. Their story is that of the Bible. This was the object of glass makers in old days. The people generally were illiterate. Few, if any, possessed a missal, or had they one, could read it. They knew the Services by heart, but could not read the Bible, even had they

the chance. So the old glass makers set themselves to provide picture stories,—beautiful, no doubt, but the beauty was not their only motive. "Art for Art's sake," a modern theory, found no place in their plan. They desired to instruct. As an old writer puts it: "Picturæ fenestrarum sunt quasi libri ecclesiarum," —"Pictured windows are as it were the Church's books." In those days the eye learnt, as it fell on glass and fresco, and mosaic work on the walls of the church, as we learn to-day from print and paper.

I was reminded of this lately. Going into the church one day—a public holiday—I came across some visitors from the South. One of them, an old man—a Scotchman—with his son and daughter-in-law, of the type of Presbyterian which used to regard stained glass as a mortal offence in the House of God. I took them round and explained each window. "Eh!" said the old man, "but ye can read your Bible in yon windows."

The total cost of the church has been £20,697, exclusive of many valuable gifts, such as reredos, marble panelling, pulpit, lectern, altar rails and font. Of this some thousands remain as debt, but it is all taken up in debentures by parishioners, and we have every reason to think that in a few years it will be wiped out. Nearly every penny of it has come from St. Mary's people, and their generous liberality has not crippled their annual contributions for the maintenance of the ministry and the general upkeep of the church.

The day of Dedication of the completed portion of the church was a red letter one in the annals of the parish. The Bishop of the Diocese and forty visiting Clergy were present. At 11 a.m. the Dedication took place, followed by a Choral Celebration of Holy Com-

munion. The church will hold, with extra chairs, nine hundred, and was filled in every part. Nearly all the ministers of the various denominations in the town were present in the congregation, having received a special invitation from myself and the Vestry. No one left the church during the Celebration ; a large number communicated. I myself took no part in the service, leaving it to the Bishop and some of the visiting Clergy. The day was our weekly half-holiday, Thursday. The choir mustered in full strength, the processional and recessional hymns aided by four cornets, to supplement the organ. In the vestry, after service, you can understand that I could scarcely find words to respond to the hearty congratulations from Bishop and Clergy, given to the Churchwardens and Vestry, for the completion of such a building. In a few happy words, with special allusion to Archdeacon Averill's eloquent sermon, the Bishop spoke of it as a monument for many a generation of the devotion of St. Mary's people, and as a witness to every passer-by of the Faith in which we live and die.

Then followed a luncheon in a large hall, attended by many guests, the Mayor of the town presiding. Himself a Presbyterian, he spoke of the pride which all citizens of Timaru took in the building, and with well-chosen words touched on the pleasure he felt, with others, of having such an opportunity of meeting together in friendly sympathy, whatever may be the differences which keep us apart in our respective Church life. Afterwards there was a large gathering at the Vicarage for tea and talk, partly in the Parish Hall, and in the Vicarage grounds ; and in the evening a glorious concluding Service. Some of the visiting

Clergy remained to take part in the services during the rest of the week, and on Sunday.

I should like to add that, amongst the full and careful reports in our daily papers of the proceedings of the Dedication Festival, and a description of the building, nothing pleased me more than words of this sort : " In these days it is often said that the Church is losing hold of the people and she needs to adapt herself to modern ways of thought and modern conditions of life. There may be something in this. But looking to the work which is being done in St. Mary's Young Men's Society, and the Sunday Schools, and the evident interest which the young take in their Church and its progress, there is every reason for the happy anticipation of the future which marked yesterday's proceedings. The day outside the church was overcast ; inside it was full of sunshine."

I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

XXVI.

January 1st, 1912.

My dear St. John,

My time for retirement from work has come. You will understand this, knowing my age, and that I am acting under medical advice. Owing to the liberality of both the Diocese and my parishioners, I am able to retire with a good annuity, besides what is due to me from our Pension Fund. So I am not under the necessity, so hard on many, of remaining at work, to its detriment, when no longer able to do full justice to it. I know that it needs younger hands than mine. Who was it in old times that said, "One should put an interval between work and death?" It is a great privilege to be able to do that; a privilege which in future years will be possible for the clergy in New Zealand, if the system of our Pension Fund is carried out carefully.

After the completion of the church, and some months of work, I obtained leave of absence for a short visit to England, having secured as *locum tenens* the Rev. S. T. Adams, Rector of Coton, near Cambridge, who carried on the work of the parish with much success, aided by Mr. T. Curnow, my curate. Giving full notice of resignation, the Ven. Archdeacon Jacob, an Oxford man, was duly appointed as my successor. I am glad to say that the financial resources of the parish have prospered so well that my successor will have the aid

of a second curate ; three men being none too many for the increased population of the place, and its places of worship ; a great contrast, as I look back, to my single-handed work for so many years. So I can leave it to other hands with a quiet mind and a thankful heart.

In the East end of the chancel of the church there is a triple lancet window of considerable size. It was suggested to me, just before I left, that on some future occasion it might be possible to fill it with stained glass, and that it would be well if I were to arrange with Messrs. Powell for a design to be ready when wanted. Soon after arriving in London, I received a letter, stating that the parishioners had determined to erect the glass as a memorial to myself, and that the money, a considerable sum, was forthcoming. A curious and probably unique position. It falls, I imagine, to few to be asked to plan their own memorial. The window was completed, and on my return I superintended its erection. It is quite a masterpiece of Powell's work in design and colour. The proportions of the window are excellent, the central light much higher than the others. High up in that Our Lord stands in the act of Benediction ; above Him Cherubin and Seraphin ; on either hand, in the side-lights, the archangels Gabriel and Michael look up in adoration. Beneath them, stretching across all three lights, a cloud of angels, kneeling, offer praise. Below, in the central light, stand the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and St. John, and behind them five Apostles, representing the Apostolic Church. In the left-hand light a group representing the Church of old, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, and Isaiah. In the right-hand light representative of the Church Catholic, St. Paul,

St. Stephen, St. Alban, St. George, St. Augustine, and St. Paulinus. The window dominates the whole church, and is seen to its best advantage in its deep recessed setting of stone wall, divided by marble columns, in the clear light of Southern skies. I cannot better describe its effect, especially in regard to the majestic figure of Our Lord, than in the words of a constant worshipper in St. Mary's, "Beautiful as it is, I never look up at it with mere admiration—something higher, adoration."

Doing things for the last time, I find, is rather sad work; so is leave-taking. Last Services in centres of the Archdeaconry, gatherings of Sunday School teachers and children, of the Young Men's Society, and other parochial organizations, besides the inevitable last words to personal friends.

In Christchurch, at Bishopscourt, partly in the house, and in the grounds, there was a large assemblage of Clergy, Synodsmen, and many others to bid me farewell. I shall never forget the Bishop's kindly words of "the long years of service which would not be forgotten." In Timaru, besides a special gathering of St. Mary's people, a public meeting was held, representing the citizens and South Canterbury. Mr. Craigie, the Mayor, presided, and, to my great satisfaction, on the platform were the heads of all the religious bodies in the town. As I have said in previous letters, we all work in our respective spheres without bitterness of controversy, and yet with loyal adherence to the principles we profess. I have many personal friends, whom I value much, amongst other communions than our own. The farewell greetings of this great gathering touched me deeply, especially the words of one of the speakers with which he concluded

after a most generous estimate of my work,—"Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in Charity." As part of the presentation made during the evening, I received a beautifully bound "Citizen's Appreciation," containing an illuminated address, with photographs and water-colour views of Timaru and South Canterbury.

* * * * * * * * *

I am adding a few words on board the steamer in which I left the Bluff, the southernmost part of New Zealand. I was there in 1857, as I mentioned in my first letters when no craft had visited it, save an occasional whaler, and a few Maori canoes; now a busy harbour.

It is New Year's day. I am watching the fast receding coast-line of forest-covered hills and their background of snowy peaks, leaving behind me fifty-four years of experience and work. Work shared with many others who made the great venture of migration to a new land in the uttermost parts of the earth. Work, too, of far wider importance than we realized at the time, of beginning and shaping the early years of a new national life. I can imagine no happier privilege, in such a well favoured country, and with fellow workers and pioneers of the sort which New Zealand may well be proud of.

My share in this, now belongs to the past, but by no means a past gone for ever, the end of a chapter never to be reopened. Do you remember Dryden's lines?

"Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
That which has been! has been, and I have had my hour."

An hour in which with all its imperfections and failure there was much substantial success, and many visible rewards of labour. Much no doubt left undone that should have been done, yet something done, and in it all the abiding sense of God's merciful blessing; a possession for ever that nothing can take away. With this, and not the least of it all, memories of personal friendships and affection, and of no small share in the happiness and daily trials of so many with whom I spent strenuous years of work and play.

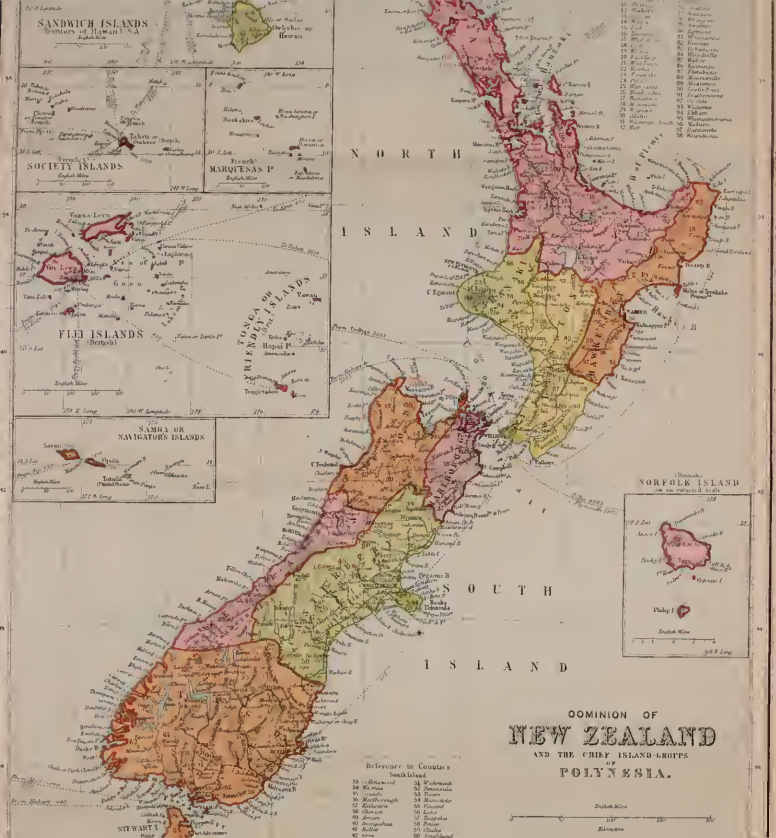
I am,

Yours ever,

H. W. H.

January 1st, 1912.


NORFOLK ISLAND
(on an enlarged scale)
To Rio 6883
Plymouth 12010
168
42
29 S Lat
29
Duncombe B.
Anson B.
Cascade B.
Mt Pitt 3399
Rocky Pt
Tegra
Ball B. &
Collins B.
Pt Ross
Sydney B.
Nepean I.


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Visitors of Hawaii U.S.A.
SOCIETY ISLANDS
Tahiti
French MARQUESAS I.
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DOMINION OF
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